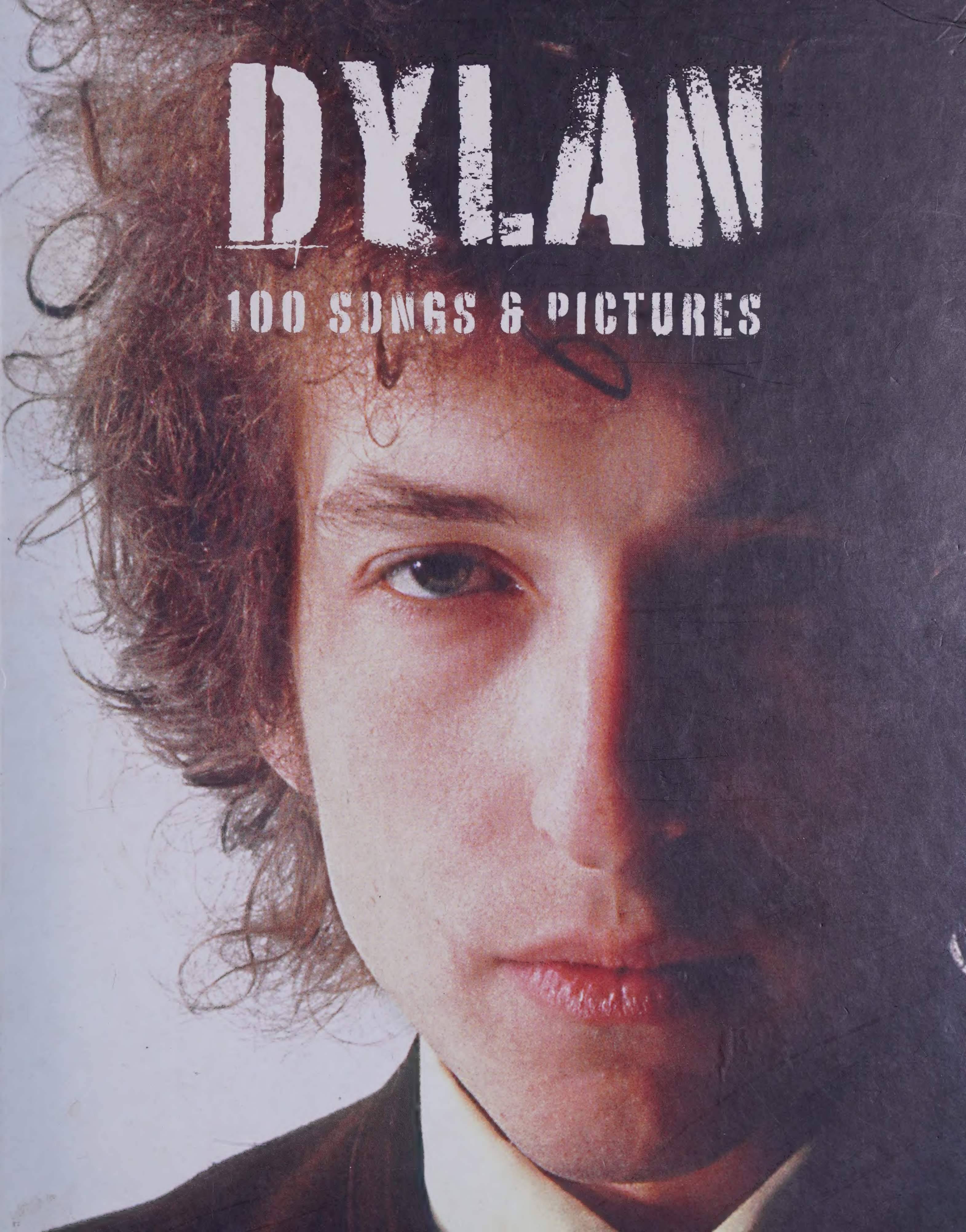
DYLAN

100 SONGS & PICTURES



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"I wrote these songs in not a meditative state at all, but more like in a trancelike, hypnotic state. This is how I feel? Why do I feel like that? And who's the me that feels this way? I couldn't tell you that, either. But I know that those songs are just in my genes and I couldn't stop them comin' out."

Bob Dylan, 2006

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DYLAN

100 SONGS & PICTURES

MJF BOOKS
New York

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YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME LONESOME WHEN YOU GO 336

SONG TO WOODY

Bob Dylan, 1962

One of only two self-composed songs on Dylan's 1962 debut album, 'Song To Woody' was written in February 1961. It was a heartfelt tribute to the strongest influence on his early career, folk music pioneer Woody Guthrie. During his early months in New York, Dylan regularly visited Guthrie in hospital, where the veteran was suffering from Huntington's Chorea, and on at least one occasion he was able to play his hero this song.

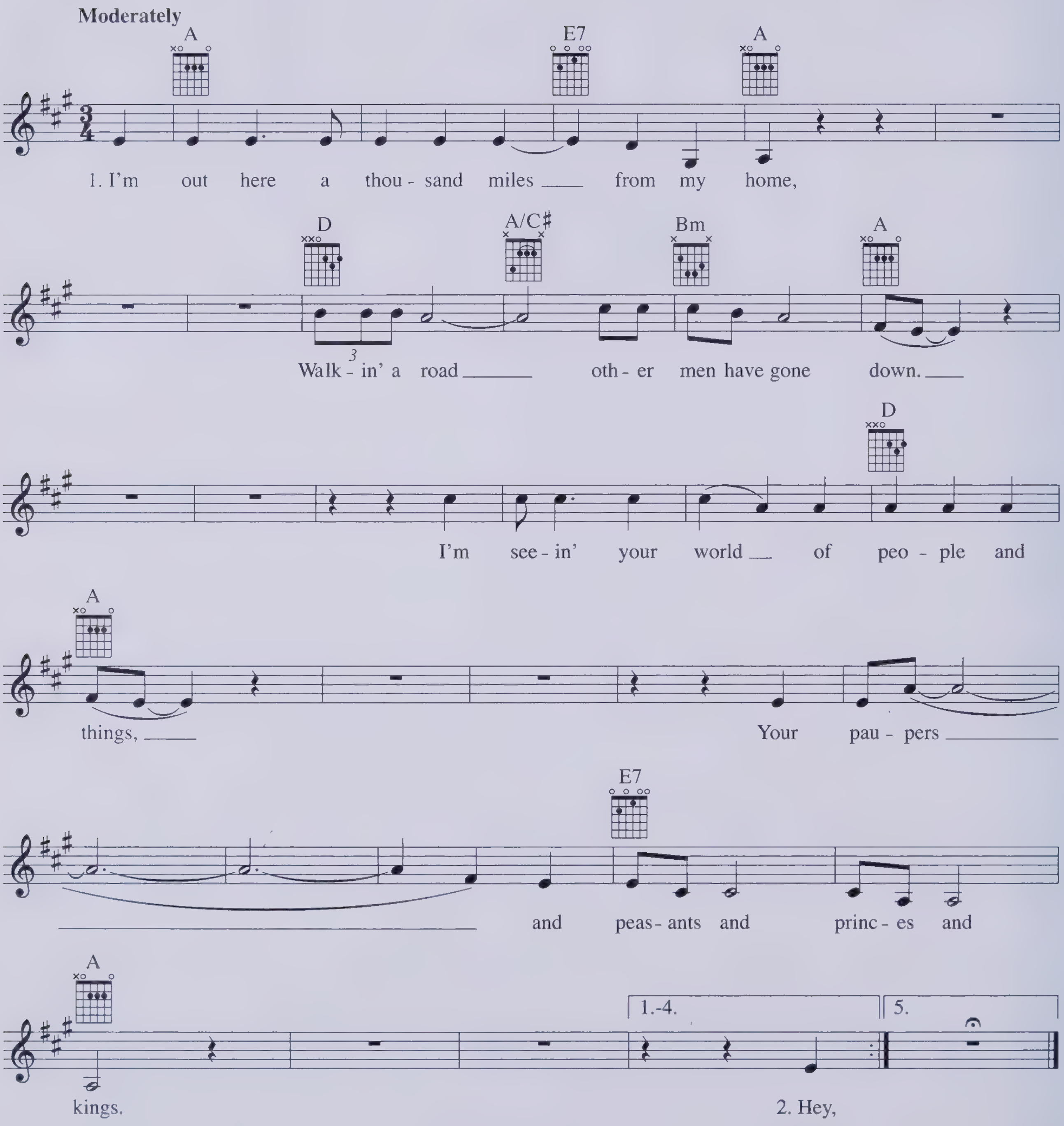
"That's good, Bob. That's damned good."

Woody Guthrie's reaction to 'Song To Woody', 1961

"Woody likes me – he tells me to sing for him – he's the greatest holiest godliest one in the world."

Bob Dylan, postcard to a friend, 1961

SONG TO WOODY


Moderately
A
E7
A
1. I'm out here a thou - sand miles ___ from my home,
D
A/C♯
Bm
A
3
Walk - in' a road ___ oth - er men have gone down. ___
D
I'm see - in' your world ___ of peo - ple and
A
things, ___ Your pau - pers ___ and peas - ants and
E7
princ - es and
A
kings.
1.-4.
2. Hey,
5.

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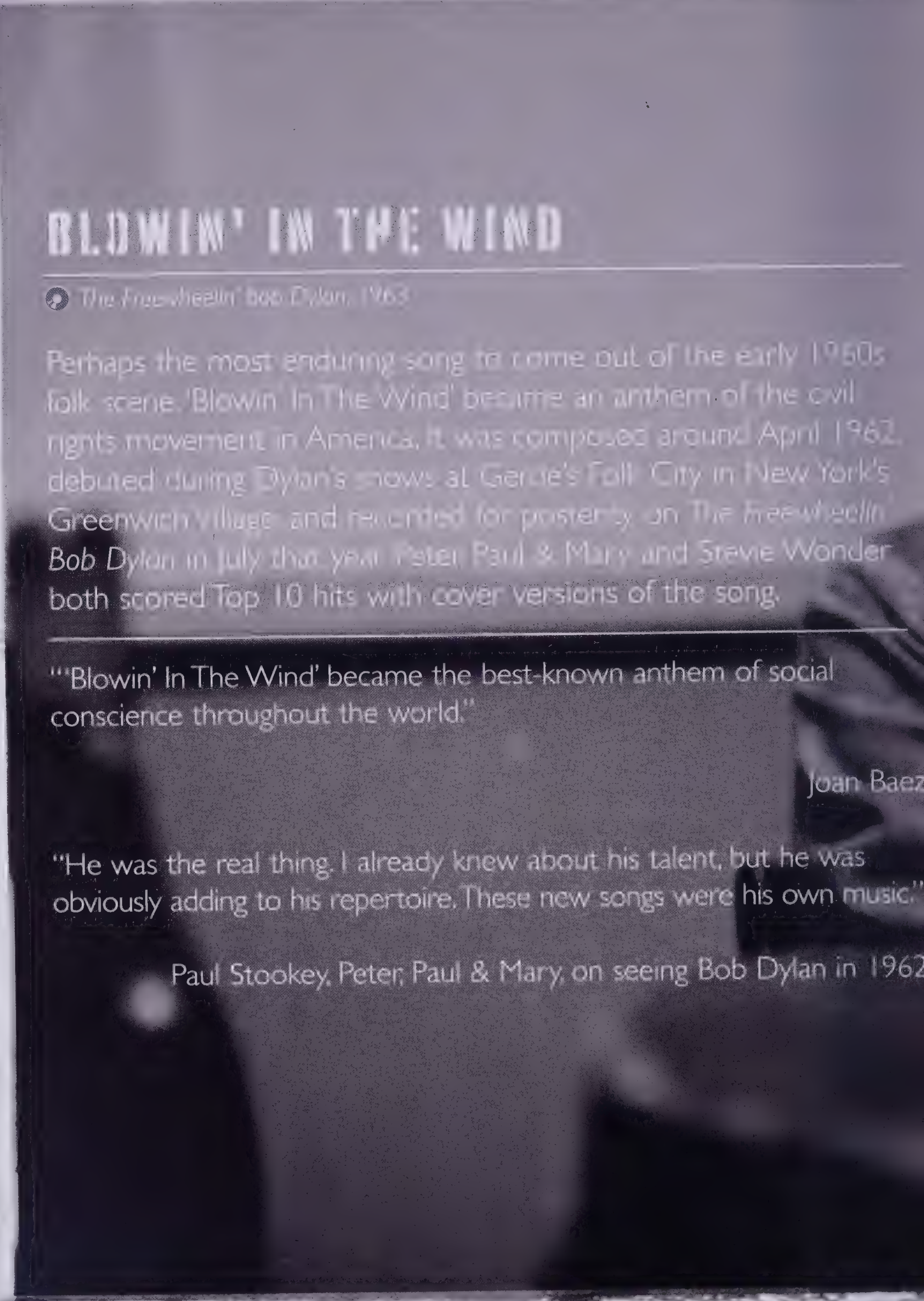
Additional lyrics

2. Hey, hey Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a song
'Bout a funny ol' world that's a-comin' along
Seems sick an' it's hungry, it's tired an' it's torn
It looks like it's a-dyin' an' it's hardly been born

3. Hey, Woody Guthrie, but I know that you know
All the things that I'm a-sayin' an' a-many times more
I'm a-singin' you the song, but I can't sing enough
'Cause there's not many men that done the things that you've done

4. Here's to Cisco an' Sonny an' Leadbelly too
An' to all the good people that traveled with you
Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men
That come with the dust and are gone with the wind

5. I'm a-leavin' tomorrow, but I could leave today
Somewhere down the road someday
The very last thing that I'd want to do
Is to say I've been hittin' some hard travelin' too



BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan, 1963

Perhaps the most enduring song to come out of the early 1960s folk scene, 'Blowin' In The Wind' became an anthem of the civil rights movement in America. It was composed around April 1962, debuted during Dylan's shows at Gerde's Folk City in New York's Greenwich Village, and recorded for posterity on *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan* in July that year. Peter, Paul & Mary and Stevie Wonder both scored Top 10 hits with cover versions of the song.

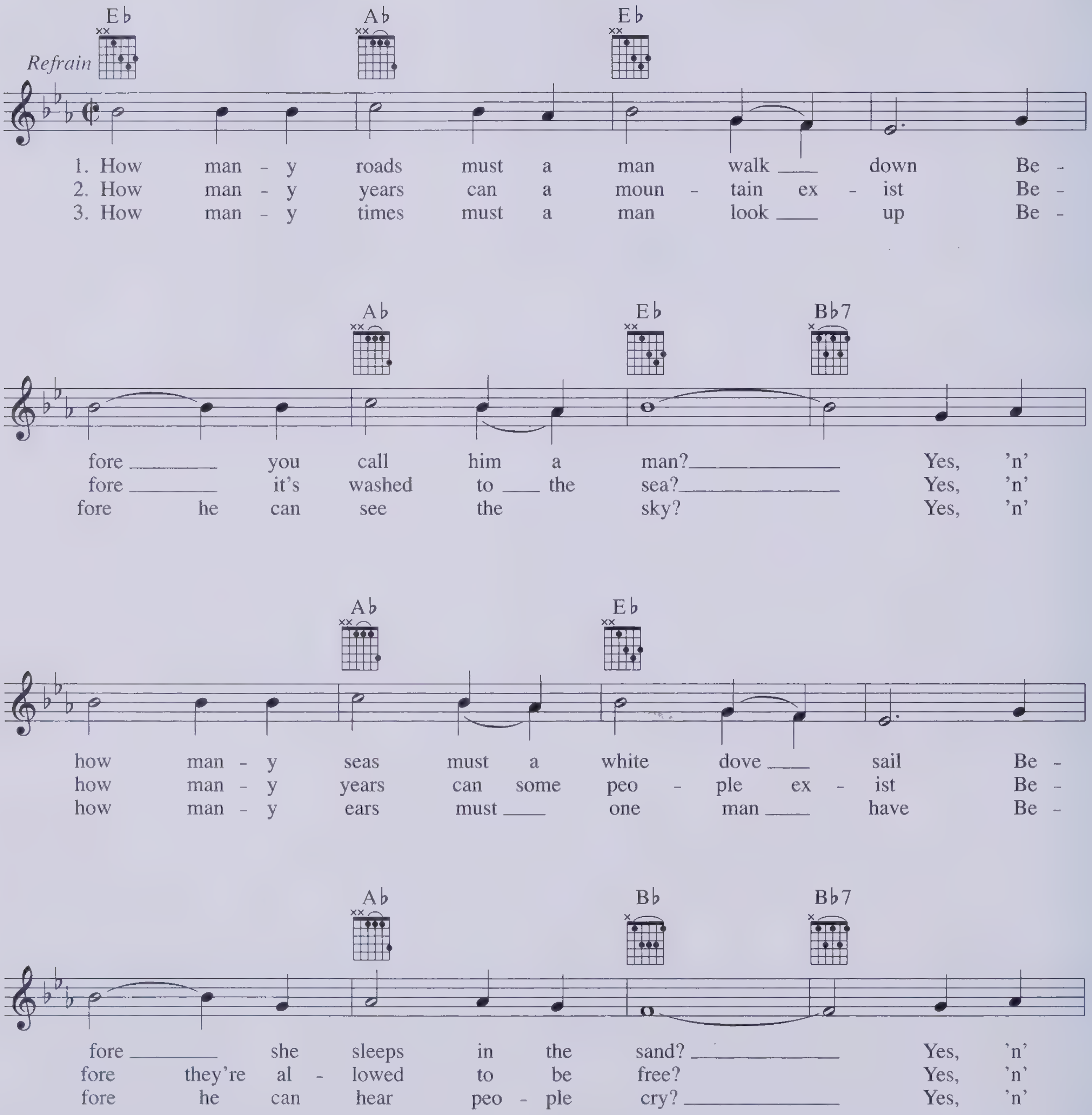
"'Blowin' In The Wind' became the best-known anthem of social conscience throughout the world."

Joan Baez

"He was the real thing. I already knew about his talent, but he was obviously adding to his repertoire. These new songs were his own music."

Paul Stookey, Peter, Paul & Mary, on seeing Bob Dylan in 1962

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND


Refrain
E♭
A♭
E♭
1. How man - y roads must a man walk ___ down Be -
2. How man - y years can a moun - tain ex - ist Be -
3. How man - y times must a man look ___ up Be -
A♭
E♭
B♭7
fore ___ you call him a man? ___ Yes, 'n'
fore ___ it's washed to ___ the sea? ___ Yes, 'n'
fore he can see the sky? Yes, 'n'
A♭
E♭
how man - y seas must a white dove ___ sail Be -
how man - y years can some peo - ple ex - ist Be -
how man - y ears must ___ one man ___ have Be -
A♭
B♭
B♭7
fore ___ she sleeps in the sand? ___ Yes, 'n'
fore they're al - lowed to be free? Yes, 'n'
fore he can hear peo - ple cry? ___ Yes, 'n'

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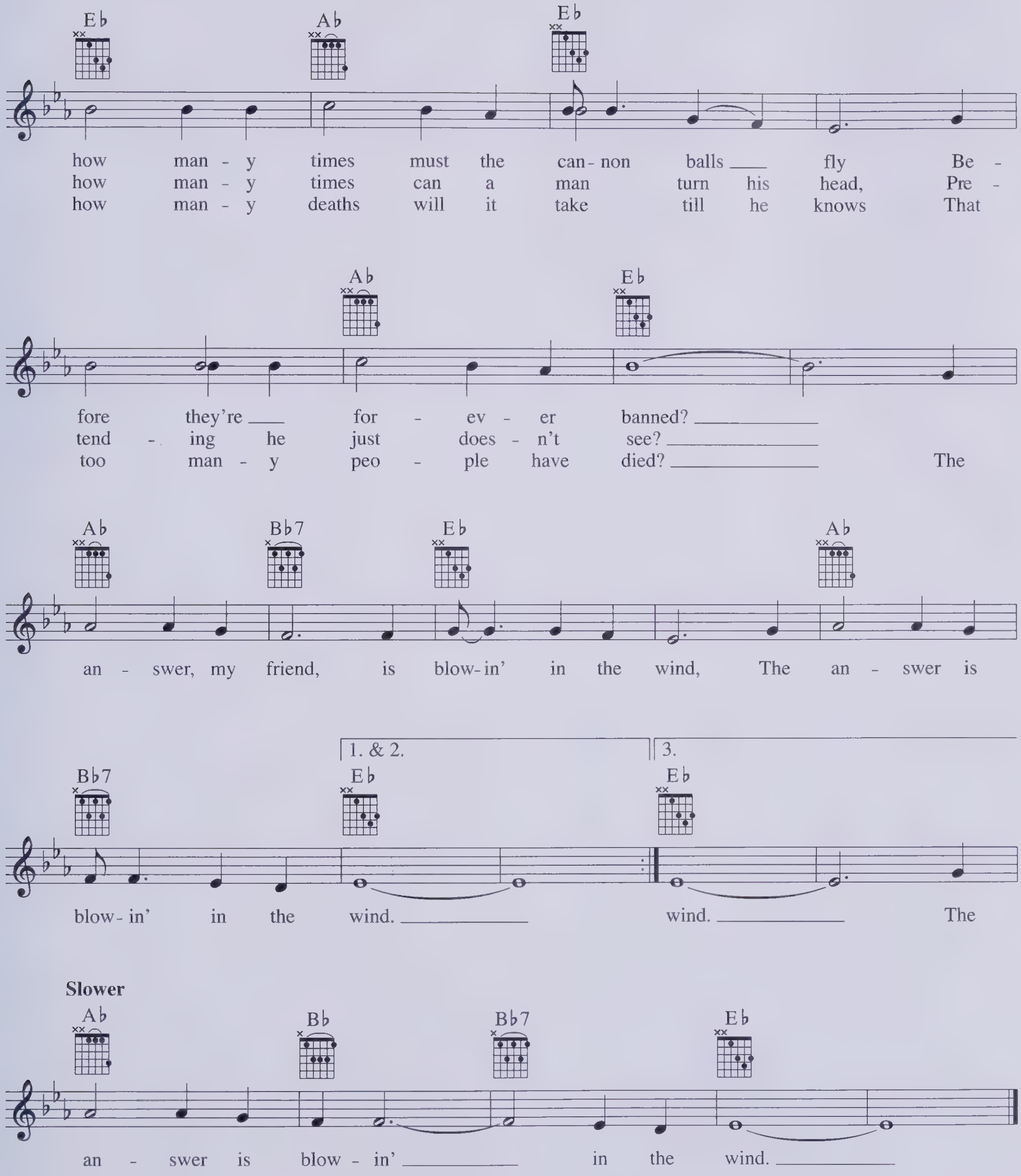
E♭ A♭ E♭
how man - y times must the can - non balls ___ fly Be -
how man - y times can a man turn his head, Pre -
how man - y deaths will it take till he knows That
A♭ E♭
fore they're ___ for - ev - er banned? ___
tend - ing he just does - n't see? ___
too man - y peo - ple have died? ___ The
A♭ B♭7 E♭ A♭
an - swer, my friend, is blow - in' in the wind, The an - swer is
1. & 2. 3.
B♭7 E♭ E♭
blow - in' in the wind. ___ wind. ___ The
Slower
A♭ B♭ B♭7 E♭
an - swer is blow - in' ___ in the wind. ___

TOMORROW IS A LONG TIME

Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits, Vol. 2, 1971

Despite being written as early as 1962, this beautiful song did not appear on any of Dylan's early albums. Indeed, he did not release it until a vintage live tape appeared on his *More Greatest Hits* compilation. But it was tackled by many of his folk contemporaries, including Ian & Sylvia, Bud & Travis and Judy Collins. It was also the only Dylan song ever performed by Elvis Presley, a version which Dylan once quoted as his favourite ever interpretation of his material, and covered by Rod Stewart on the big selling 1971 album *Every Picture Tells A Story*.

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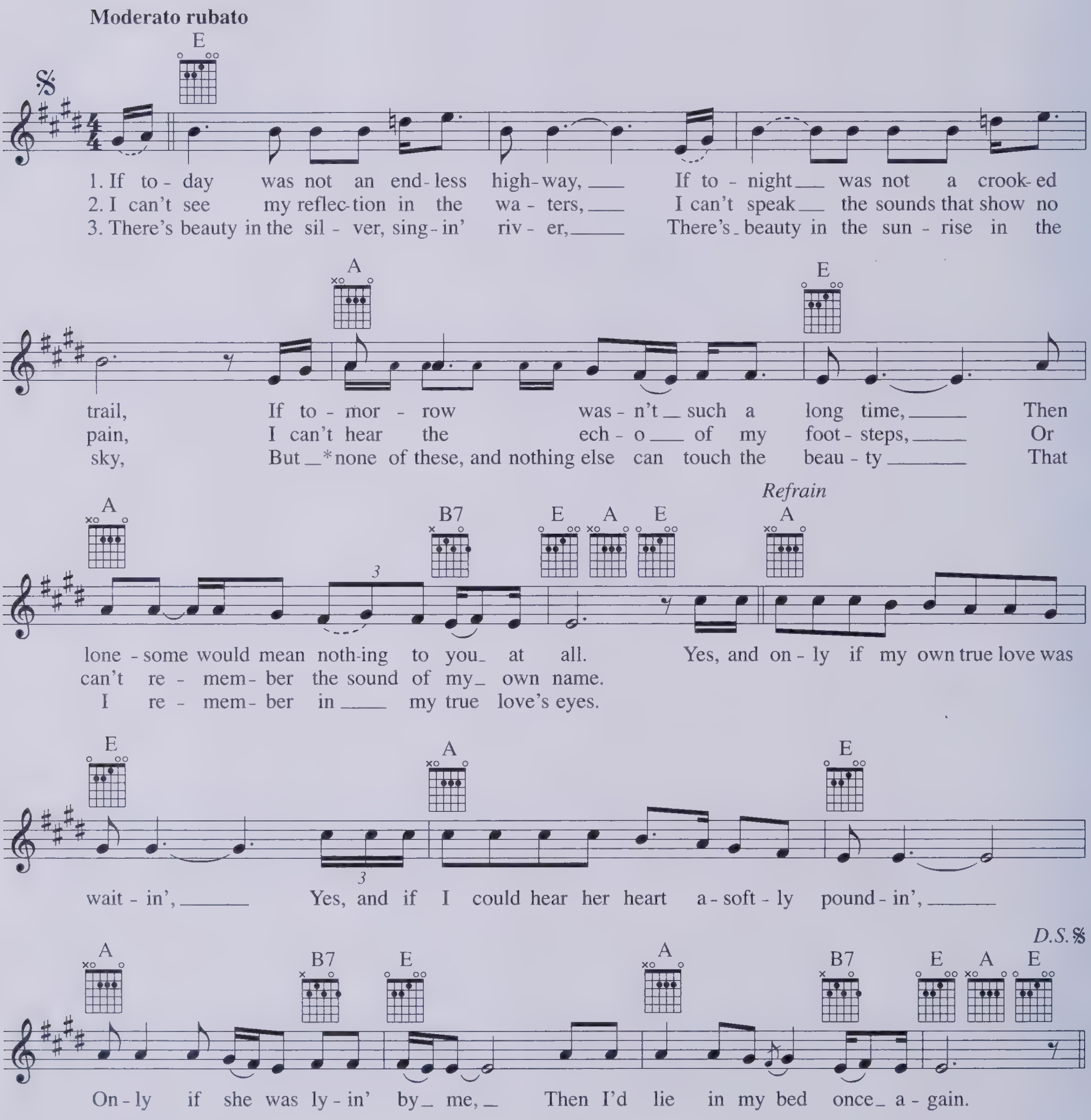
TOMORROW IS A LONG TIME


Moderato rubato
E
1. If to - day was not an end - less high - way, ___ If to - night ___ was not a crook - ed
2. I can't see my reflec - tion in the wa - ters, ___ I can't speak ___ the sounds that show no
3. There's beauty in the sil - ver, sing - in' riv - er, ___ There's beauty in the sun - rise in the
A
E
trail, If to - mor - row was - n't ___ such a long time, ___ Then
pain, I can't hear the ech - o ___ of my foot - steps, ___ Or
sky, But ___ *none of these, and nothing else can touch the beau - ty ___ That
A
B7
E A E
Refrain
A
lone - some would mean noth - ing to you ___ at all. Yes, and on - ly if my own true love was
can't re - mem - ber the sound of my ___ own name.
I re - mem - ber in ___ my true love's eyes.
E
A
E
wait - in', ___ Yes, and if I could hear her heart a - soft - ly pound - in', ___
A
B7
E
A
B7
E A E
D.S. 𝄋
On - ly if she was ly - in' by ___ me, ___ Then I'd lie in my bed once ___ a - gain.

* *ad lib quasi recitative*

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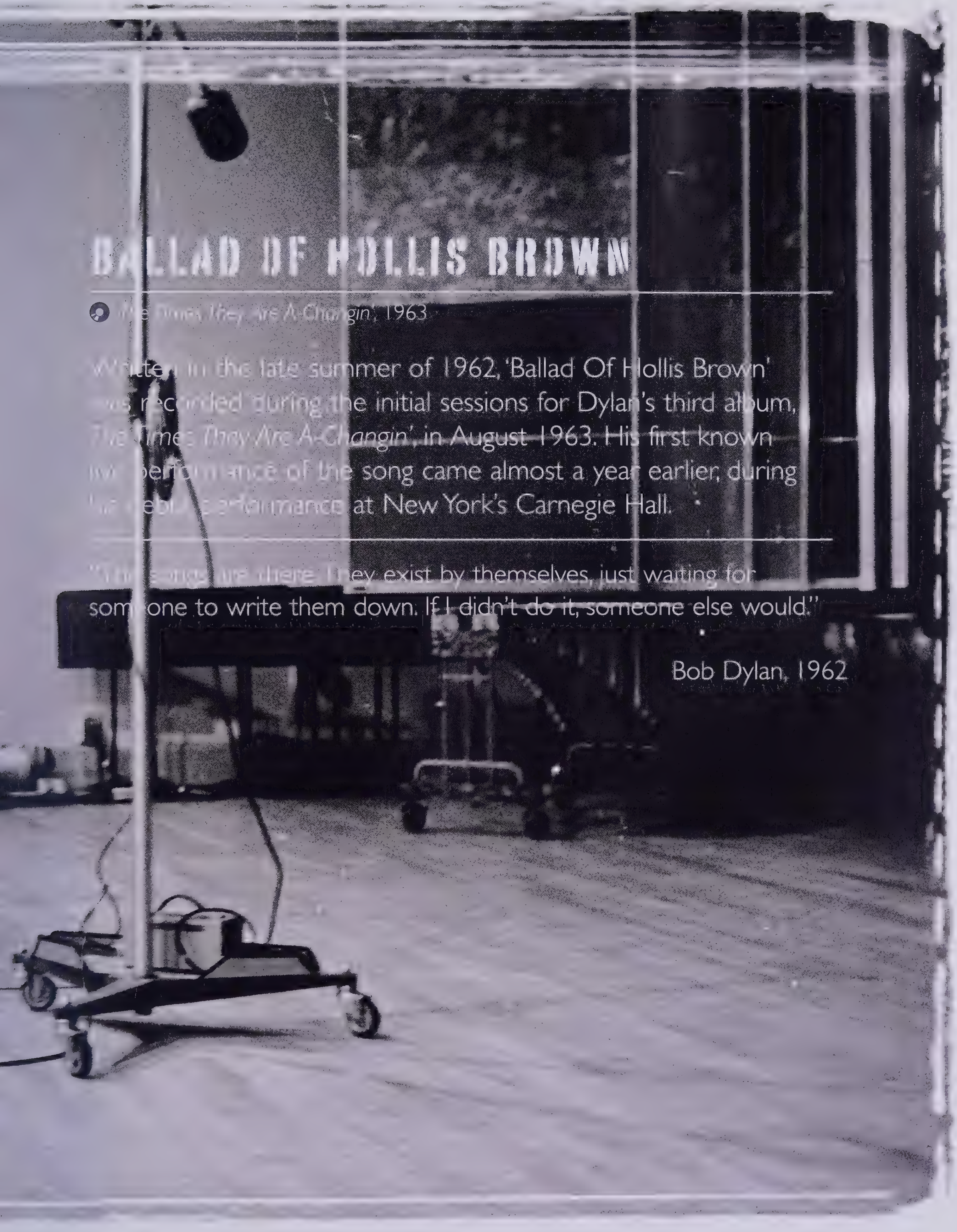
"We all thought Bob was phenomenal. Songwriters love to hear good songs, and it really had the effect of spurring us to keep trying to improve our writing. It just happened that a lot of the good songs we heard were from Bob. The first time I heard Ian & Sylvia sing 'Tomorrow Is A Long Time', which is not a widely sung Dylan song, I remember thinking, 'That song is utterly beautiful'."

Tom Paxton



BALLAD OF HOLLIS BROWN

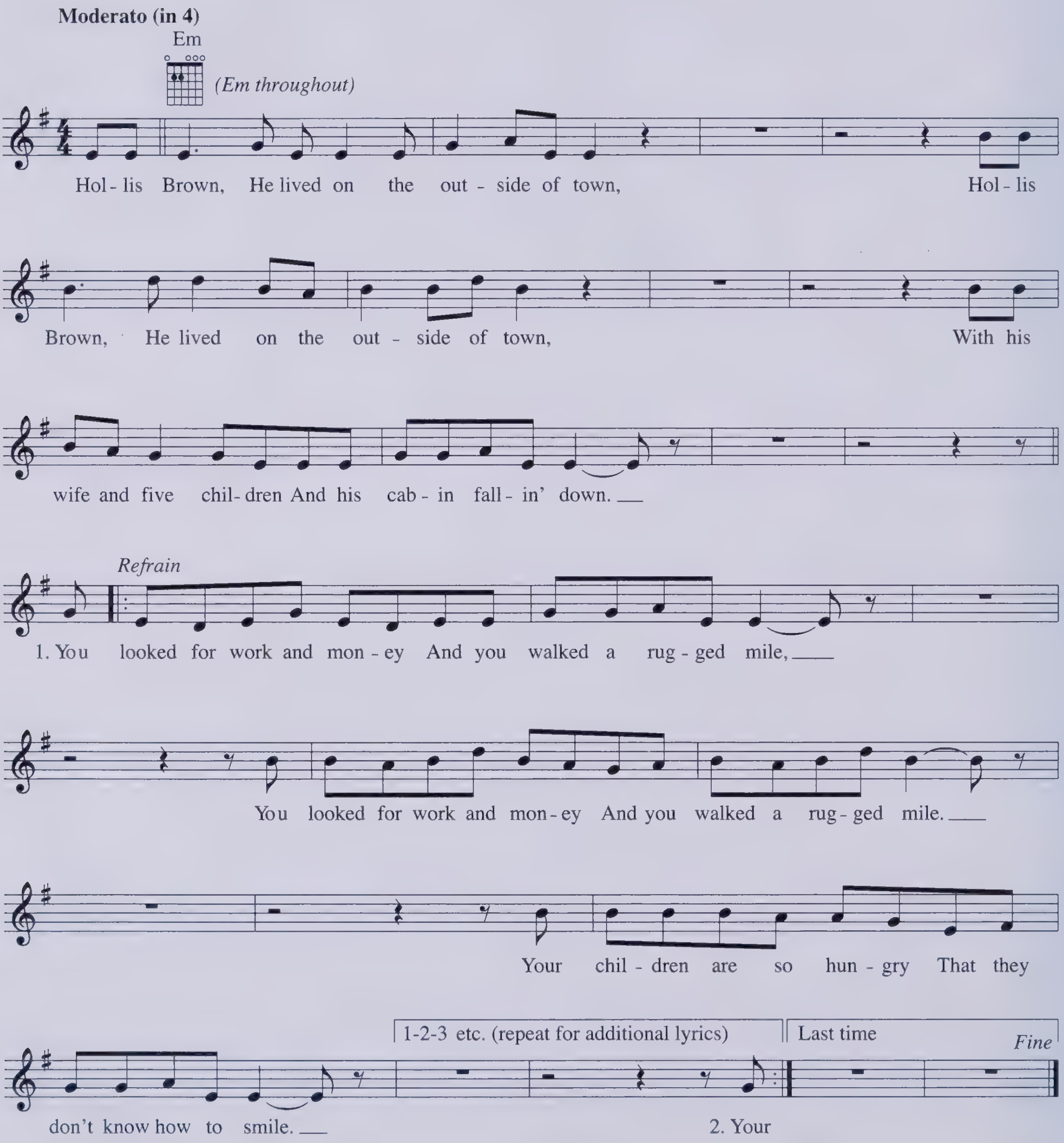
The Times They Are A-Changin', 1963

Written in the late summer of 1962, 'Ballad Of Hollis Brown' was recorded during the initial sessions for Dylan's third album, *The Times They Are A-Changin'*, in August 1963. His first known live performance of the song came almost a year earlier, during his debut performance at New York's Carnegie Hall.

"The songs are there. They exist by themselves, just waiting for someone to write them down. If I didn't do it, someone else would."

Bob Dylan, 1962

BALLAD OF HOLLIS BROWN


Moderato (in 4)
Em
(Em throughout)
Hol - lis Brown, He lived on the out - side of town, Hol - lis
Brown, He lived on the out - side of town, With his
wife and five chil - dren And his cab - in fall - in' down. __
Refrain
1. You looked for work and mon - ey And you walked a rug - ged mile, __
You looked for work and mon - ey And you walked a rug - ged mile. __
Your chil - dren are so hun - gry That they
don't know how to smile. __
1-2-3 etc. (repeat for additional lyrics)
2. Your
Last time
Fine

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Additional lyrics

2. Your baby's eyes look crazy
They're a-tuggin' at your sleeve
Your baby's eyes look crazy
They're a-tuggin' at your sleeve
You walk the floor and wonder why
With every breath you breathe

3. The rats have got your flour
Bad blood it got your mare
The rats have got your flour
Bad blood it got your mare
If there's anyone that knows
Is there anyone that cares?

4. You prayed to the Lord above
Oh please send you a friend
You prayed to the Lord above
Oh please send you a friend
Your empty pockets tell yuh
That you ain't a-got no friend

5. Your babies are crying louder
It's pounding on your brain
Your babies are crying louder now
It's pounding on your brain
Your wife's screams are stabbin' you
Like the dirty drivin' rain

6. Your grass it is turning black
There's no water in your well
Your grass is turning black
There's no water in your well
You spent your last lone dollar
On seven shotgun shells

7. Way out in the wilderness
A cold coyote calls
Way out in the wilderness
A cold coyote calls
Your eyes fix on the shotgun
That's hangin' on the wall

8. Your brain is a-bleedin'
And your legs can't seem to stand
Your brain is a-bleedin'
And your legs can't seem to stand
Your eyes fix on the shotgun
That you're holdin' in your hand

9. There's seven breezes a-blowin'
All around the cabin door
There's seven breezes a-blowin'
All around the cabin door
Seven shots ring out
Like the ocean's pounding roar

10. There's seven people dead
On a South Dakota farm
There's seven people dead
On a South Dakota farm
Somewhere in the distance
There's seven new people born

A HARD RAIN'S A-GONNA FALL

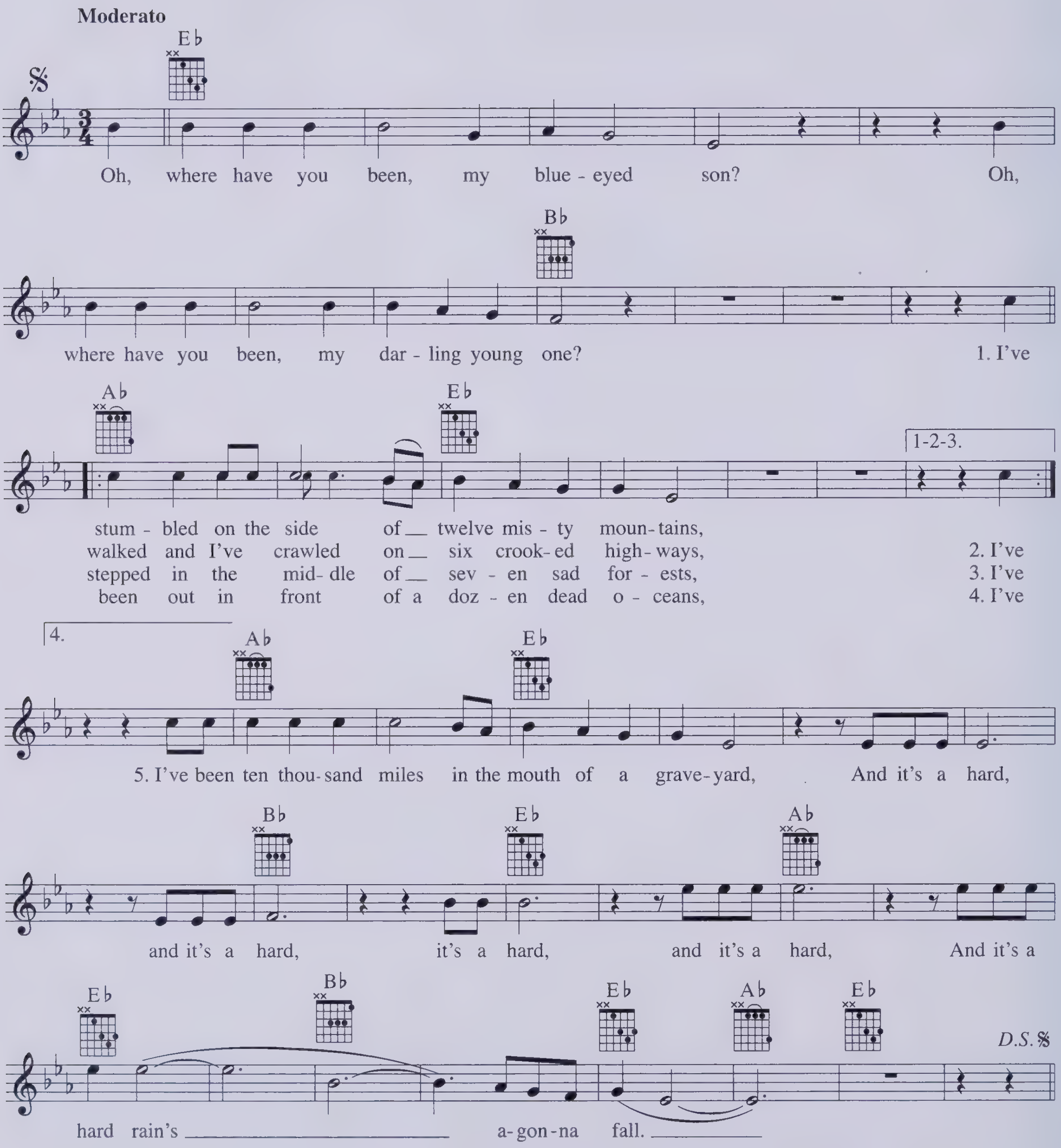
● *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*, 1963

This apocalyptic ballad entered Dylan's repertoire in September 1962, and was recorded for *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan* three months later. It has rarely left his live repertoire since then, and has been performed as an electric rock song (during the mid-1970s Rolling Thunder Revue shows) and with an orchestra (at a 1994 festival in Japan).

"I wrote it at the time of the Cuban [missile] crisis. I was in Bleecker Street in New York. We just hung around at night – people sat around wondering if it was the end, and so did I… It was a song of desperation. What could we do? Could we control men on the verge of wiping us out? The words came fast, very fast."

Bob Dylan, 1965

A HARD RAIN'S A-GONNA FALL


Moderato
E♭
Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son? Oh,
B♭
where have you been, my dar-ling young one? 1. I've
A♭
E♭
1-2-3.
stum-bled on the side of __ twelve mis-ty moun-tains,
walked and I've crawled on __ six crook-ed high-ways, 2. I've
stepped in the mid-dle of __ sev-en sad for-ests, 3. I've
been out in front of a doz-en dead o-ceans, 4. I've
4.
A♭
E♭
5. I've been ten thou-sand miles in the mouth of a grave-yard, And it's a hard,
B♭
E♭
A♭
and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard, And it's a
E♭
B♭
E♭
A♭
E♭
D.S.𝄋
hard rain's ________ a-gon-na fall. ____

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Additional lyrics

2. Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'
I saw a white ladder all covered with water
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

3. And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you hear, my darling young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin'
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world
Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin'
Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin'
Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin'
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

4. Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?
Who did you meet, my darling young one?
I met a young child beside a dead pony
I met a white man who walked a black dog
I met a young woman whose body was burning
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow
I met one man who was wounded in love
I met another man who was wounded with hatred
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

5. Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?
I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin'
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten
Where black is the color, where none is the number
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'
But I'll know my song well before I start singin'
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

DON'T THINK TWICE, IT'S ALL RIGHT

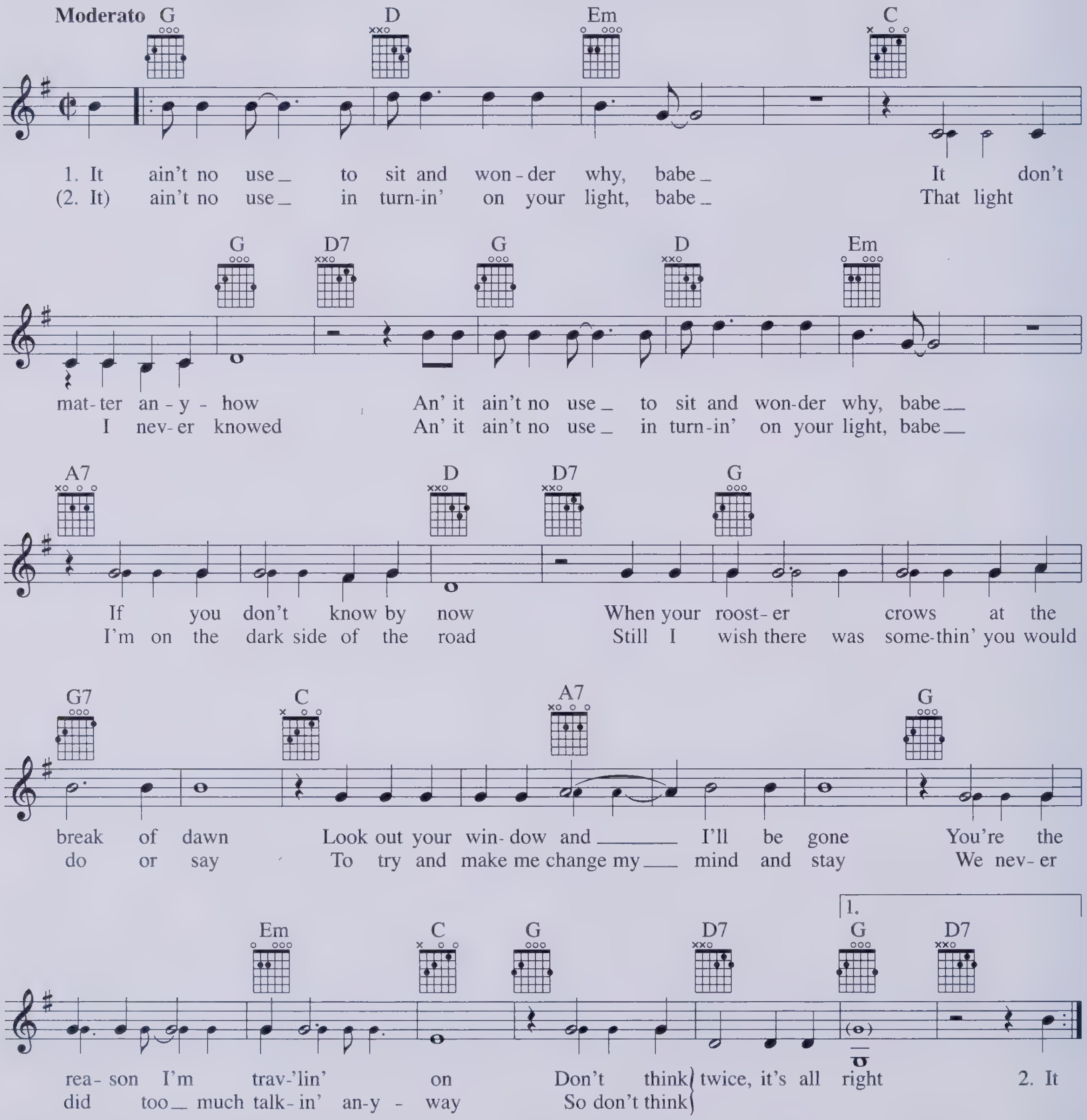
◉ *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*, 1963

This bittersweet tale of ailing romance has proved to be one of Dylan's most consistently popular songs since its appearance on *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*. It was recorded in November 1962, with Bruce Langhorne on guitar. Both Peter, Paul & Mary and (under the pseudonym of The Wonder Who?) The Four Seasons took the song into the US Top 20 over the next few years.

"We began admiring Bob Dylan during our visit to Paris in January [1964]. We went potty over the LP *Freewheelin'*."

John Lennon

DON'T THINK TWICE, IT'S ALL RIGHT


Moderato
G D Em C
1. It ain't no use _ to sit and won-der why, babe _ It don't
(2. It) ain't no use _ in turn-in' on your light, babe _ That light
G D7 G D Em
mat-ter an-y-how An' it ain't no use _ to sit and won-der why, babe __
I nev-er knowed An' it ain't no use _ in turn-in' on your light, babe __
A7 D D7 G
If you don't know by now When your roost-er crows at the
I'm on the dark side of the road Still I wish there was some-thin' you would
G7 C A7 G
break of dawn Look out your win-dow and ___ I'll be gone You're the
do or say To try and make me change my ___ mind and stay We nev-er
Em C G D7
1.
G D7
rea-son I'm trav-'lin' on Don't think twice, it's all right 2. It
did too _ much talk-in' an-y-way So don't think

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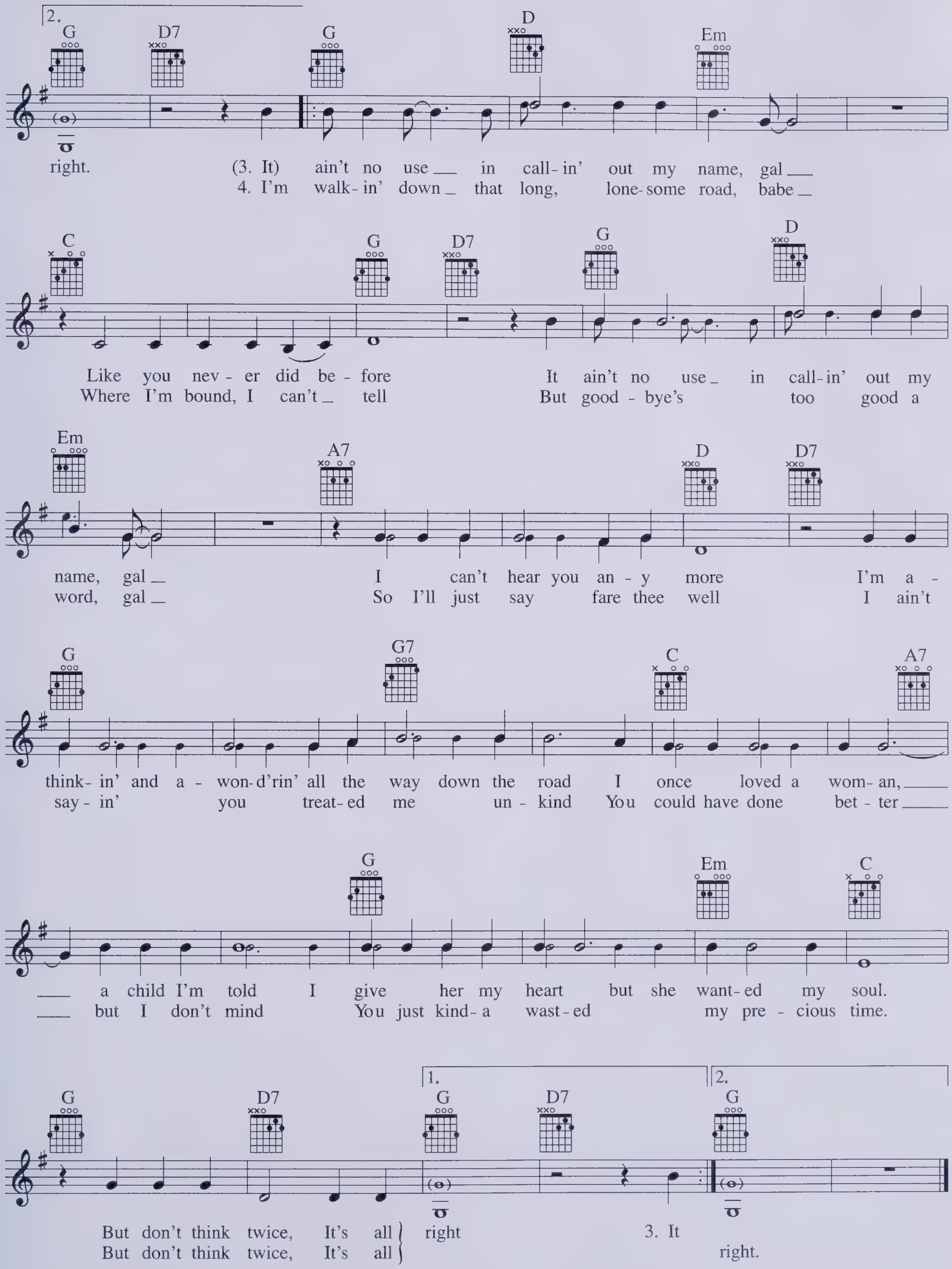

2.
G D7 G D Em
right. (3. It) ain't no use __ in call-in' out my name, gal __
4. I'm walk-in' down __ that long, lone-some road, babe __
C G D7 G D
Like you nev-er did be-fore It ain't no use _ in call-in' out my
Where I'm bound, I can't _ tell But good-bye's too good a
Em A7 D D7
name, gal __ I can't hear you an-y more I'm a-
word, gal __ So I'll just say fare thee well I ain't
G G7 C A7
think-in' and a-won-d'rin' all the way down the road I once loved a wom-an, ____
say-in' you treat-ed me un-kind You could have done bet-ter ____
G Em C
____ a child I'm told I give her my heart but she want-ed my soul.
____ but I don't mind You just kind-a wast-ed my pre-cious time.
1. 2.
G D7 G D7 G
But don't think twice, It's all right 3. It
But don't think twice, It's all right.

MASTERS OF WAR

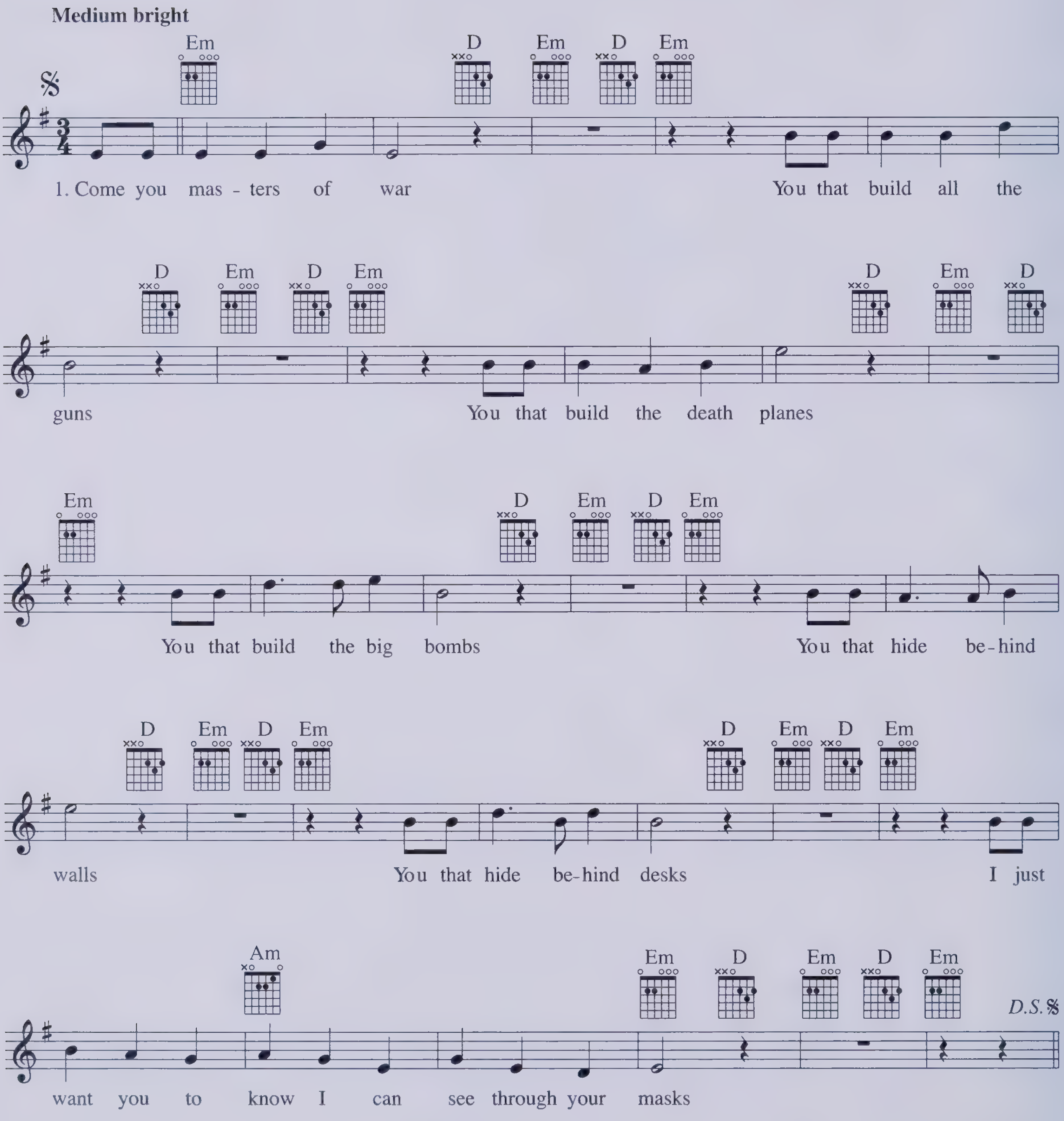
● *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*, 1963

As Dylan has insisted on many occasions, this acerbic tune was a specific attack on the military-industrial complex, although it has nevertheless become a familiar anthem of anti-war movements around the world. It was recorded during the final April 1963 session for *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*, a couple of months after the singer had performed it on radio for the first time.

"Bob's songs seemed to update the concepts of justice and injustice. The civil rights movement was in full bloom, and the war which would tear this nation asunder was moving towards us like a mighty storm. Before the first official bullet was fired, he had filled our arsenals with song."

Joan Baez

MASTERS OF WAR


Medium bright
Em D Em D Em
1. Come you mas - ters of war You that build all the
D Em D Em D Em D
guns You that build the death planes
Em D Em D Em
You that build the big bombs You that hide be-hind
D Em D Em D Em D Em
walls You that hide be-hind desks I just
Am Em D Em D Em
want you to know I can see through your masks
D.S.

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Additional lyrics

2. You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly

3. Like Judas of old
You lie and deceive
A world war can be won
You want me to believe
But I see through your eyes
And I see through your brain
Like I see through the water
That runs down my drain

4. You fasten the triggers
For the others to fire
Then you set back and watch
When the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion
As young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud

5. You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins

6. How much do I know
To talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
Even Jesus would never
Forgive what you do

7. Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could
I think you will find
When your death takes its toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul

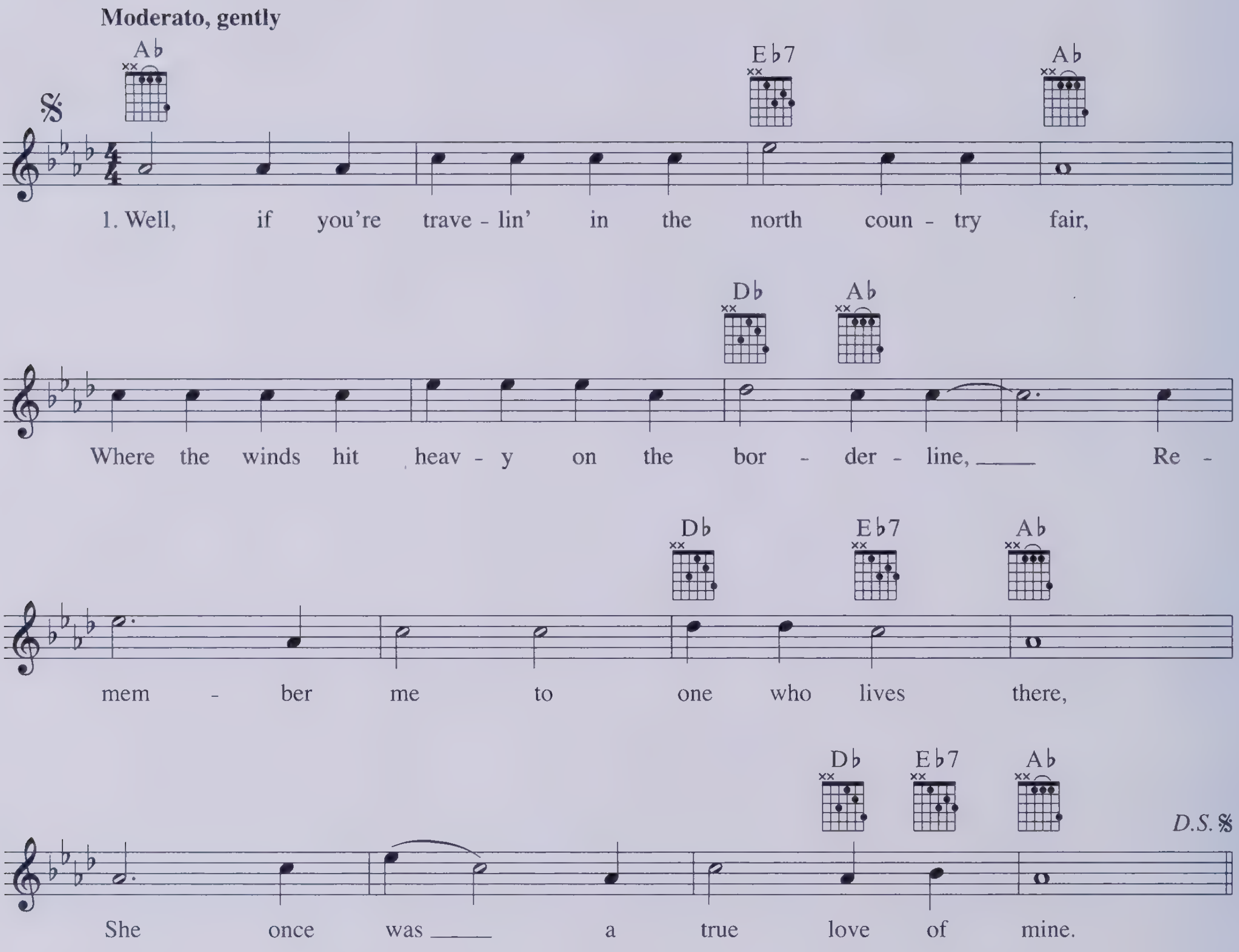
8. And I hope that you die
And your death'll come soon
I will follow your casket
In the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand o'er your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

GIRL FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY

The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan, 1963

This nostalgic ballad, built around a traditional folk melody, was first recorded in April 1963 for *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*. Dylan had composed the song three months earlier during his first trip to Italy. In 1969, he revisited the song in partnership with Johnny Cash, and their duet was included as the opening track on the *Nashville Skyline* album.

GIRL FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY


Moderato, gently
A♭
E♭7
A♭
1. Well, if you're trave - lin' in the north coun - try fair,
D♭
A♭
Where the winds hit heav - y on the bor - der - line, Re -
D♭
E♭7
A♭
mem - ber me to one who lives there,
D♭
E♭7
A♭
D.S. 𝄋
She once was a true love of mine.

Additional lyrics

2. Well, if you go when the snowflakes storm
When the rivers freeze and summer ends
Please see if she's wearing a coat so warm
To keep her from the howlin' winds

3. Please see for me if her hair hangs long
If it rolls and flows all down her breast
Please see for me if her hair hangs long
That's the way I remember her best

4. I'm a-wonderin' if she remembers me at all
Many times I've often prayed
In the darkness of my night
In the brightness of my day

5. So if you're travelin' in the north country fair
Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline
Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine

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“‘To me, the person who wrote the most moving lyrics was Bob Dylan, in the early days – ‘Boots Of Spanish Leather’, ‘Girl From The North Country’… ”

Paul Simon

PROTEST
AGAINST
THE RISING
TIDE
OF
CONFORMITY
TDI

WITH GOD ON OUR SIDE

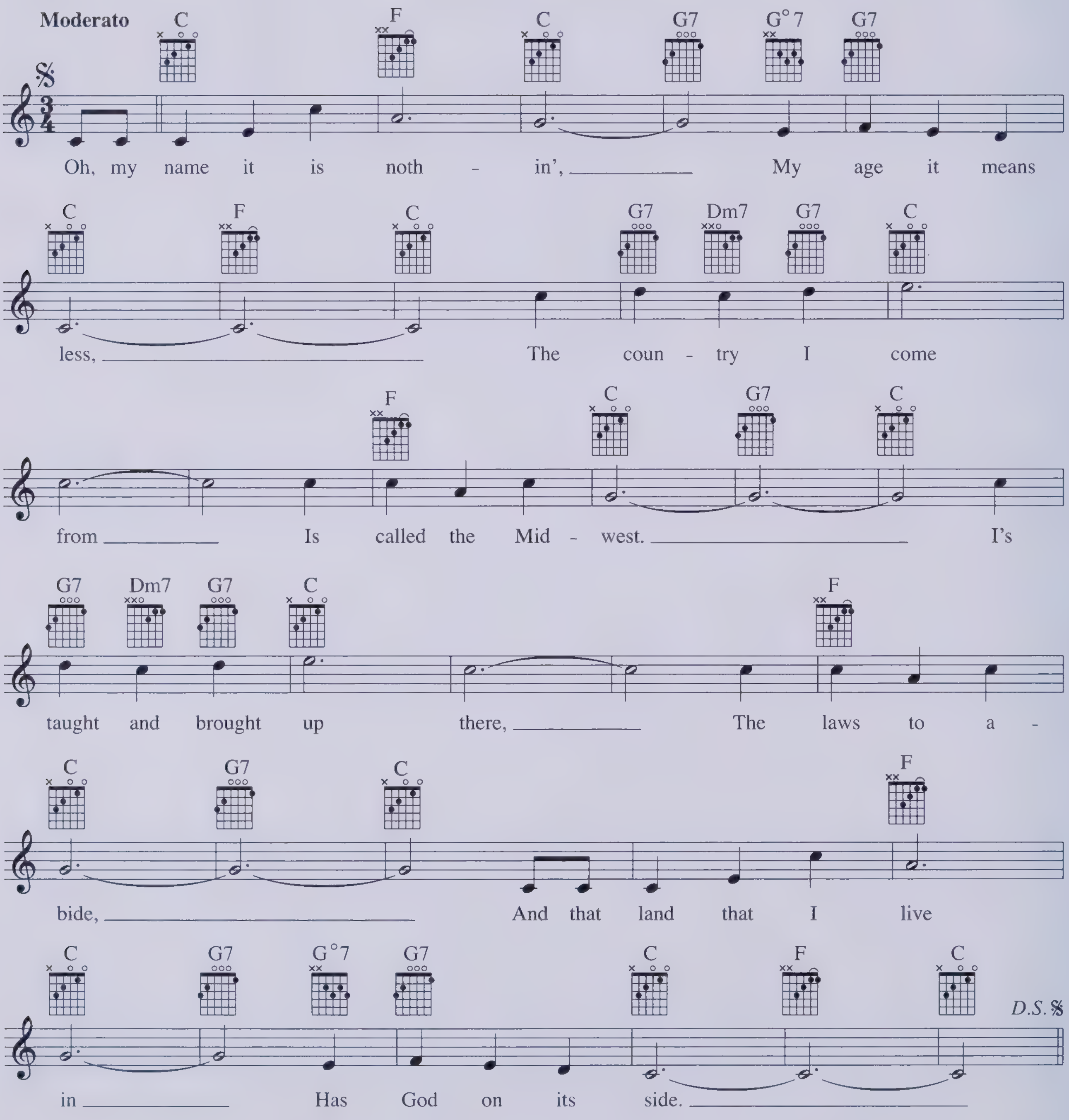
The Times They Are A-Changin', 1964

This song demonstrated the early sophistication of Dylan's social commentary in song. He first performed the song at New York Town Hall in April 1963, and then often performed it as a duet with Joan Baez in 1963 and 1964. His studio rendition appeared on *The Times They Are A-Changin'*, while a Dylan/Baez duet can be heard on *The Bootleg Series Vol. 6*.

"(When I heard that song) I took him seriously. I was bowled over. It was devastating. It's a very mature song. It's a beautiful song. It changed the way I thought of Bob."

Joan Baez

WITH GOD ON OUR SIDE


Moderato
C F C G7 G°7 G7
Oh, my name it is noth - in', My age it means
C F C G7 Dm7 G7 C
less, The coun - try I come
F C G7 C
from Is called the Mid - west. I's
G7 Dm7 G7 C F
taught and brought up there, The laws to a -
C G7 C F
bide, And that land that I live
C G7 G°7 G7 C F C
in Has God on its side.
D.S. 𝄋

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Additional lyrics

2. Oh the history books tell it
They tell it so well
The cavalries charged
The Indians fell
The cavalries charged
The Indians died
Oh the country was young
With God on its side

3. Oh the Spanish-American
War had its day
And the Civil War too
Was soon laid away
And the names of the heroes
I's made to memorize
With guns in their hands
And God on their side

4. Oh the First World War, boys
It closed out its fate
The reason for fighting
I never got straight
But I learned to accept it
Accept it with pride
For you don't count the dead
When God's on your side

5. When the Second World War
Came to an end
We forgave the Germans
And we were friends
Though they murdered six million
In the ovens they fried
The Germans now too
Have God on their side

6. I've learned to hate Russians
All through my whole life
If another war starts
It's them we must fight
To hate them and fear them
To run and to hide
And accept it all bravely
With God on my side

7. But now we got weapons
Of the chemical dust
If fire them we're forced to
Then fire them we must
One push of the button
And a shot the world wide
And you never ask questions
When God's on your side

8. Through many dark hour
I've been thinkin' about this
That Jesus Christ
Was betrayed by a kiss
But I can't think for you
You'll have to decide
Whether Judas Iscariot
Had God on his side

9. So now as I'm leavin'
I'm weary as Hell
The confusion I'm feelin'
Ain't no tongue can tell
The words fill my head
And fall to the floor
If God's on our side
He'll stop the next war

ONLY A PAWN IN THEIR GAME

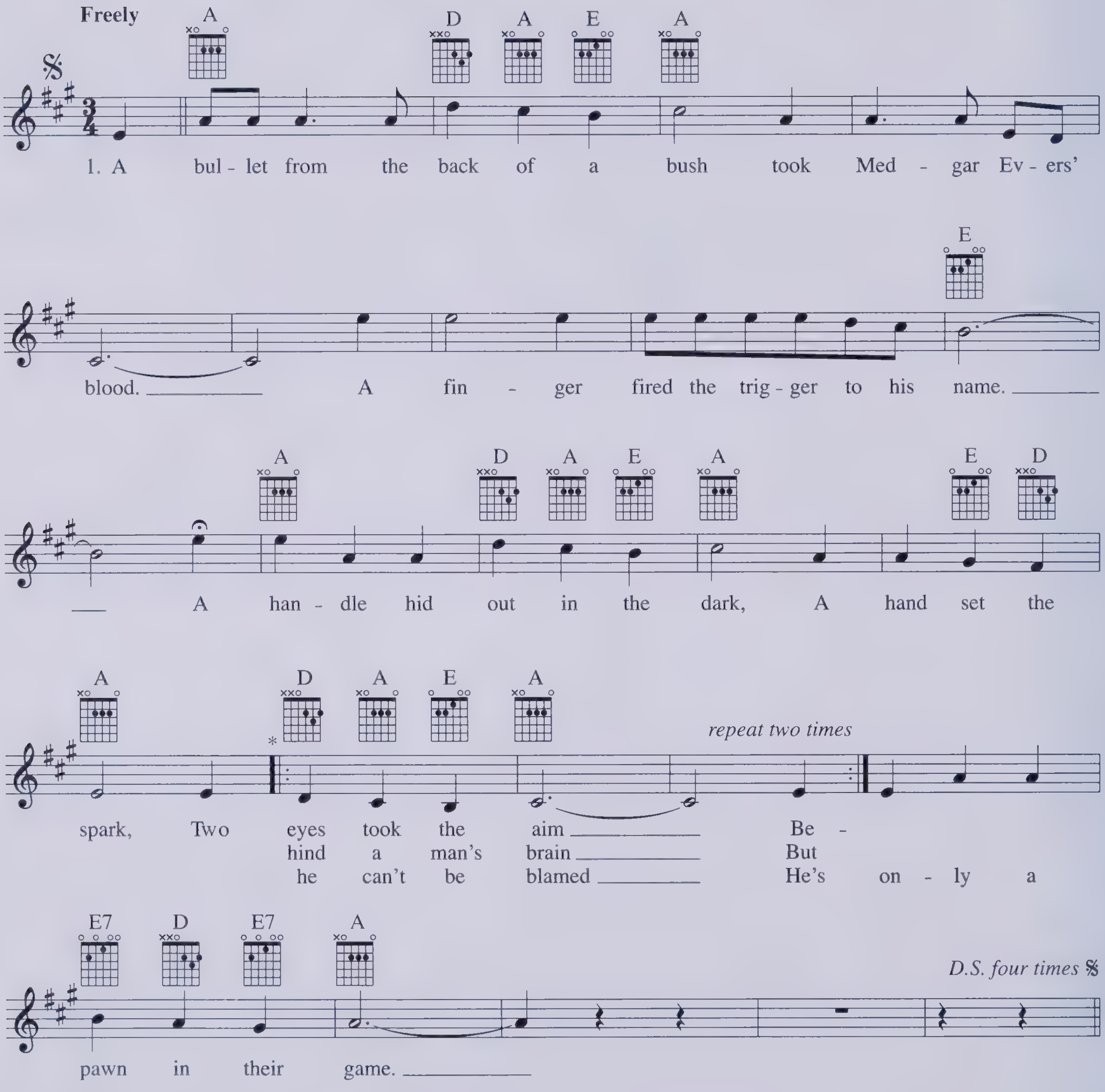
The Times They Are A-Changin', 1964

Dylan responded quickly to the murder of civil rights activist Medgar Evers in June 1963. Within a few days, he had penned this sober analysis of the racist system that had spawned his killer. He debuted the song at a voter registration rally in Greenwood, Mississippi, a performance glimpsed in the *Don't Look Back* movie. He recorded it soon afterwards for *The Times They Are A-Changin'*.

"All the other protest songs were very self-righteous polemics on the terrible rednecks of the South… This song had a much more cosmic and far-reaching overview. He pointed out that the people the movement were vilifying as the enemy were really just pawns in a larger game, a game where corporate greed and the politicians were playing them against the blacks and keeping everyone down. I loved the song."

Maria Muldaur

ONLY A PAWN IN THEIR GAME


Freely
A D A E A
1. A bul - let from the back of a bush took Med - gar Ev - ers'
E
blood. A fin - ger fired the trig - ger to his name.
A D A E A E D
A han - dle hid out in the dark, A hand set the
A D A E A
repeat two times
spark, Two eyes took the aim Be -
hind a man's brain But
he can't be blamed He's on - ly a
E7 D E7 A
D.S. four times
pawn in their game.

* *Repeat as often as necessary to accommodate additional lyrics.*

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Additional lyrics

2. A South politician preaches to the poor white man
"You got more than the blacks, don't complain
You're better than them, you been born with white skin," they explain
And the Negro's name
Is used it is plain
For the politician's gain
As he rises to fame
And the poor white remains
On the caboose of the train
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game

3. The deputy sheriffs, the soldiers, the governors get paid
And the marshals and cops get the same
But the poor white man's used in the hands of them all like a tool
He's taught in his school
From the start by the rule
That the laws are with him
To protect his white skin
To keep up his hate
So he never thinks straight
'Bout the shape that he's in
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game

4. From the poverty shacks, he looks from the cracks to the tracks
And the hoofbeats pound in his brain
And he's taught how to walk in a pack
Shoot in the back
With his fist in a clinch
To hang and to lynch
To hide 'neath the hood
To kill with no pain
Like a dog on a chain
He ain't got no name
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game

5. Today, Medgar Evers was buried from the bullet he caught
They lowered him down as a king
But when the shadowy sun sets on the one
That fired the gun
He'll see by his grave
On the stone that remains
Carved next to his name
His epitaph plain:
Only a pawn in their game

[illegible]

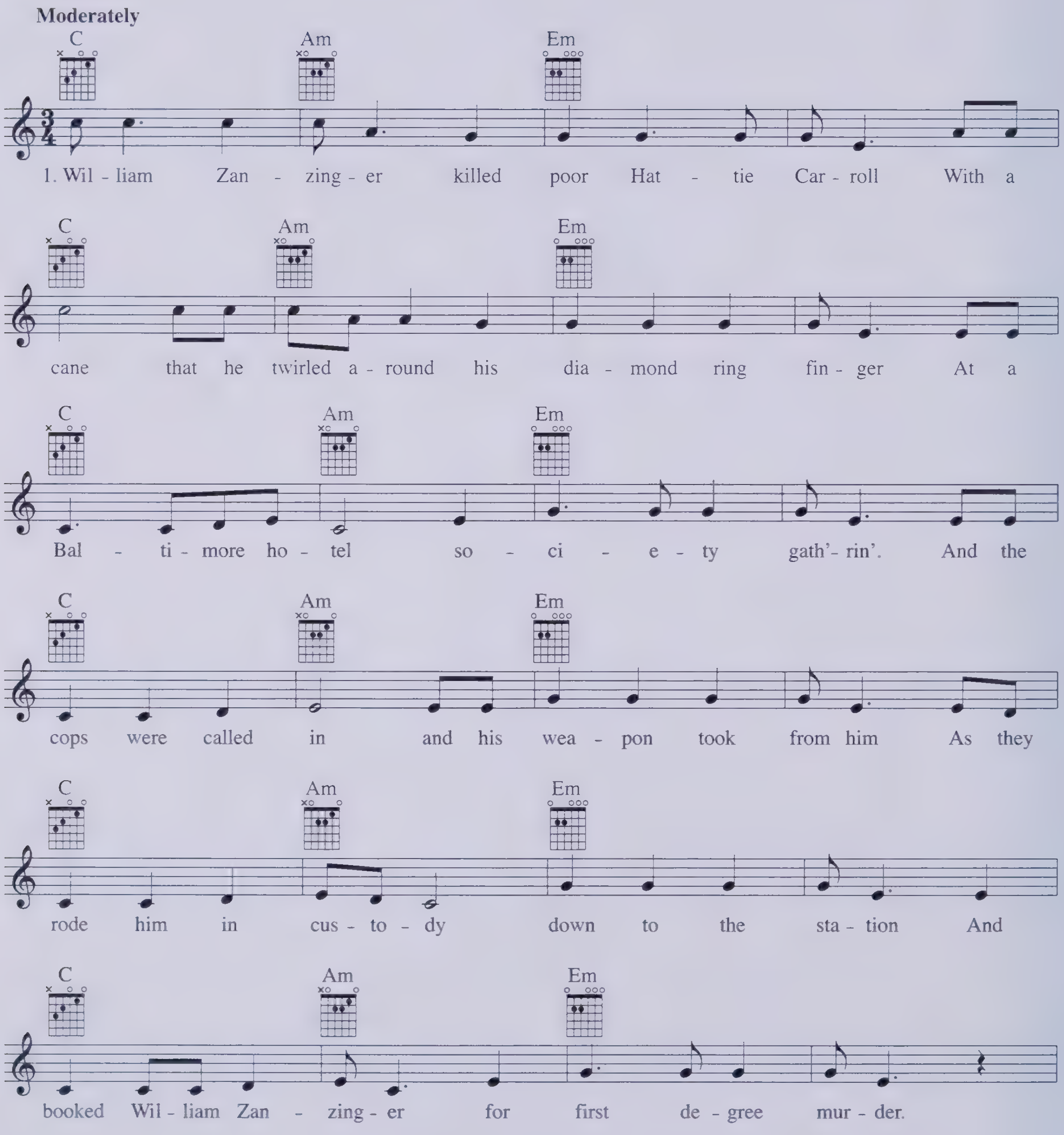
res

Dyla

his thi

a drama

THE LONESOME DEATH OF HATTIE CARROLL


Moderately
C Am Em
1. Wil - liam Zan - zing - er killed poor Hat - tie Car - roll With a
cane that he twirled a - round his dia - mond ring fin - ger At a
Bal - ti - more ho - tel so - ci - e - ty gath'- rin'. And the
cops were called in and his wea - pon took from him As they
rode him in cus - to - dy down to the sta - tion And
booked Wil - liam Zan - zing - er for first de - gree mur - der.

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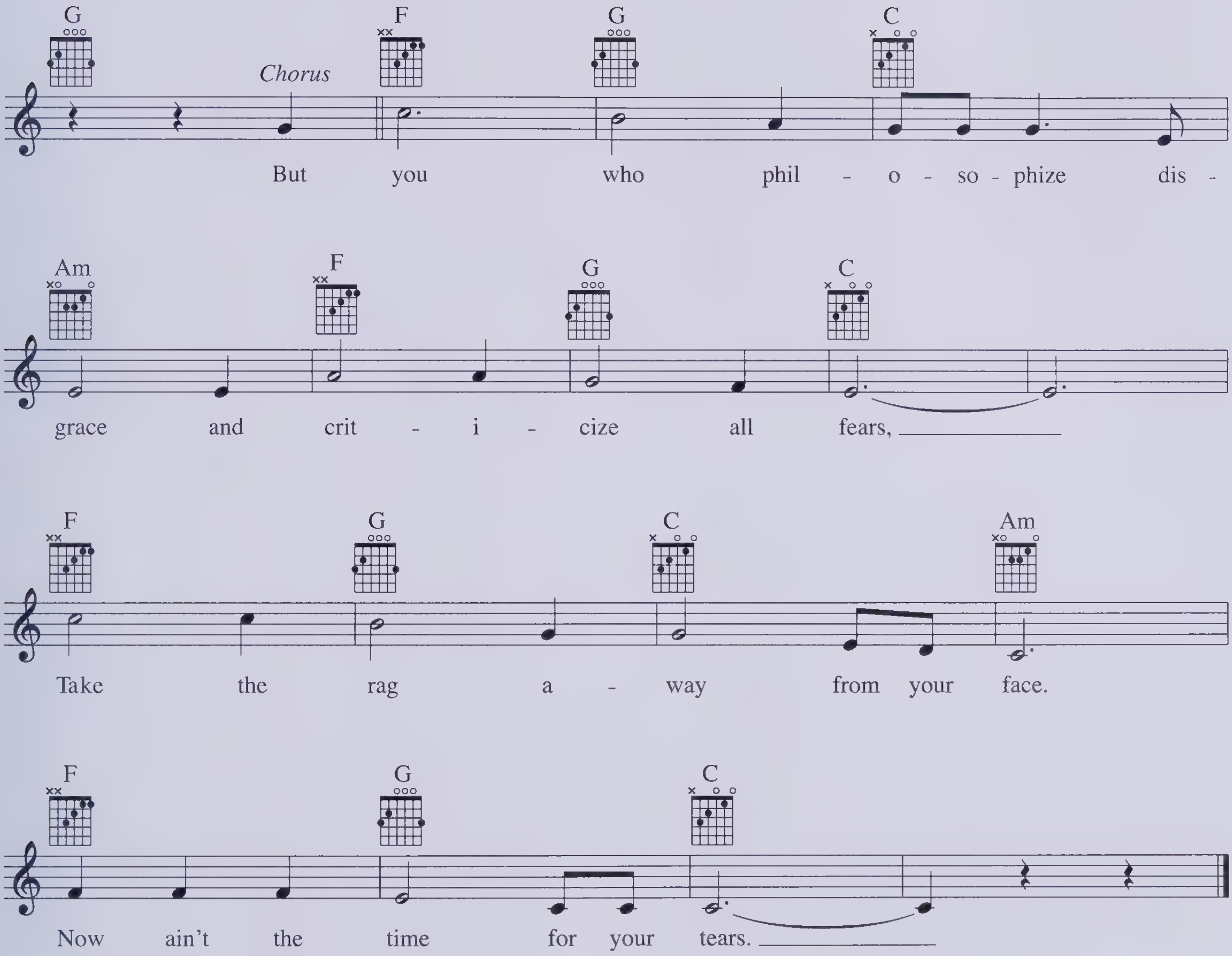

G
F
G
C
Chorus
But you who phil - o - so - phize dis -
Am
F
G
C
grace and crit - i - cize all fears,
F
G
C
Am
Take the rag a - way from your face.
F
G
C
Now ain't the time for your tears.

Additional lyrics

2. William Zanzinger, who at twenty-four years
Owns a tobacco farm of six hundred acres
With rich wealthy parents who provide and protect him
And high office relations in the politics of Maryland
Reacted to his deed with a shrug of his shoulders
And swear words and sneering, and his tongue it was snarling
In a matter of minutes on bail was out walking

Chorus

3. Hattie Carroll was a maid of the kitchen.
She was fifty-one years old and gave birth to ten children
Who carried the dishes and took out the garbage
And never sat once at the head of the table
And didn't even talk to the people at the table
Who just cleaned up all the food from the table
And emptied the ashtrays on a whole other level
Got killed by a blow, lay slain by a cane
That sailed through the air and came down through the room
Doomed and determined to destroy all the gentle
And she never done nothing to William Zanzinger

Chorus

4. In the courtroom of honor, the judge pounded his gavel
To show that all's equal and that the courts are on the level
And that the strings in the books ain't pulled and persuaded
And that even the nobles get properly handled
Once that the cops have chased after and caught 'em
And that the ladder of law has no top and no bottom
Stared at the person who killed for no reason
Who just happened to be feelin' that way without warnin'
And he spoke through his cloak, most deep and distinguished
And handed out strongly, for penalty and repentance
William Zanzinger with a six-month sentence

Chorus:
Oh, but you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears
Bury the rag deep in your face
For now's the time for your tears

“‘Hattie Carroll’ is a classic. It’s an absolutely wonderful song, written, I’m quite sure, in a rage, but also with a great sense of form. He’s a proper writer.”

Martin Carthy

THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'

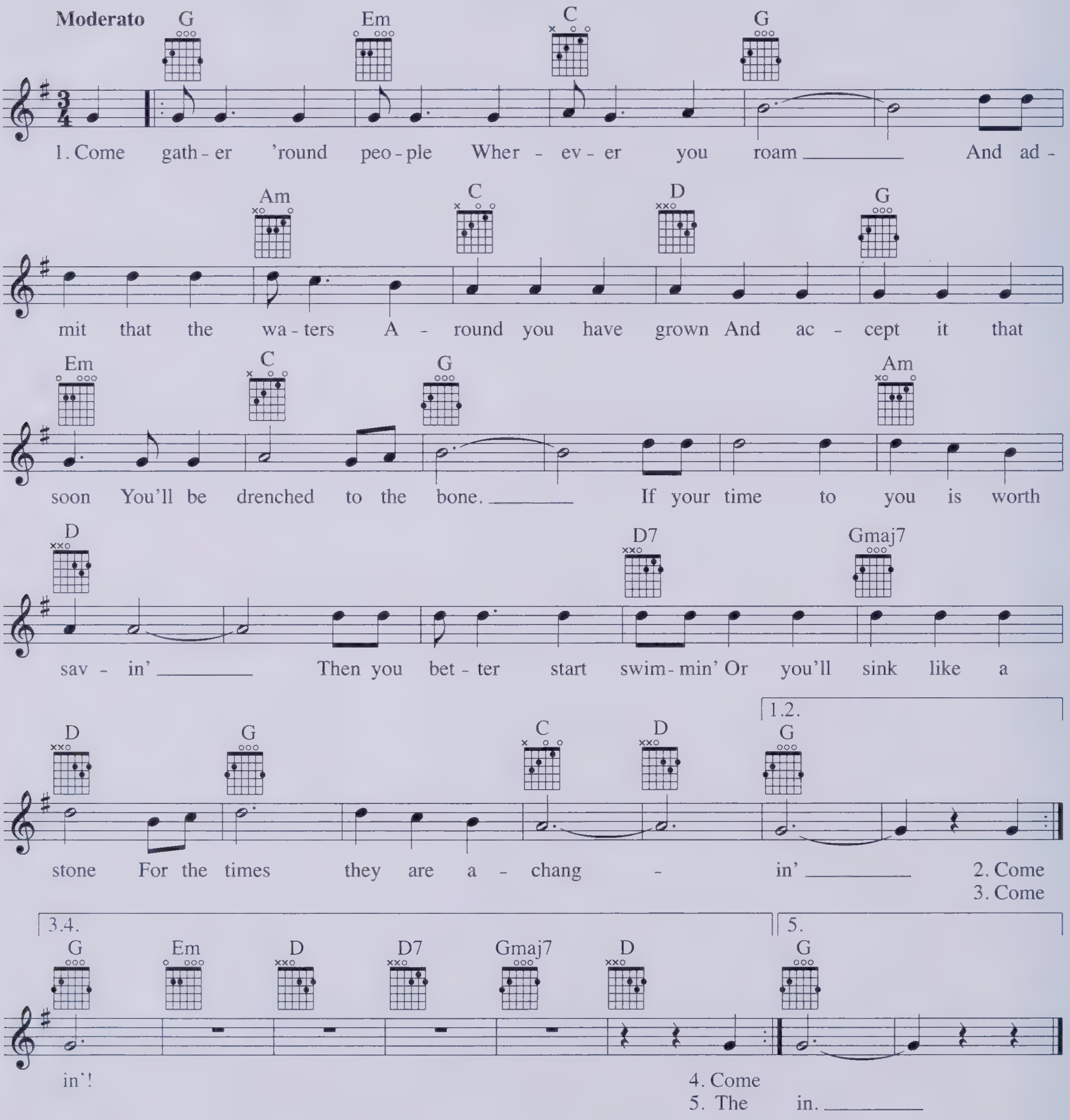
● *The Times They Are A-Changin'*, 1964

Perhaps the most famous and direct of Bob Dylan's so-called 'protest' songs, this gave its name to his third album. It was written around August 1963, and first recorded by Dylan on piano, on a demo tape for his music publisher. The more familiar guitar arrangement heard on the album was cut a few weeks later.

"Nobody could have spoken better for our generation than 'The Times They Are A-Changin''. I was already comfortable with protest songs. But with Dylan's songs it was 'Aha!'. Because they're so good. He's influenced every songwriter in rock & roll, and folk."

Joan Baez

THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'


Moderato
G Em C G
1. Come gath - er 'round peo - ple Wher - ev - er you roam And ad -
Am C D G
mit that the wa - ters A - round you have grown And ac - cept it that
Em C G Am
soon You'll be drenched to the bone. If your time to you is worth
D D7 Gmaj7
sav - in' Then you bet - ter start swim - min' Or you'll sink like a
D G C D 1.2. G
stone For the times they are a - chang - in'
2. Come
3. Come
3.4. G Em D D7 Gmaj7 D 5. G
in'!
4. Come
5. The in.

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Additional lyrics

2. Come writers and critics
Who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide
The chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon
For the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'
For the loser now will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'

3. Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside and it is ragin'
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'

4. Come mothers and fathers
Throughout the land
And don't criticize
What you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly agin'
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin'

5. The line it is drawn
The curse it is cast
The slow one now
Will later be fast
As the present now
Will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'

ONE TOO MANY MORNINGS

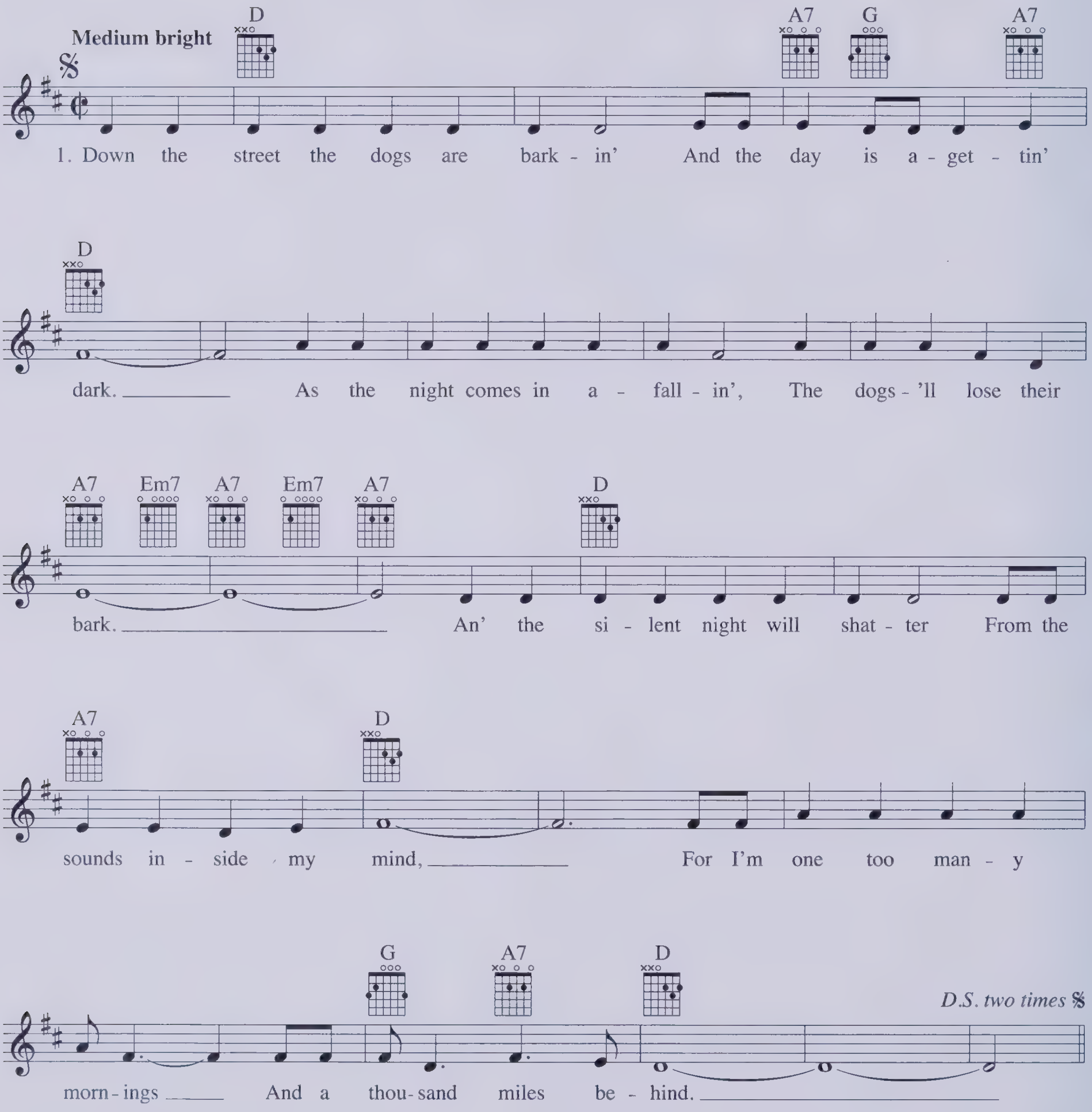
The Times They Are A-Changin', 1964

Originally taped in sparse acoustic form in October 1963 for Dylan's third album, *The Times They Are A-Changin'*, 'One Too Many Mornings' has resurfaced in many different guises throughout his career. Two of the most radical rearrangements are documented on record – an electric 1966 performance with The Band, on *The Bootleg Series Vol. 4*, and a rowdy Rolling Thunder Revue take from *Hard Rain* on 1976.

"'One Too Many Mornings' is a goodbye to innocence – the end of something and the beginning of something else. I love that song."

Ralph McTell

ONE TOO MANY MORNINGS


Medium bright
D
A7
G
A7
1. Down the street the dogs are bark - in' And the day is a - get - tin'
D
dark. ___ As the night comes in a - fall - in', The dogs - 'll lose their
A7
Em7
A7
Em7
A7
D
bark. ___ An' the si - lent night will shat - ter From the
A7
D
sounds in - side my mind, ___ For I'm one too man - y
G
A7
D
D.S. two times
morn - ings ___ And a thou - sand miles be - hind. ___

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Additional lyrics

2. From the crossroads of my doorstep
My eyes they start to fade
As I turn my head back to the room
Where my love and I have laid
An' I gaze back to the street
The sidewalk and the sign
And I'm one too many mornings
An' a thousand miles behind

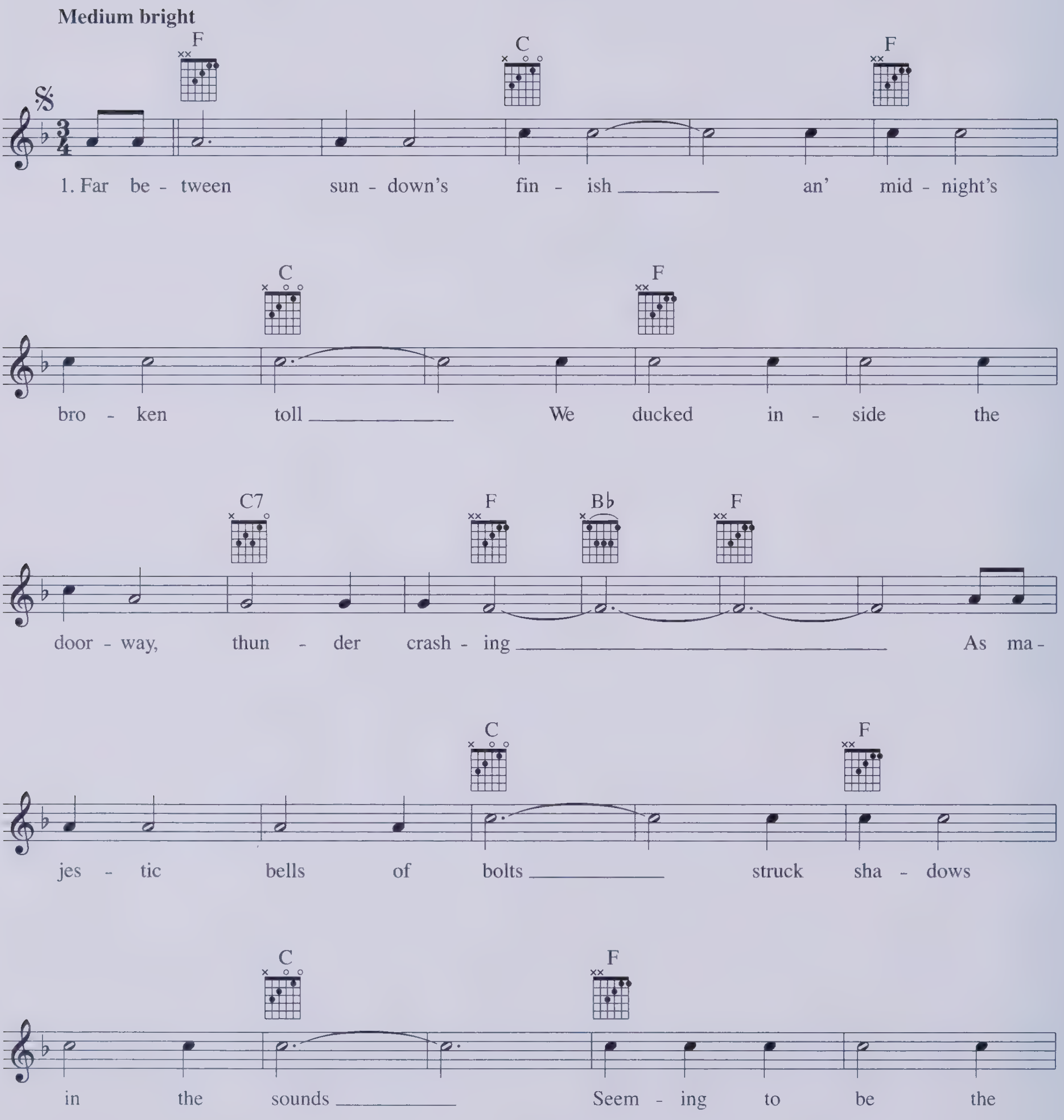
3. It's a restless hungry feeling
That don't mean no one no good
When ev'rything I'm a-sayin'
You can say it just as good
You're right from your side
I'm right from mine
We're both just too many mornings
An' a thousand miles behind

CHIMES OF FREEDOM

Another Side Of Bob Dylan, 1964

This breathtaking piece of musical poetry emerged from a road trip Dylan shared with several friends in February 1964. He debuted the song in public later that month in Berkeley, and recorded it in July for *Another Side Of Bob Dylan*. 'Chimes Of Freedom' was one of many Dylan tunes covered by The Byrds, while Bruce Springsteen and The Grateful Dead also incorporated it into their repertoires.

CHIMES OF FREEDOM


Medium bright
F C F
1. Far be - tween sun - down's fin - ish an' mid - night's
C F
bro - ken toll We ducked in - side the
C7 F B♭ F
door - way, thun - der crash - ing As ma -
C F
jes - tic bells of bolts struck sha - dows
C F
in the sounds Seem - ing to be the

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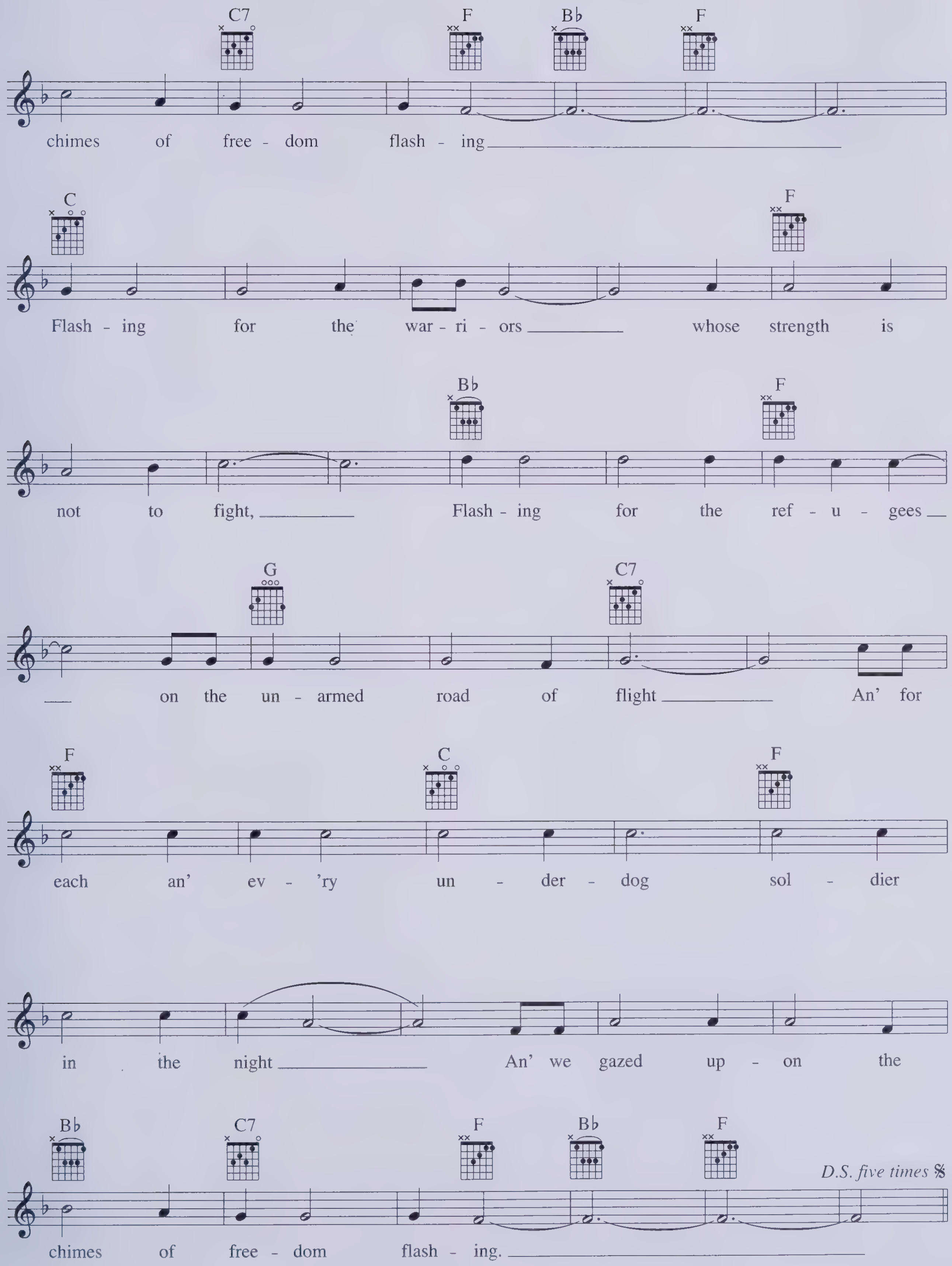

C7 F B♭ F
chimes of free - dom flash - ing
C F
Flash - ing for the war - ri - ors whose strength is
B♭ F
not to fight, Flash - ing for the ref - u - gees
G C7
on the un - armed road of flight An' for
F C F
each an' ev - 'ry un - der - dog sol - dier
in the night An' we gazed up - on the
B♭ C7 F B♭ F
chimes of free - dom flash - ing.
D.S. five times 𝄋

Additional lyrics

2. In the city's melted furnace, unexpectedly we watched
With faces hidden while the walls were tightening
As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowin' rain
Dissolved into the bells of the lightning
Tolling for the rebel, tolling for the rake
Tolling for the luckless, the abandoned an' forsaked
Tolling for the outcast, burnin' constantly at stake
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

3. Through the mad mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail
The sky cracked its poems in naked wonder
That the clinging of the church bells blew far into the breeze
Leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder
Striking for the gentle, striking for the kind
Striking for the guardians and protectors of the mind
An' the unpawned painter behind beyond his rightful time
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

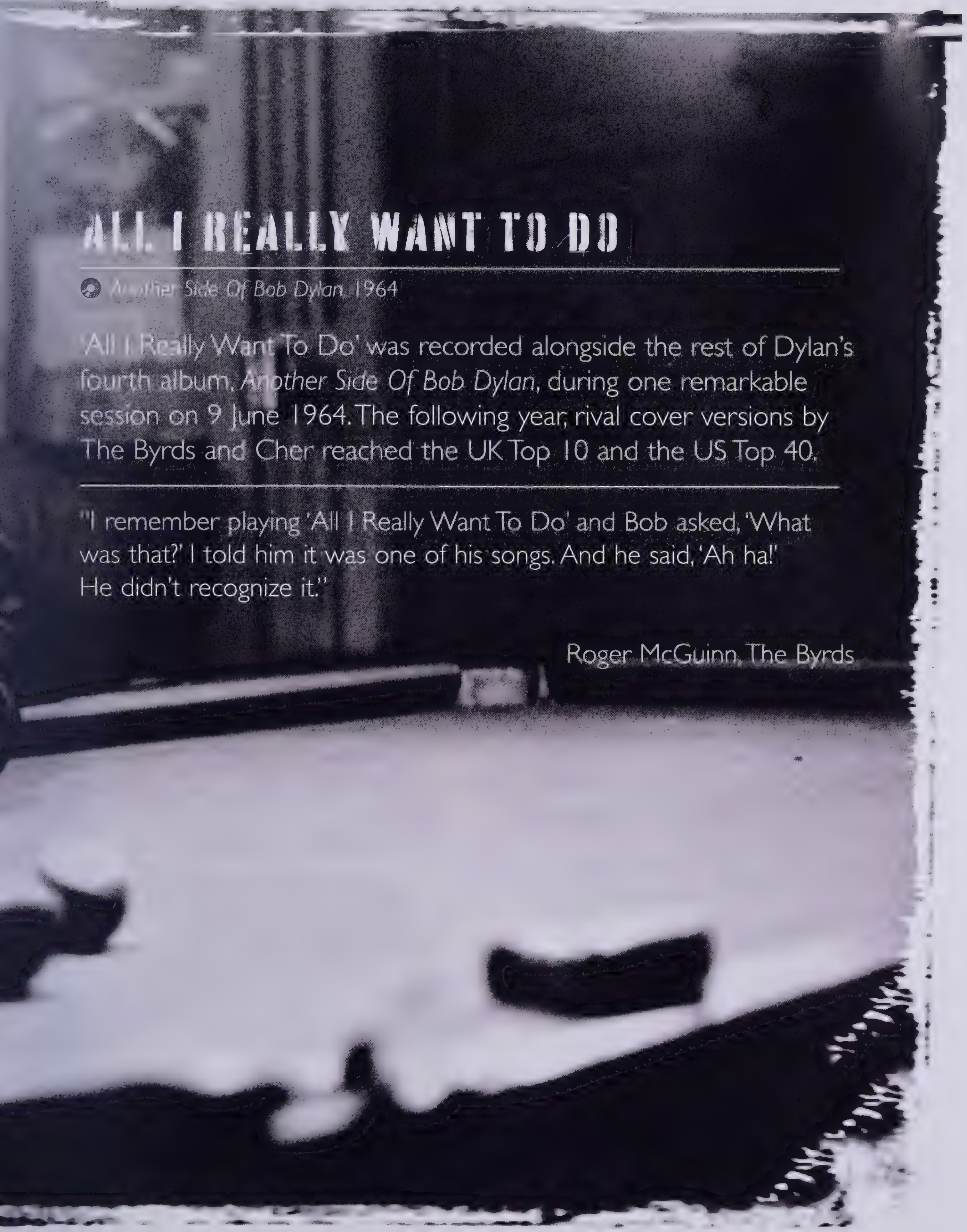
4. Through the wild cathedral evening the rain unraveled tales
For the disrobed faceless forms of no position
Tolling for the tongues with no place to bring their thoughts
All down in taken-for-granted situations
Tolling for the deaf an' blind, tolling for the mute
Tolling for the mistreated, mateless mother, the mistitled prostitute
For the misdemeanor outlaw, chased an' cheated by pursuit
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

5. Even though a cloud's white curtain in a far-off corner flashed
An' the hypnotic splattered mist was slowly lifting
Electric light still struck like arrows, fired but for the ones
Condemned to drift or else be kept from drifting
Tolling for the searching ones, on their speechless, seeking trail
For the lonesome-hearted lovers with too personal a tale
An' for each unharmful, gentle soul misplaced inside a jail
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

6. Starry-eyed an' laughing as I recall when we were caught
Trapped by no track of hours for they hanged suspended
As we listened one last time an' we watched with one last look
Spellbound an' swallowed 'til the tolling ended
Tolling for the aching ones whose wounds cannot be nursed
For the countless confused, accused, misused, strung-out ones an' worse
An' for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

"Great tunes like 'Chimes Of Freedom' taught me a whole lot of what songwriting essentially is about: a three-way marriage of melody, harmonic progression and lyrics."

Bob Weir, Grateful Dead



ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO

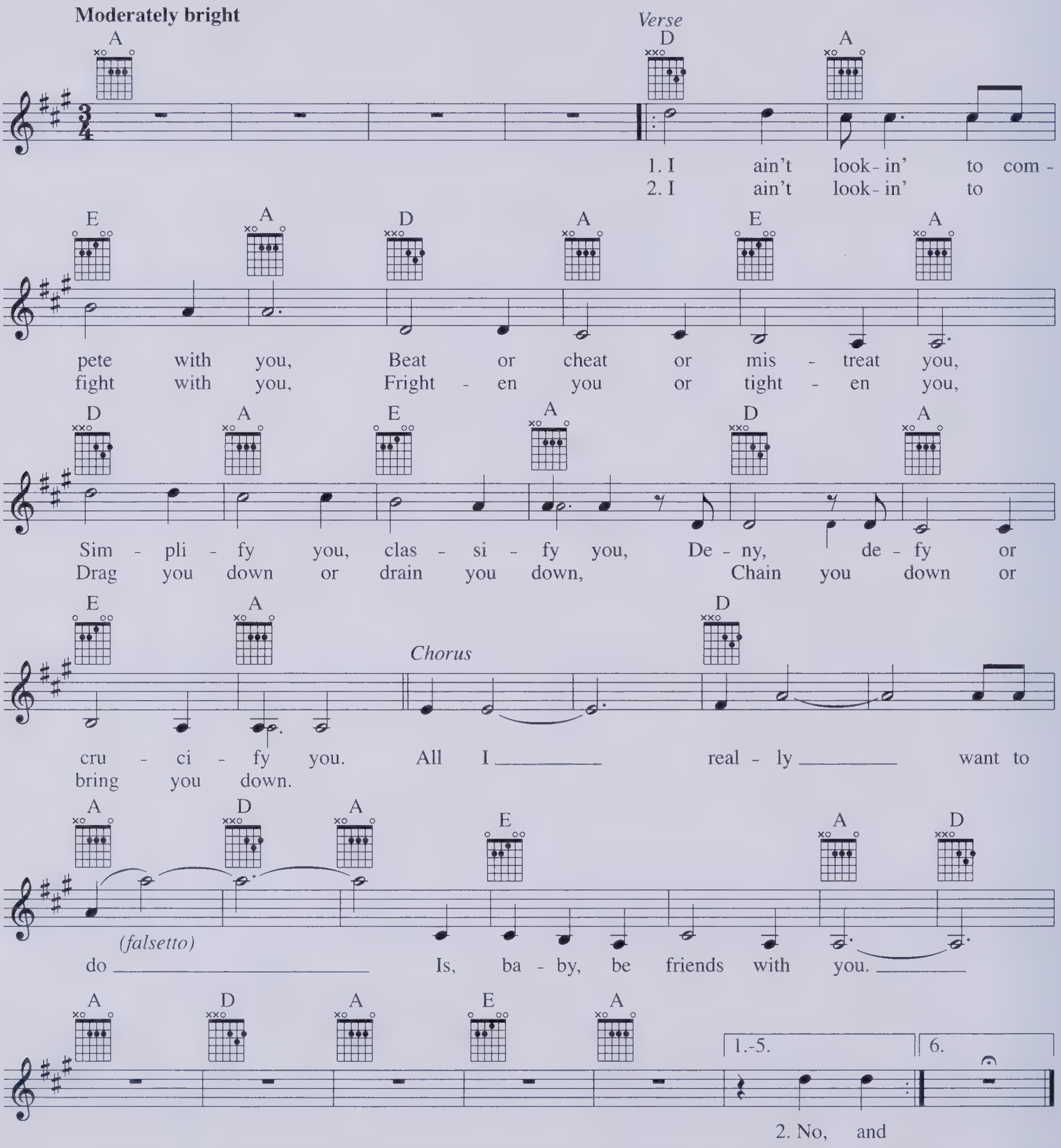
Another Side Of Bob Dylan, 1964

'All I Really Want To Do' was recorded alongside the rest of Dylan's fourth album, *Another Side Of Bob Dylan*, during one remarkable session on 9 June 1964. The following year, rival cover versions by The Byrds and Cher reached the UK Top 10 and the US Top 40.

"I remember playing 'All I Really Want To Do' and Bob asked, 'What was that?' I told him it was one of his songs. And he said, 'Ah ha!' He didn't recognize it."

Roger McGuinn, The Byrds

ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO


Moderately bright
Verse
Chorus
A
D
E
1. I ain't look - in' to com - pete with you, Beat or cheat or mis - treat you,
2. I ain't look - in' to fight with you, Fright - en you or tight - en you,
Sim - pli - fy you, clas - si - fy you, De - ny, de - fy or cru - ci - fy you.
Drag you down or drain you down, Chain you down or bring you down.
All I real - ly want to do
(falsetto)
Is, ba - by, be friends with you.
1.-5.
6.
2. No, and

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Additional lyrics

3. I ain't lookin' to block you up
Shock or knock or lock you up
Analyze you, categorize you
Finalize you or advertise you
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you

4. I don't want to straight-face you
Race or chase you, track or trace you
Or disgrace you or displace you
Or define you or confine you
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you

5. I don't want to meet your kin
Make you spin or do you in
Or select you or dissect you
Or inspect you or reject you
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you

6. I don't want to fake you out
Take or shake or forsake you out
I ain't lookin' for you to feel like me
See like me or be like me
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you

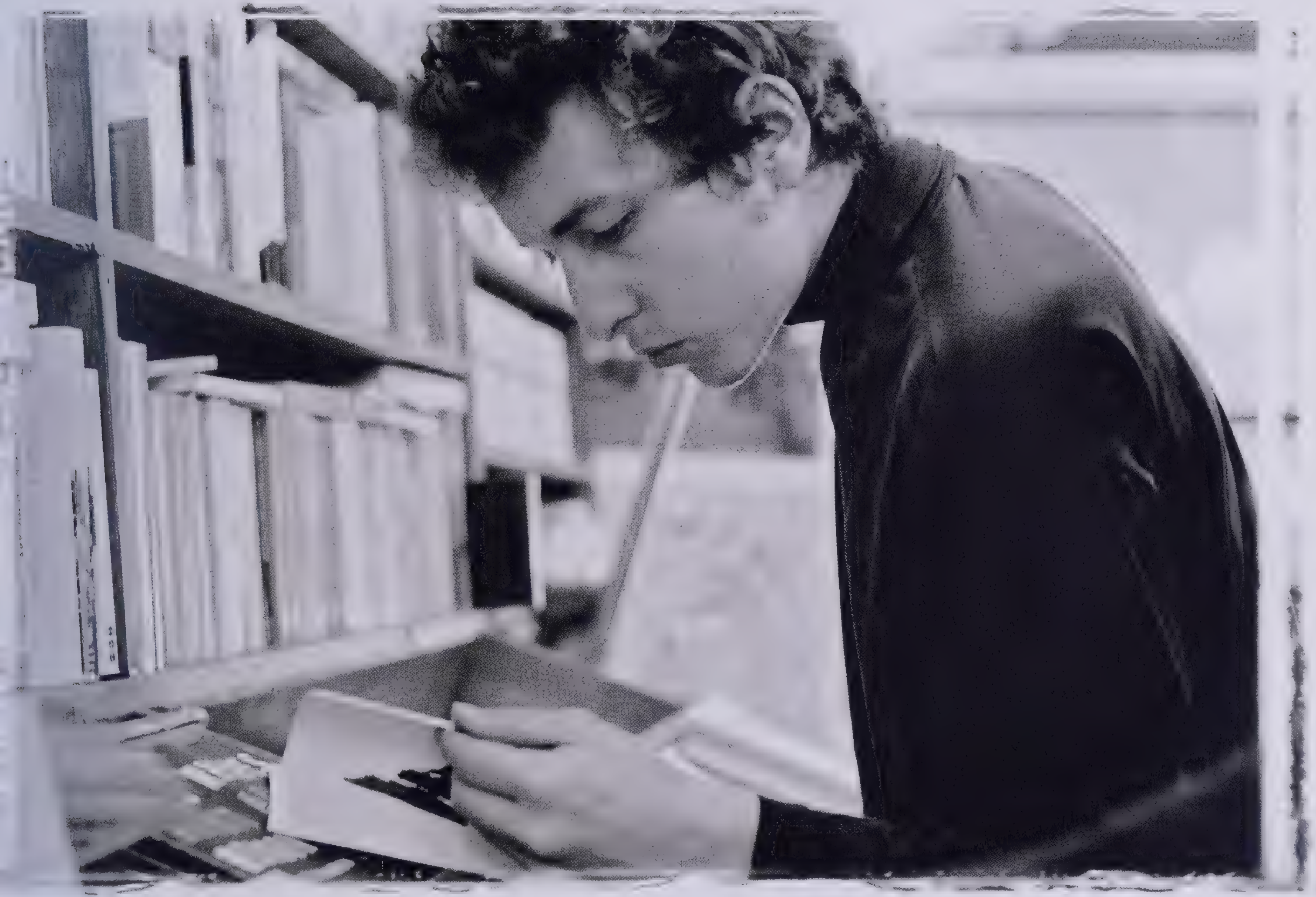
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU
(SHE ACTS LIKE WE NEVER HAVE MET)

Another Side Of Bob Dylan, 1964

Dylan originally recorded this song for *Another Side Of Bob Dylan* in 1964. Two years later, in a radically different electric arrangement, the song was part of his live repertoire during his final world tour for 12 years. He reprised it at The Band's Last Waltz concert in 1976, and has performed it regularly ever since.

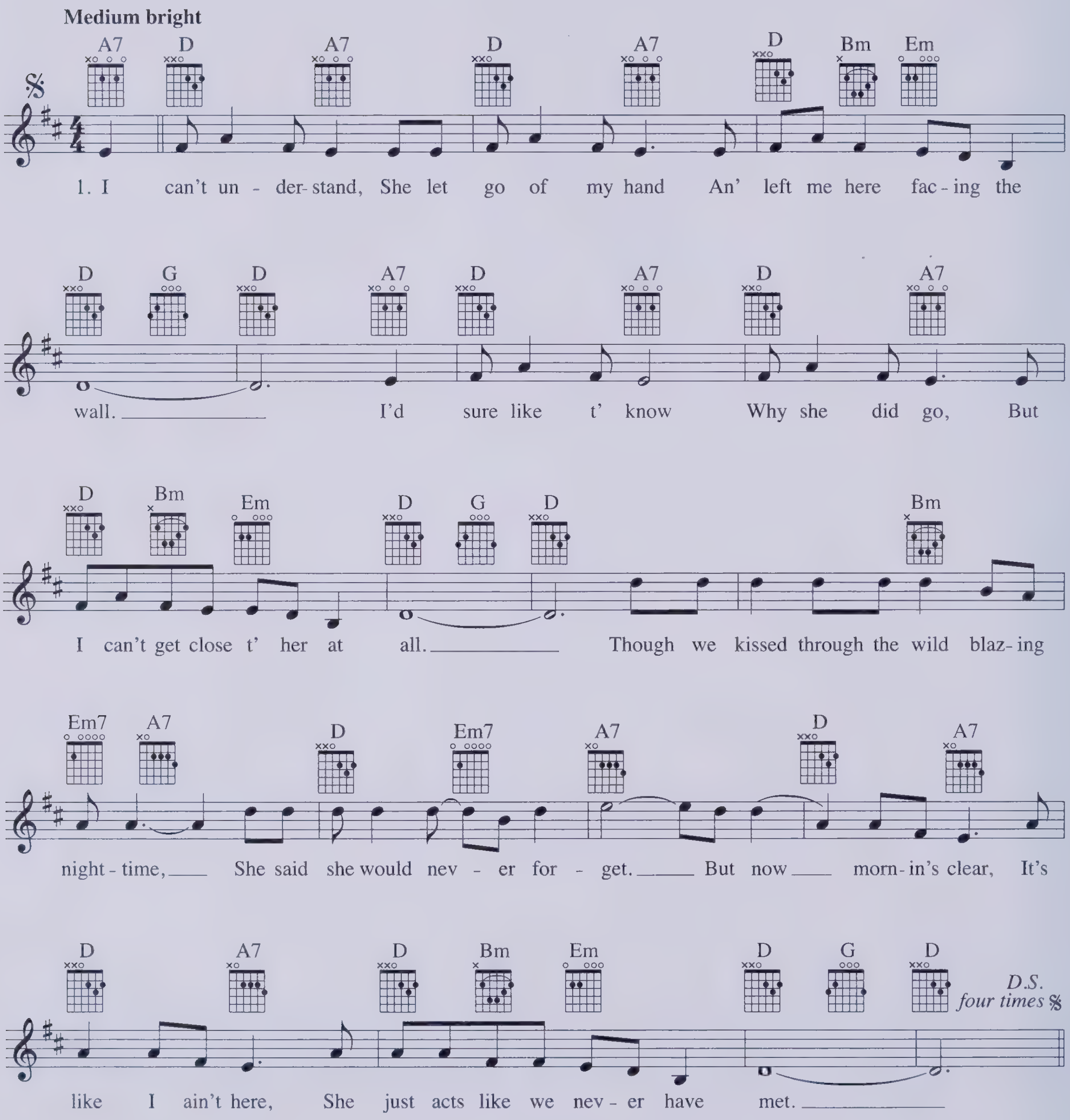
"Bob loomed absolutely the largest. The strength and breadth of his writing during that period, it just eclipses everybody."

John Sebastian, The Lovin' Spoonful



I DON'T BELIEVE YOU

(SHE ACTS LIKE WE NEVER HAVE MET)


Medium bright
A7 D A7 D A7 D Bm Em
1. I can't un - der- stand, She let go of my hand An' left me here fac - ing the
D G D A7 D A7 D A7
wall. I'd sure like t' know Why she did go, But
D Bm Em D G D Bm
I can't get close t' her at all. Though we kissed through the wild blaz- ing
Em7 A7 D Em7 A7 D A7
night - time, She said she would nev - er for - get. But now morn- in's clear, It's
D A7 D Bm Em D G D
like I ain't here, She just acts like we nev - er have met.
D.S. four times

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Additional lyrics

2. It’s all new t’ me
Like some mystery
It could even be like a myth
Yet it’s hard t’ think on
That she’s the same one
That last night I was with
From darkness, dreams’re deserted
Am I still dreamin’ yet?
I wish she’d unlock
Her voice once an’ talk
’Stead of acting like we never have met

3. If she ain’t feelin’ well
Then why don’t she tell
’Stead of turnin’ her back t’ my face?
Without any doubt
She seems too far out
For me t’ return t’ her chase
Though the night ran swirling an’ whirling
I remember her whispering yet
But evidently she don’t
An’ evidently she won’t
She just acts like we never have met

4. If I didn’t have t’ guess
I’d gladly confess
T’ anything I might’ve tried
If I was with ’er too long
Or have done something wrong
I wish she’d tell me what it is, I’ll run an’ hide
Though her skirt it swayed as a guitar played
Her mouth was watery and wet
But now something has changed
For she ain’t the same
She just acts like we never have met

5. I’m leavin’ today
I’ll be on my way
Of this I can’t say very much
But if you want me to
I can be just like you
An’ pretend that we never have touched
An’ if anybody asks me, “Is it easy to forget?”
I’ll say, “It’s easily done
You just pick anyone
An’ pretend that you never have met!”

10
9

SPANISH HARLEM INCIDENT

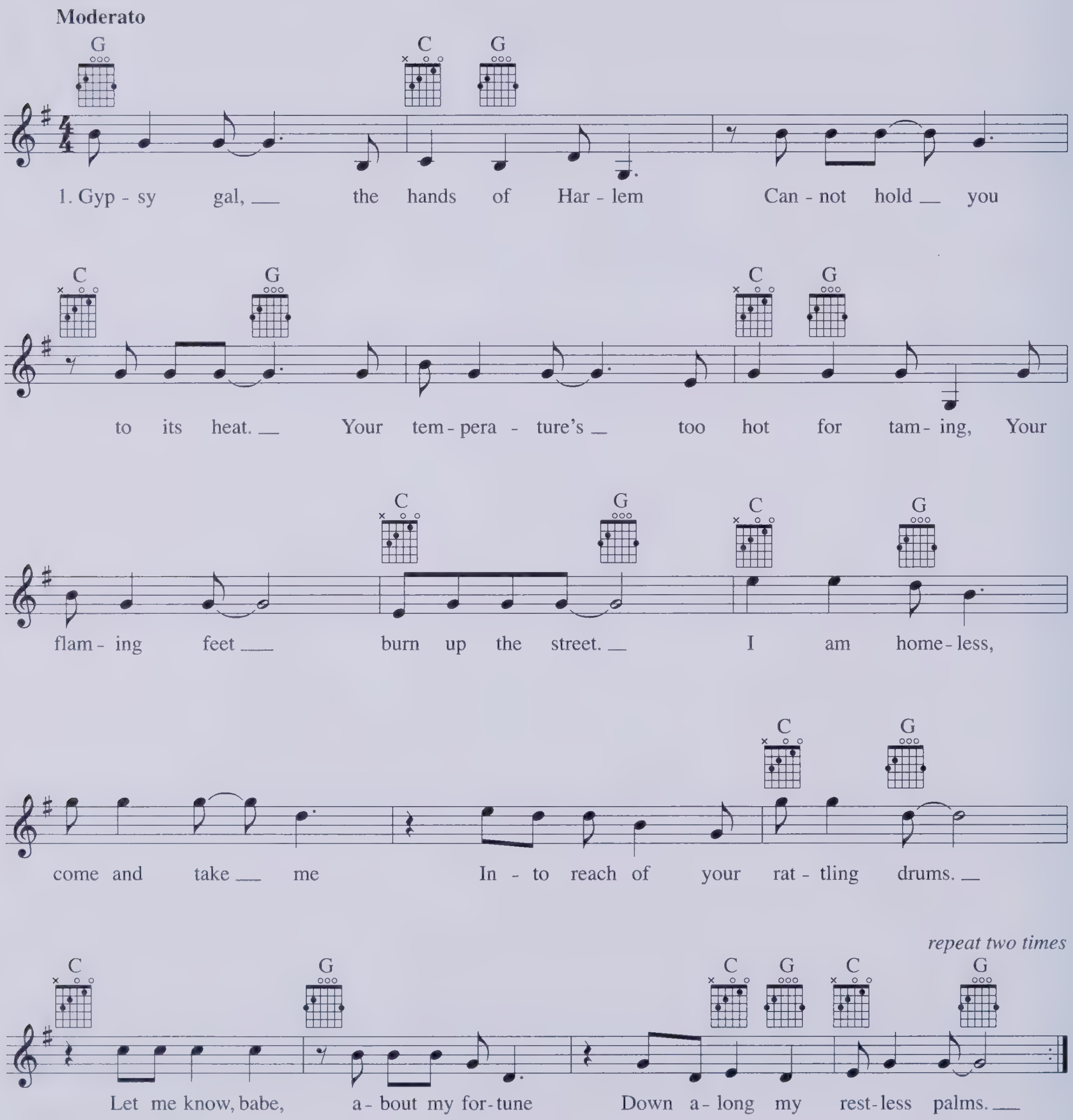
Another Side Of Bob Dylan, 1964

Taped during the marathon June 1964 session for *Another Side Of Bob Dylan*, 'Spanish Harlem Incident' has been performed by Bob Dylan just once since then, at New York's Philharmonic Hall that October. This performance is documented on *The Bootleg Series Vol. 6*. The Byrds added the song to their list of Dylan cover versions in 1965.

"It's hard being free in a song, getting it all in. Songs are so confining. That's why I write a lot of poetry, if that's the word."

Bob Dylan, 1964

SPANISH HARLEM INCIDENT


Moderato
G C G
1. Gyp - sy gal, ___ the hands of Har - lem Can - not hold ___ you
C G C G
to its heat. ___ Your tem - pera - ture's ___ too hot for tam - ing, Your
C G C G
flam - ing feet ___ burn up the street. ___ I am home - less,
C G
come and take ___ me In - to reach of your rat - tling drums. ___
repeat two times
C G C G C G
Let me know, babe, a - bout my for - tune Down a - long my rest - less palms. ___

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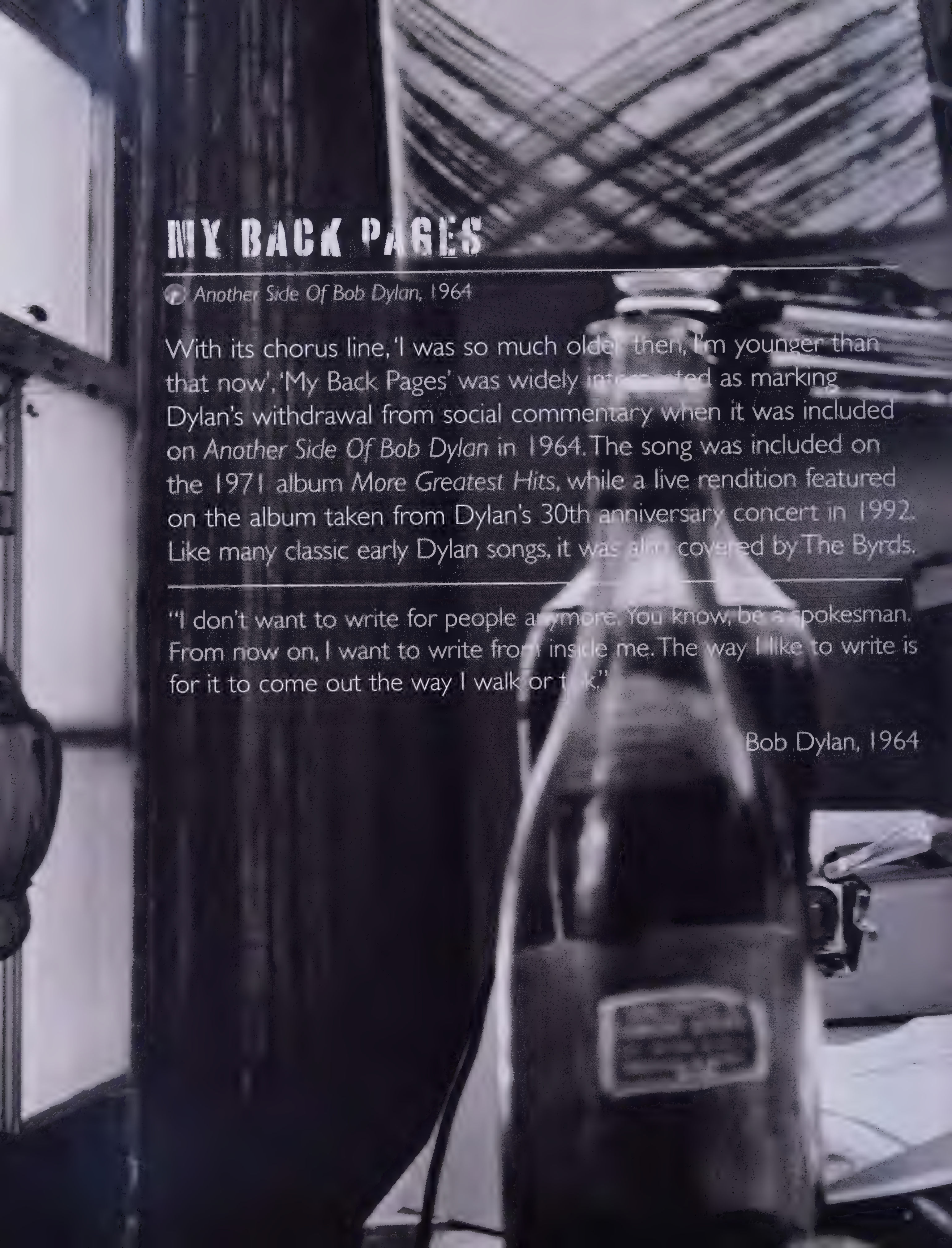
Additional lyrics

2. Gypsy gal, you got me swallowed
I have fallen far beneath
Your pearly eyes, so fast an' slashing
An' your flashing diamond teeth
The night is pitch black, come an' make my
Pale face fit into place, ah, please!
Let me know, babe, I'm nearly drowning
If it's you my lifelines trace

3. I been wond'rin' all about me
Ever since I seen you there
On the cliffs of your wildcat charms I'm riding
I know I'm 'round you but I don't know where
You have slayed me, you have made me
I got to laugh halfways off my heels
I got to know, babe, will you surround me
So I can tell if I'm really real



MY BACK PAGES

Another Side Of Bob Dylan, 1964

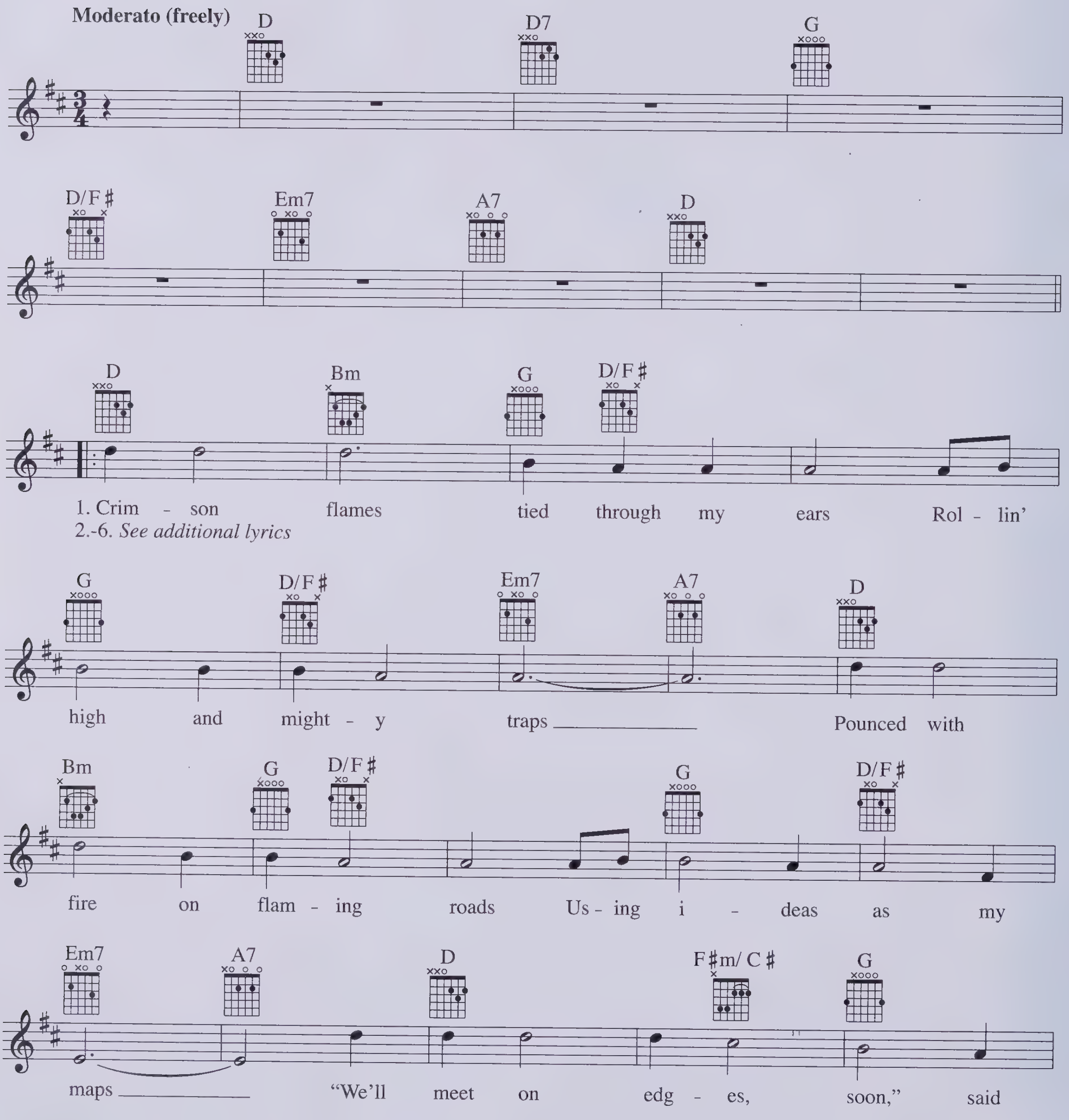
With its chorus line, 'I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now', 'My Back Pages' was widely interpreted as marking Dylan's withdrawal from social commentary when it was included on *Another Side Of Bob Dylan* in 1964. The song was included on the 1971 album *More Greatest Hits*, while a live rendition featured on the album taken from Dylan's 30th anniversary concert in 1992. Like many classic early Dylan songs, it was also covered by The Byrds.

"I don't want to write for people anymore. You know, be a spokesman. From now on, I want to write from inside me. The way I like to write is for it to come out the way I walk or talk."

Bob Dylan, 1964

STRENGTH

MY BACK PAGES


Moderato (freely)
D
D7
G
D/F♯
Em7
A7
D
D
Bm
G
D/F♯
1. Crim - son flames tied through my ears Rol - lin'
2.-6. *See additional lyrics*
G
D/F♯
Em7
A7
D
high and might - y traps
Pounced with
Bm
G
D/F♯
G
D/F♯
fire on flam - ing roads Us - ing i - deas as my
Em7
A7
D
F♯m/ C♯
G
maps "We'll meet on edg - es, soon," said

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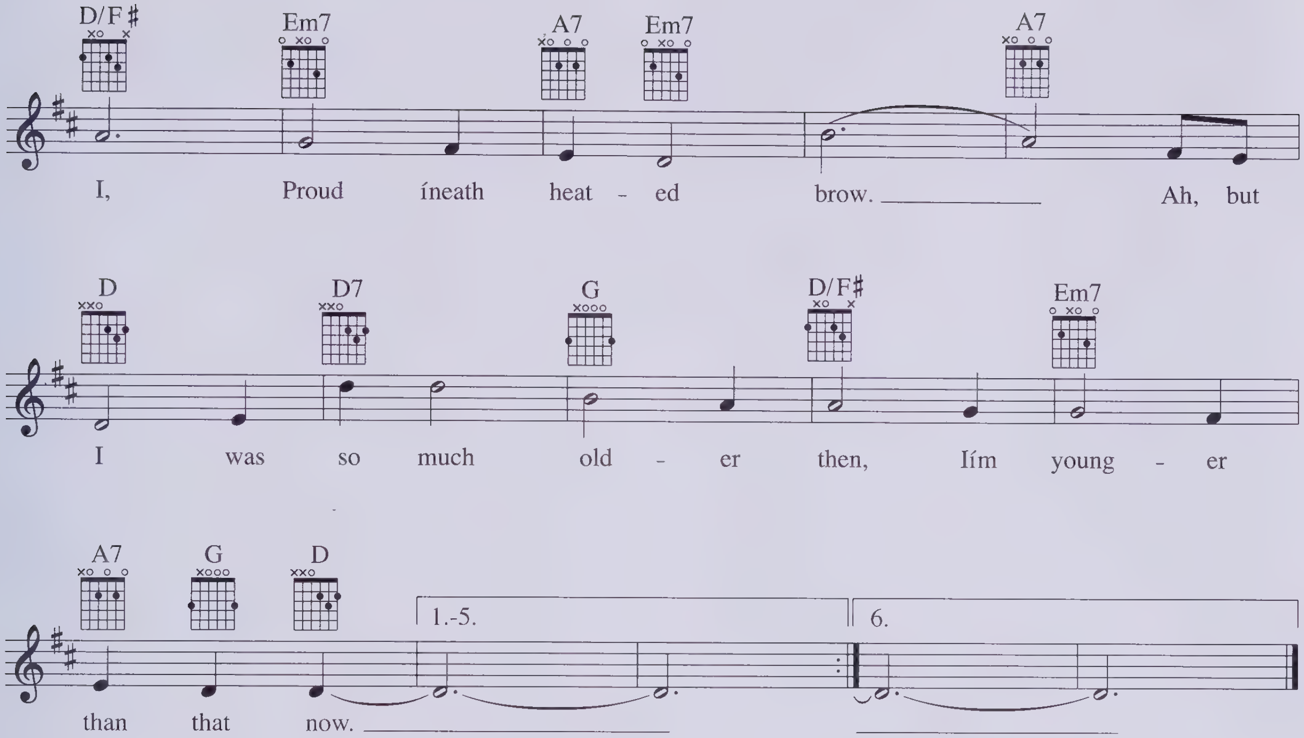

D/F♯
Em7
A7
Em7
A7
I, Proud íneath heat - ed brow. Ah, but
D
D7
G
D/F♯
Em7
I was so much old - er then, Iím young - er
A7
G
D
1.-5.
6.
than that now.

Additional lyrics

2. Half-wracked prejudice leaped forth
ìRip down all hate,î I screamed
Lies that life is black and white
Spoke from my skull. I dreamed
Romantic facts of musketeers
Foundationed deep, somehow
Ah, but I was so much older then
Iím younger than that now

3. Girlsí faces formed the forward path
From phony jealousy
To memorizing politics
Of ancient history
Flung down by corpse evangelists
Unthought of, though, somehow
Ah, but I was so much older then
Iím younger than that now

4. A self-ordained professorís tongue
Too serious to fool
Spouted out that liberty
Is just equality in school
ìEquality,î I spoke the word
As if a wedding vow
Ah, but I was so much older then
Iím younger than that now

5. In a soldierís stance, I aimed my hand
At the mongrel dogs who teach
Fearing not that Iíd become my enemy
In the instant that I preach
My pathway led by confusion boats
Mutiny from stern to bow
Ah, but I was so much older then
Iím younger than that now

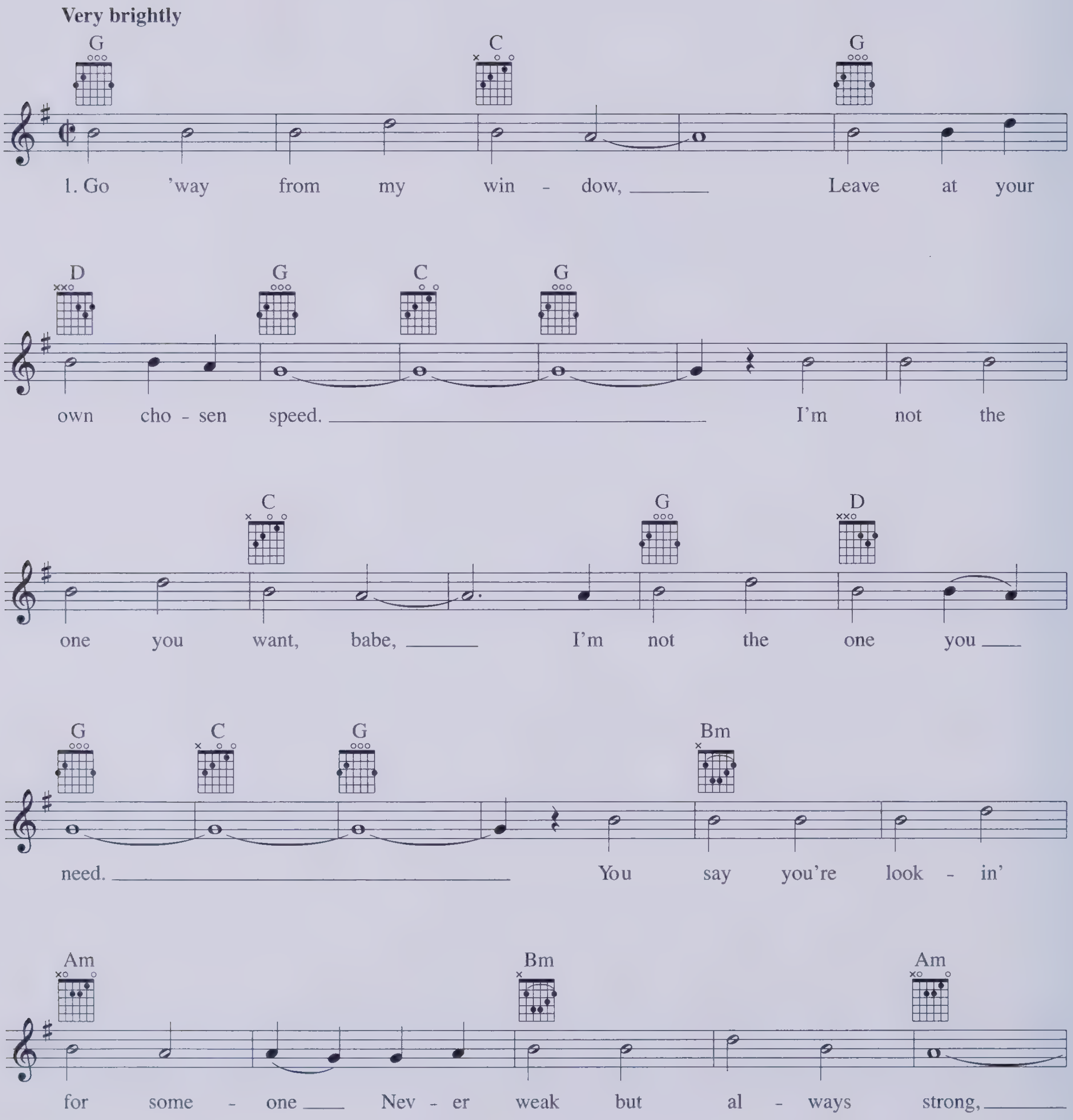
6. Yes, my guard stood hard when abstract threats
Too noble to neglect
Deceived me into thinking
I had something to protect
Good and bad, I define these terms
Quite clear, no doubt, somehow
Ah, but I was so much older then
Iím younger than that now

IT AIN'T ME, BABE

Another Side Of Bob Dylan, 1964

Though on the surface it appears to be an ironic commentary on romance, 'It Ain't Me Babe' has taken on a richer resonance down the years in the light of its creator's relationship with his audience. It was first heard on *Another Side Of Bob Dylan* in 1964, and has consistently turned up in his live shows since then. One particularly memorable performance was captured in Dylan's panoramic film, *Renaldo & Clara*. The Turtles scored a Top 10 US hit with their cover version in 1965.

IT AIN'T ME, BABE


Very brightly
G C G
1. Go 'way from my win - dow, Leave at your
D G C G
own cho - sen speed. I'm not the
C G D
one you want, babe, I'm not the one you
G C G Bm
need. You say you're look - in'
Am Bm Am
for some - one Nev - er weak but al - ways strong,

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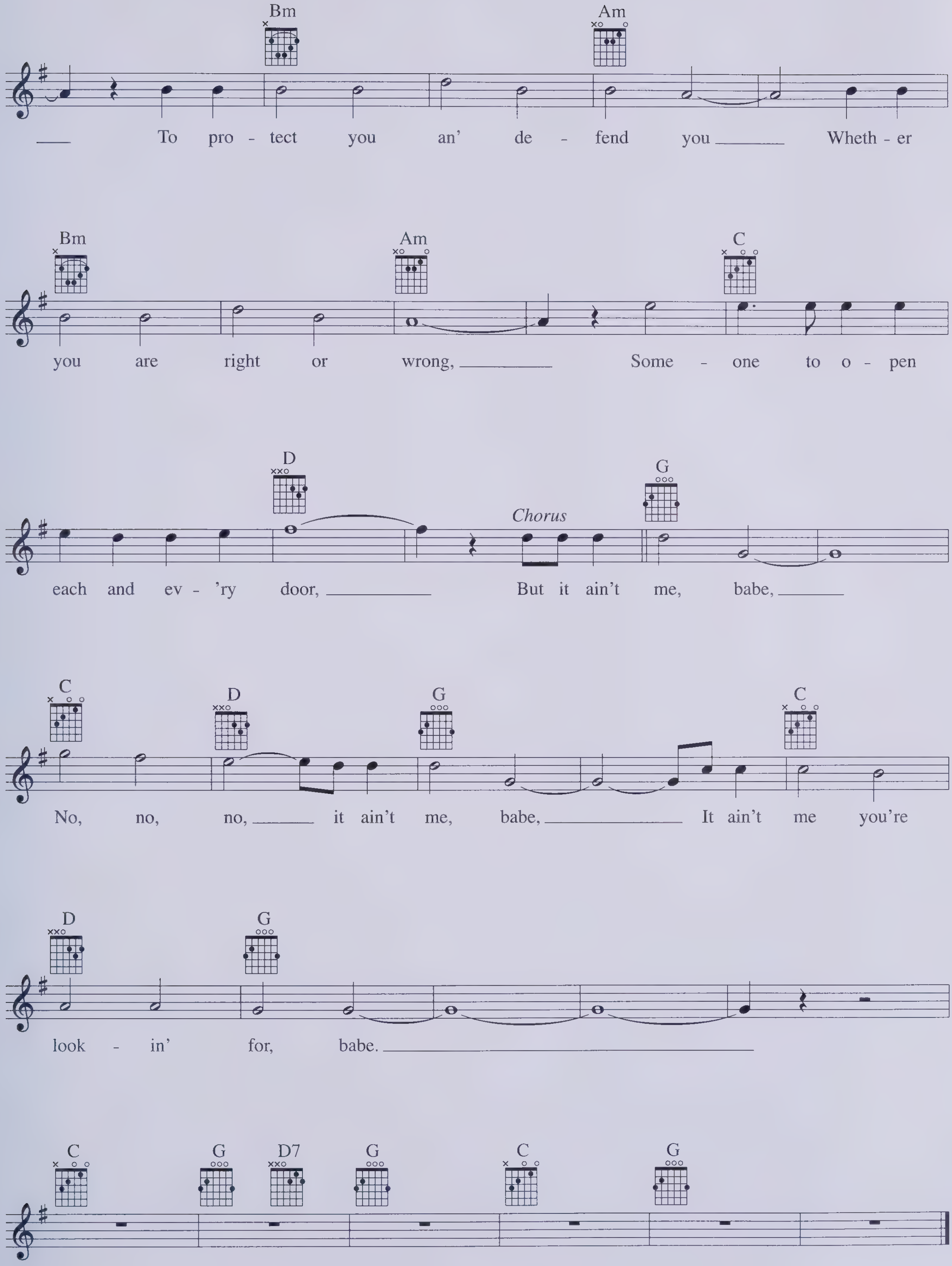

Bm
Am
To pro - tect you an' de - fend you Wheth - er
Bm
Am
C
you are right or wrong, Some - one to o - pen
D
Chorus
G
each and ev - 'ry door, But it ain't me, babe,
C
D
G
C
No, no, no, it ain't me, babe, It ain't me you're
D
G
look - in' for, babe.
C
G
D7
G
C
G

Additional lyrics

2. Go lightly from the ledge, babe
Go lightly on the ground
I'm not the one you want, babe
I will only let you down
You say you're lookin' for someone
Who will promise never to part
Someone to close his eyes for you
Someone to close his heart
Someone who will die for you an' more
But it ain't me, babe
No, no, no, it ain't me, babe
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe

3. Go melt back into the night, babe
Everything inside is made of stone
There's nothing in here moving
An' anyway I'm not alone
You say you're lookin' for someone
Who'll pick you up each time you fall
To gather flowers constantly
An' to come each time you call
A lover for your life an' nothing more
But it ain't me, babe
No, no, no, it ain't me, babe
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe

"My songs are just talking to myself. Maybe that's an egotistical thing to say, but that's what it is. I have no responsibility to anybody except myself."

Bob Dylan, 1965

TO RAMONA

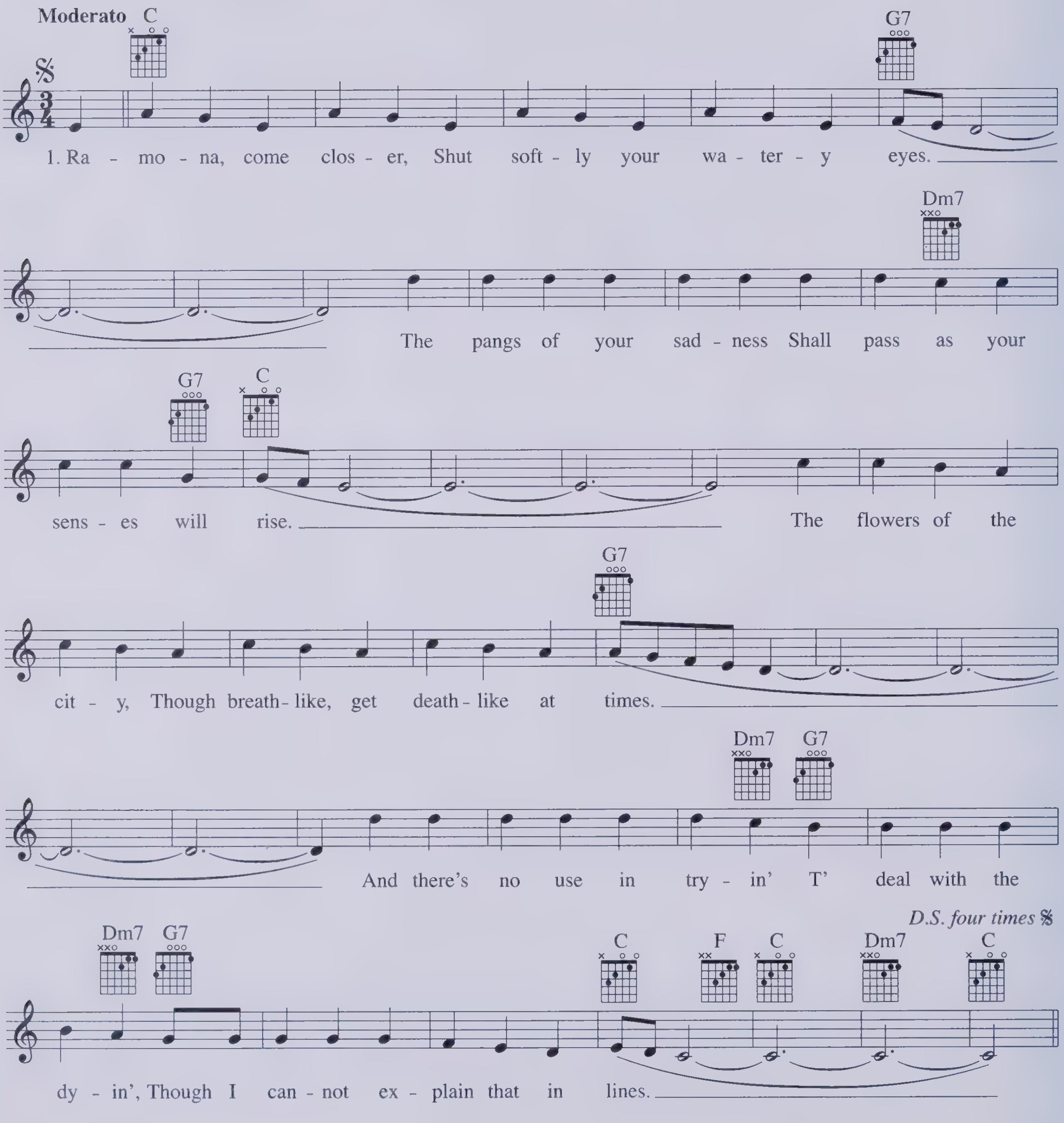
◉ *Another Side Of Bob Dylan*, 1964

This superb love song was originally heard on *Another Side Of Bob Dylan* in 1964, and debuted in concert shortly before the album was released. Dylan has returned to the song many times since then, rarely failing to match the quality of his original performance. Despite its very personal nature, 'To Ramona' was covered by The Flying Burrito Brothers in 1971.

"That was just somebody I knew. I think I'd played this for the first time at the Gaslight, probably after hours."

Bob Dylan, 1985

TO RAMONA


Moderato
C
G7
1. Ra - mo - na, come clos - er, Shut soft - ly your wa - ter - y eyes.
Dm7
The pangs of your sad - ness Shall pass as your
G7
C
sens - es will rise.
The flowers of the
G7
cit - y, Though breath - like, get death - like at times.
Dm7
G7
And there's no use in try - in' T' deal with the
D.S. four times
Dm7
G7
C
F
C
Dm7
C
dy - in', Though I can - not ex - plain that in lines.

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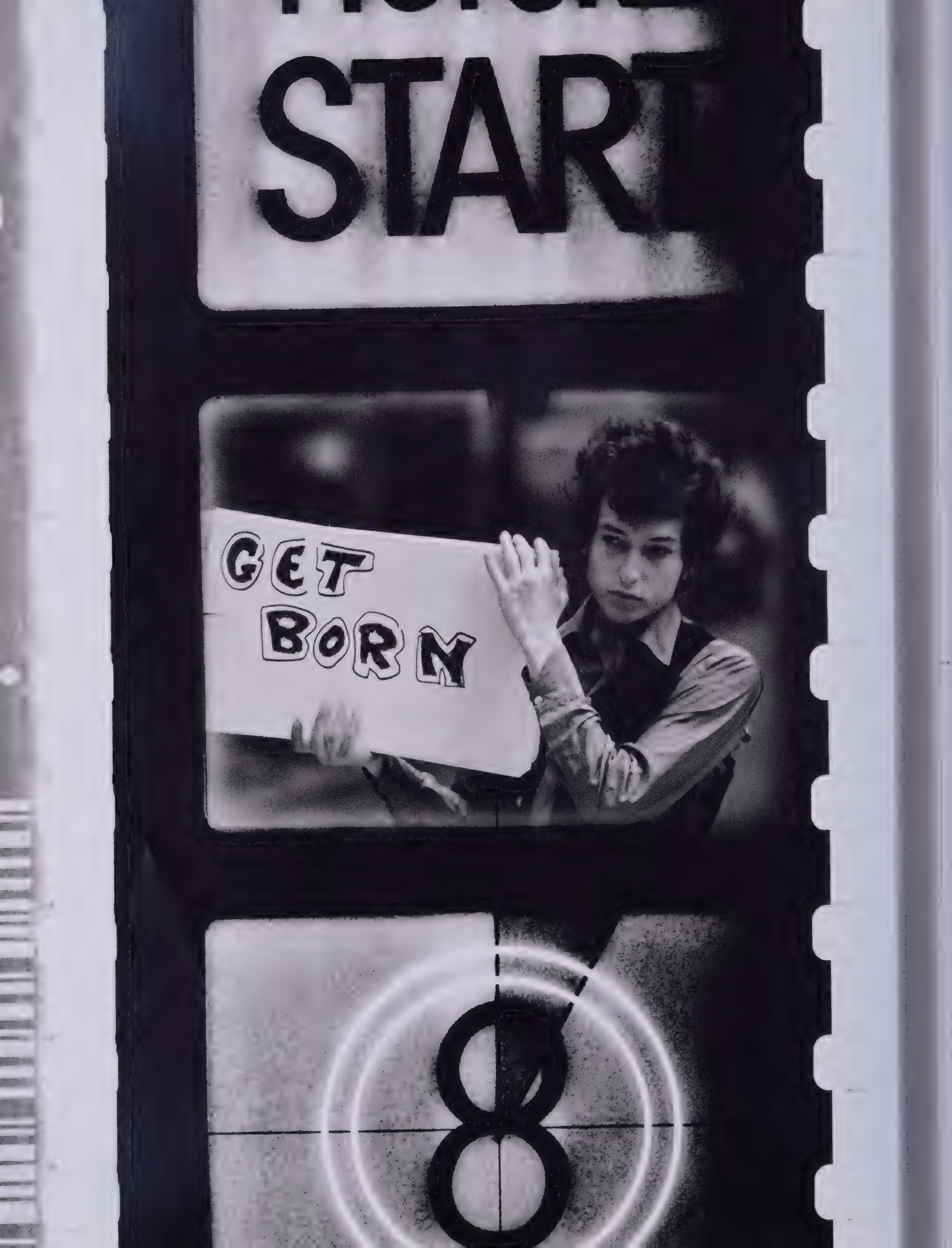
Additional lyrics

2. Your cracked country lips
   I still wish to kiss
   As to be under the strength of your skin
   Your magnetic movements
   Still capture the minutes I'm in
   But it grieves my heart, love
   To see you tryin' to be a part of
   A world that just don't exist
   It's all just a dream, babe
   A vacuum, a scheme, babe
   That sucks you into feelin' like this

3. I can see that your head
   Has been twisted and fed
   By worthless foam from the mouth
   I can tell you are torn
   Between stayin' and returnin'
   On back to the South
   You've been fooled into thinking
   That the finishin' end is at hand
   Yet there's no one to beat you
   No one t' defeat you
   'Cept the thoughts of yourself feeling bad

4. I've heard you say many times
   That you're better 'n no one
   And no one is better 'n you
   If you really believe that
   You know you got
   Nothing to win and nothing to lose
   From fixtures and forces and friends
   Your sorrow does stem
   That hype you and type you
   Making you feel
   That you must be exactly like them

5. I'd forever talk to you
   But soon my words
   They would turn into a meaningless ring
   For deep in my heart
   I know there is no help I can bring
   Everything passes
   Everything changes
   Just do what you think you should do
   And someday maybe
   Who knows, baby
   I'll come and be cryin' to you


START
GET BORN
8

SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES

Bringing It All Back Home, 1965

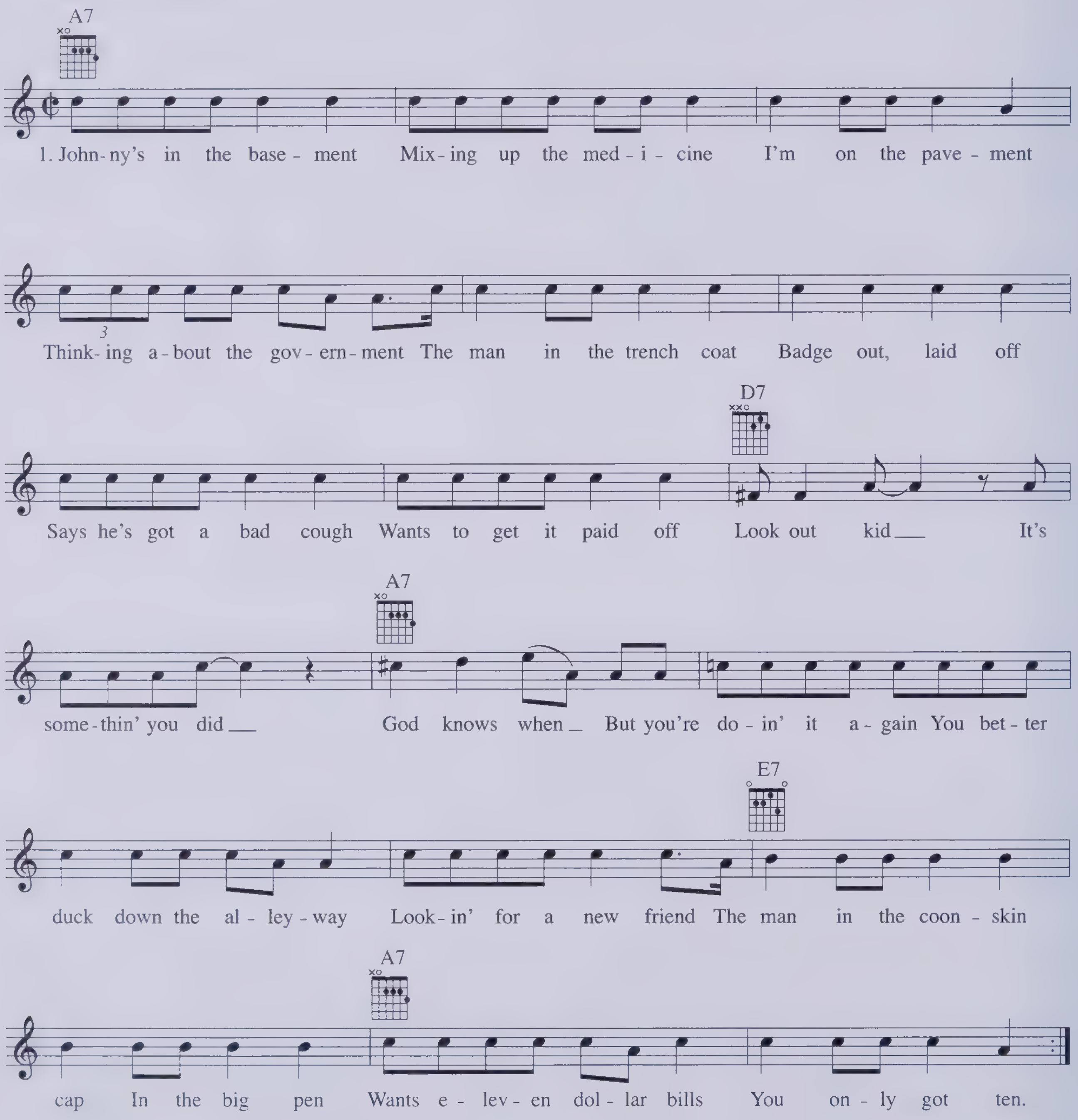
As the first track on 1965's *Bringing It All Back Home* album, 'Subterranean Homesick Blues' shocked many of Dylan's more conservative admirers with its rock 'n' roll rhythms and electric accompaniment. It has passed into history as the subject of the first 'video', shot outside a London hotel in May 1965. The song provided an appropriate opening salvo to the first concert of Dylan's so-called 'never-ending' tour, in June 1988.

"It's from Chuck Berry, a bit of 'Too Much Monkey Business', and some of the scat songs of the 1940s."

Bob Dylan, 2004

SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES

Moderate blues rock


A7
1. John-ny's in the base - ment Mix-ing up the med - i - cine I'm on the pave - ment
3
Think-ing a-bout the gov-ern-ment The man in the trench coat Badge out, laid off
D7
Says he's got a bad cough Wants to get it paid off Look out kid ___ It's
A7
some-thin' you did ___ God knows when _ But you're do - in' it a - gain You bet - ter
E7
duck down the al - ley - way Look-in' for a new friend The man in the coon - skin
A7
cap In the big pen Wants e - lev - en dol - lar bills You on - ly got ten.

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Additional lyrics

2. Maggie comes fleet foot
Face full of black soot
Talkin' that the heat put
Plants in the bed but
The phone's tapped anyway
Maggie says that many say
They must bust in early May
Orders from the D. A.
Look out kid
Don't matter what you did
Walk on your tip toes
Don't try "No Doz"
Better stay away from those
That carry around a fire hose
Keep a clean nose
Watch the plain clothes
You don't need a weather man
To know which way the wind blows

3. Get sick, get well
Hang around a ink well
Ring bell, hard to tell
If anything is goin' to sell
Try hard, get barred
Get back, write braille
Get jailed, jump bail
Join the army, if you fail
Look out kid
You're gonna get hit
But users, cheaters
Six-time losers
Hang around the theaters
Girl by the whirlpool
Lookin' for a new fool
Don't follow leaders
Watch the parkin' meters

4. Ah get born, keep warm
Short pants, romance, learn to dance
Get dressed, get blessed
Try to be a success
Please her, please him, buy gifts
Don't steal, don't lift
Twenty years of schoolin'
And they put you on the day shift
Look out kid
They keep it all hid
Better jump down a manhole
Light yourself a candle
Don't wear sandals
Try to avoid the scandals
Don't wanna be a bum
You better chew gum
The pump don't work
'Cause the vandals took the handles

MAGGIE'S FARM

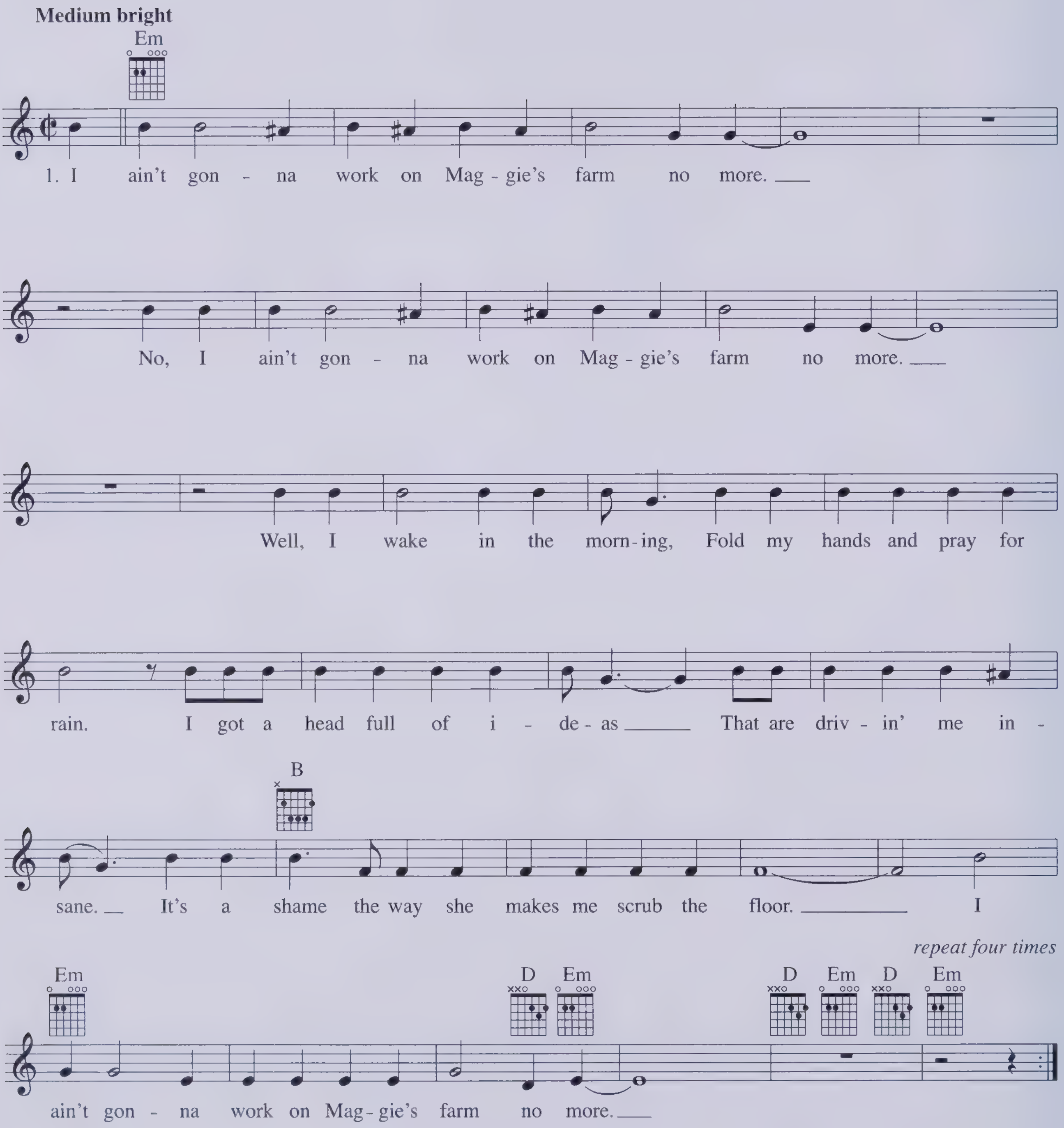
Bringing It All Back Home, 1965

This hilarious commentary on hypocrisy and greed, first exposed to the world on *Bringing It All Back Home* in 1965, became an all-purpose anthem in subsequent decades. British radicals adopted it as their own during the leadership of Margaret 'Maggie' Thatcher in the 1980s. The song has been a staple part of Dylan's live repertoire for more than 40 years, and a particularly edgy interpretation provided the opening track for the *Hard Rain* album in 1976.

"This was electricity married to content. We were hearing music with lyrics that had a meaning, with a rock beat, drums and electric guitars. Absolutely stunning."

Jac Holzman, founder of Elektra Records

MAGGIE'S FARM


Medium bright
Em
1. I ain't gon - na work on Mag - gie's farm no more.
No, I ain't gon - na work on Mag - gie's farm no more.
Well, I wake in the morn - ing, Fold my hands and pray for
rain. I got a head full of i - de - as That are driv - in' me in -
B
sane. It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor. I
repeat four times
Em D Em D Em D Em
ain't gon - na work on Mag - gie's farm no more.

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Additional lyrics

2. I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
Well, he hands you a nickel
He hands you a dime
He asks you with a grin
If you're havin' a good time
Then he fines you every time you slam the door
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more

3. I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more
Well, he puts his cigar
Out in your face just for kicks
His bedroom window
It is made out of bricks
The National Guard stands around his door
Ah, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more

4. I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
Well, she talks to all the servants
About man and God and law
Everybody says
She's the brains behind pa
She's sixty-eight, but she says she's twenty-four
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more

5. I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
Well, I try my best
To be just like I am
But everybody wants you
To be just like them
They sing while you slave and I just get bored
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

MR. TAMBOURINE MAN

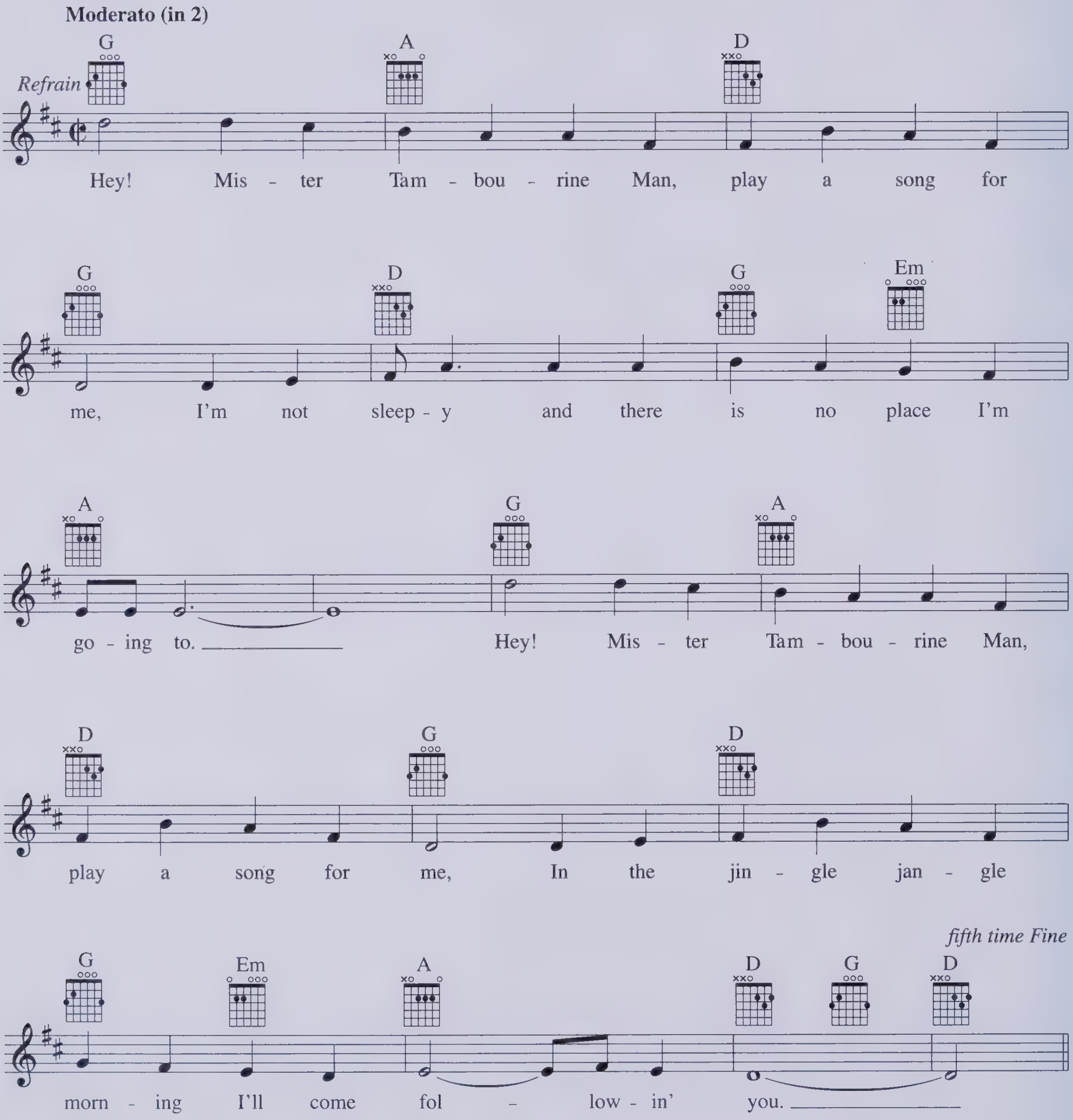
Bringing It All Back Home, 1965

Alongside 'Blowin' In The Wind', 'Mr Tambourine Man' is perhaps Bob Dylan's most famous song – thanks in part to the global success of The Byrds' folk-rock version in 1965. He began to write it in February 1964, and debuted it a few weeks later during a concert in London. Dylan built his complex web of imagery around a central figure inspired by his friend and session guitarist Bruce Langhorne.

"On one session, [producer] Tom Wilson had asked Bruce to play tambourine. And he had this gigantic tambourine, it was as big as a wagon-wheel. He was playing, and this vision of him playing this tambourine just stuck in my mind."

Bob Dylan, 1985

MR. TAMBOURINE MAN


Moderato (in 2)
Refrain
G
A
D
Hey! Mis - ter Tam - bou - rine Man, play a song for
G
D
G
Em
me, I'm not sleep - y and there is no place I'm
A
G
A
go - ing to.
Hey! Mis - ter Tam - bou - rine Man,
D
G
D
play a song for me, In the jin - gle jan - gle
fifth time Fine
G
Em
A
D
G
D
morn - ing I'll come fol - low - in' you.

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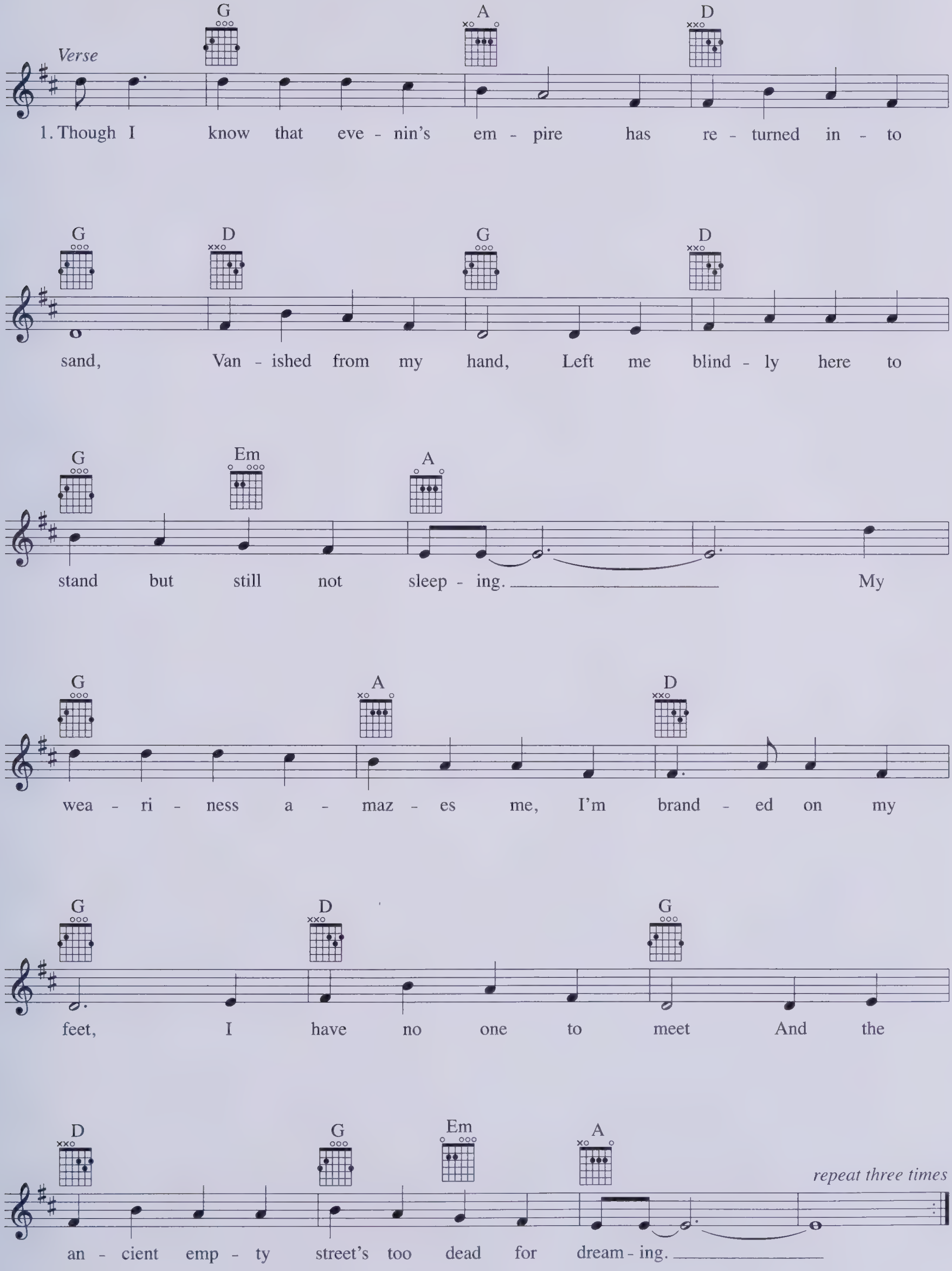

Verse
G A D
1. Though I know that eve - nin's em - pire has re - turned in - to
G D G D
sand, Van - ished from my hand, Left me blind - ly here to
G Em A
stand but still not sleep - ing. My
G A D
wea - ri - ness a - maz - es me, I'm brand - ed on my
G D G
feet, I have no one to meet And the
D G Em A
an - cient emp - ty street's too dead for dream - ing.
repeat three times

Additional lyrics

2. Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip
My toes too numb to step
Wait only for my boot heels to be wanderin'
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade
Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way
I promise to go under it

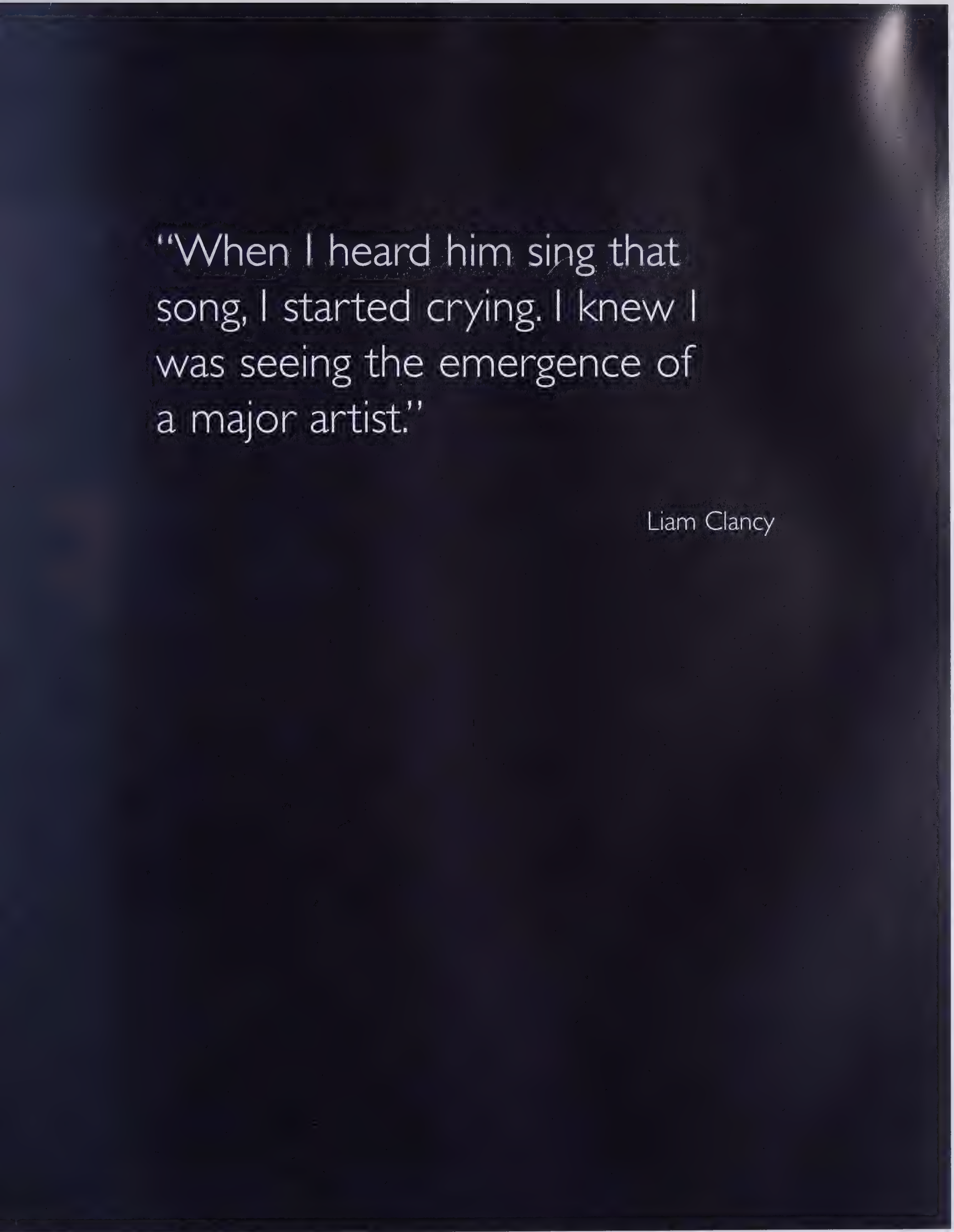
Refrain

3. Though you might hear laughin', spinnin', swingin' madly across the sun
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run
And but for the sky there are no fences facin'
And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind
I wouldn't pay it any mind
It's just a shadow you're seein' that he's chasin'

Refrain

4. Then take me disappearin' through the smoke rings of my mind
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves
The haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves
Let me forget about today until tomorrow

Refrain



"When I heard him sing that song, I started crying. I knew I was seeing the emergence of a major artist."

Liam Clancy

IT'S ALRIGHT, MA (I'M ONLY BLEEDING)

Bringing It All Back Home, 1965

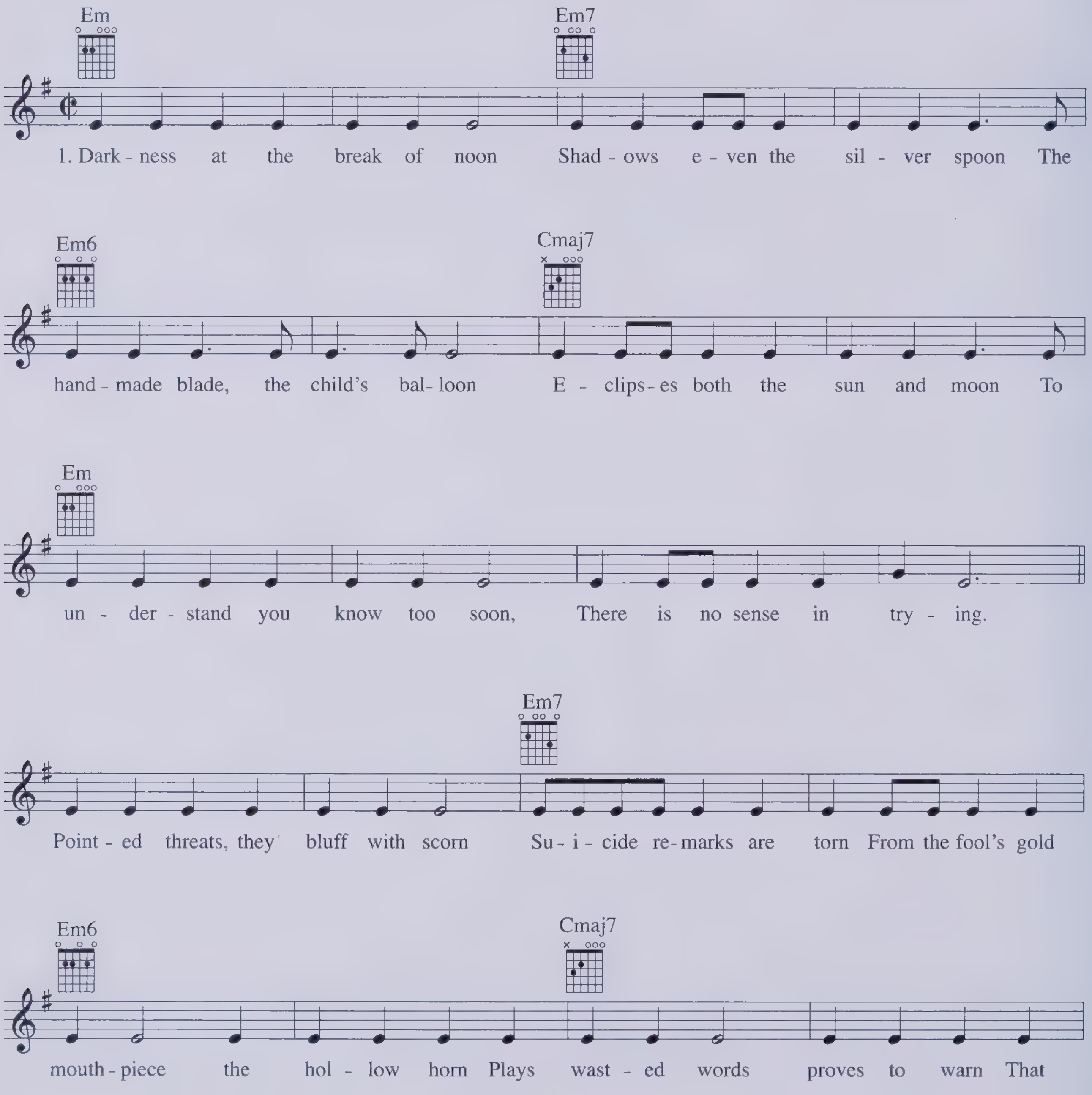
The audience at New York's Philharmonic Hall in October 1964 was the first to hear this stunning lyrical extravaganza, set to a fierce acoustic blues riff. Three months later, Dylan recorded the song for *Bringing It All Back Home*. He has performed the song countless times since then, rekindling its blues roots with his thrilling electric arrangements in recent years.

"I've written some songs that I look at, and they just give me a sense of awe. Stuff like 'It's Alright Ma', just the alliteration in that blows me away."

Bob Dylan, 1997

IT'S ALRIGHT, MA
(I'M ONLY BLEEDING)

Medium bright


Em
Em7
1. Dark - ness at the break of noon Shad - ows e - ven the sil - ver spoon The
Em6
Cmaj7
hand - made blade, the child's bal - loon E - clips - es both the sun and moon To
Em
un - der - stand you know too soon, There is no sense in try - ing.
Em7
Point - ed threats, they bluff with scorn Su - i - cide re - marks are torn From the fool's gold
Em6
Cmaj7
mouth - piece the hol - low horn Plays wast - ed words proves to warn That

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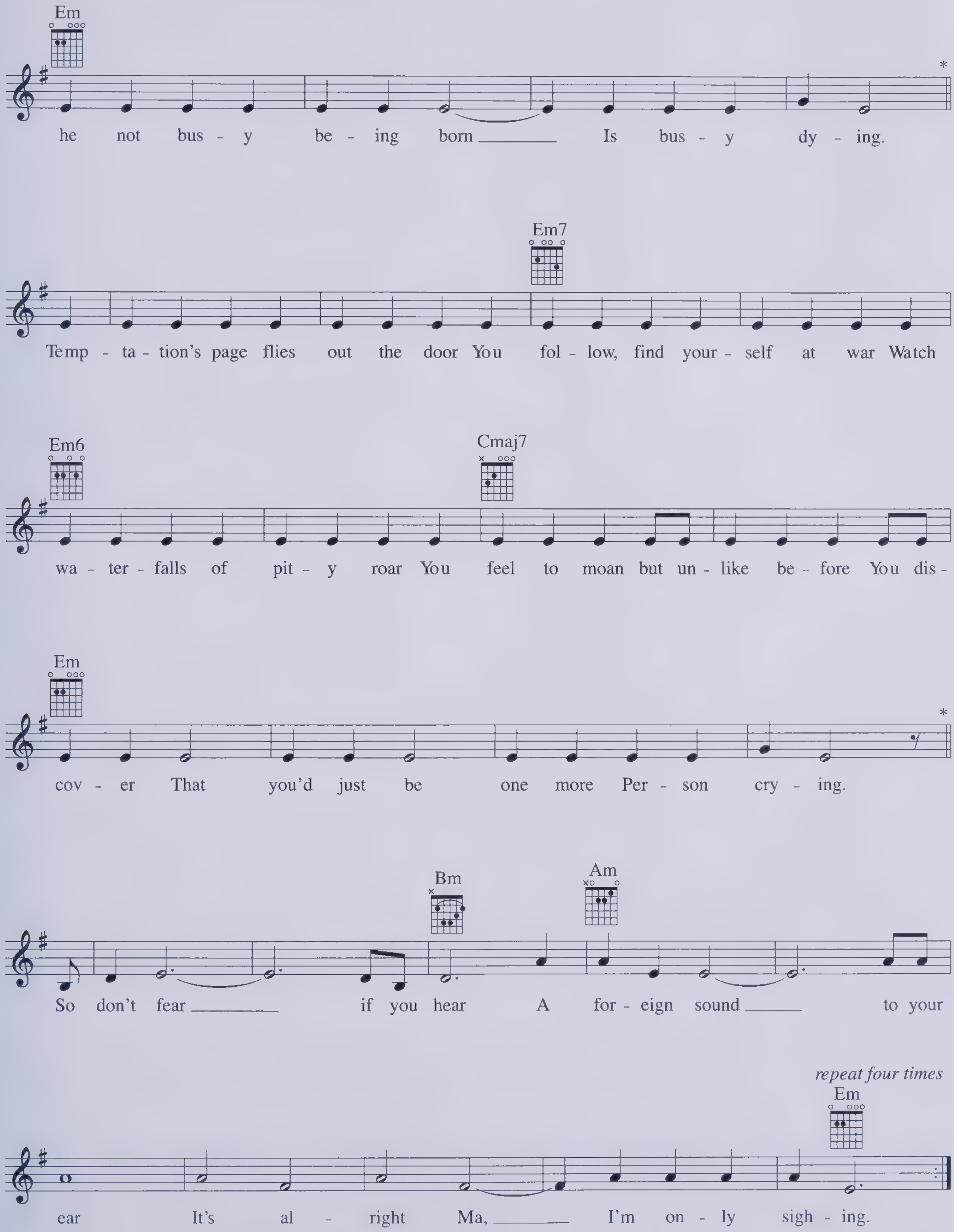

Em
*
he not bus - y be - ing born Is bus - y dy - ing.
Em7
Temp - ta - tion's page flies out the door You fol - low, find your - self at war Watch
Em6
Cmaj7
wa - ter - falls of pit - y roar You feel to moan but un - like be - fore You dis -
Em
*
cov - er That you'd just be one more Per - son cry - ing.
Bm
Am
So don't fear if you hear A for - eign sound to your
repeat four times
Em
ear It's al - right Ma, I'm on - ly sigh - ing.

** The asterisks denote ad lib guitar breaks which occur at these points in the Dylan recording.*

Additional lyrics

2. As some warn victory, some downfall
Private reasons great or small
Can be seen in the eyes of those that call
To make all that should be killed to crawl
While others say don't hate nothing at all
Except hatred

Disillusioned words like bullets bark
As human gods aim for their mark
Made everything from toy guns that spark
To flesh-colored Christs that glow in the dark
It's easy to see without looking too far
That not much is really sacred

While preachers preach of evil fates
Teachers teach that knowledge waits
Can lead to hundred-dollar plates
Goodness hides behind its gates
But even the president of the United States
Sometimes must have to stand naked

An' though the rules of the road have been lodged
It's only people's games that you got to dodge
And it's alright, Ma, I can make it

3. Advertising signs that con
You into thinking you're the one
That can do what's never been done
That can win what's never been won
Meantime life outside goes on
All around you

You lose yourself, you reappear
You suddenly find you got nothing to fear
Alone you stand with nobody near
When a trembling distant voice, unclear
Startles your sleeping ears to hear
That somebody thinks they really found you

A question in your nerves is lit
Yet you know there is no answer fit
To satisfy insure you not to quit
To keep it in your mind and not forget
That it is not he or she or them or it
That you belong to

Although the masters make the rules
For the wise men and the fools
I got nothing, Ma, to live up to

4. For them that must obey authority
That they do not respect in any degree
Who despise their jobs, their destinies
Speak jealously of them that are free
Cultivate their flowers to be
Nothing more than something they invest in

While some on principles baptized
To strict party platform ties
Social clubs in drag disguise
Outsiders they can freely criticize
Tell nothing except who to idolize
And then say God bless him

While one who sings with his tongue on fire
Gargles in the rat race choir
Bent out of shape from society's pliers
Cares not to come up any higher
But rather get you down in the hole
That he's in

But I mean no harm nor put fault
On anyone that lives in a vault
But it's alright, Ma, if I can't please him

5. Old lady judges watch people in pairs
Limited in sex, they dare
To push fake morals, insult and stare
While money doesn't talk, it swears
Obscenity, who really cares
Propaganda, all is phony

While them that defend what they cannot see
With a killer's pride, security
It blows the minds most bitterly
For them that think death's honesty
Won't fall upon them naturally
Life sometimes must get lonely

My eyes collide head-on with stuffed
Graveyards false gods, I scuff
At pettiness which plays so rough
Walk upside-down inside handcuffs
Kick my legs to crash it off
Say okay, I have had enough what else can you show me?

And if my thought-dreams could be seen
They'd probably put my head in a guillotine
But it's alright, Ma, it's life, and life only

> "He has, at certain moments in his writing career, crystallized stuff so well that it will last for a thousand years of human history. If we don't destroy ourselves by then, in the year 3000 someone somewhere will be singing, 'He not busy being born is busy dying'. That's significant. That's really making a contribution to your art."
>
> David Crosby

GATES OF EDEN

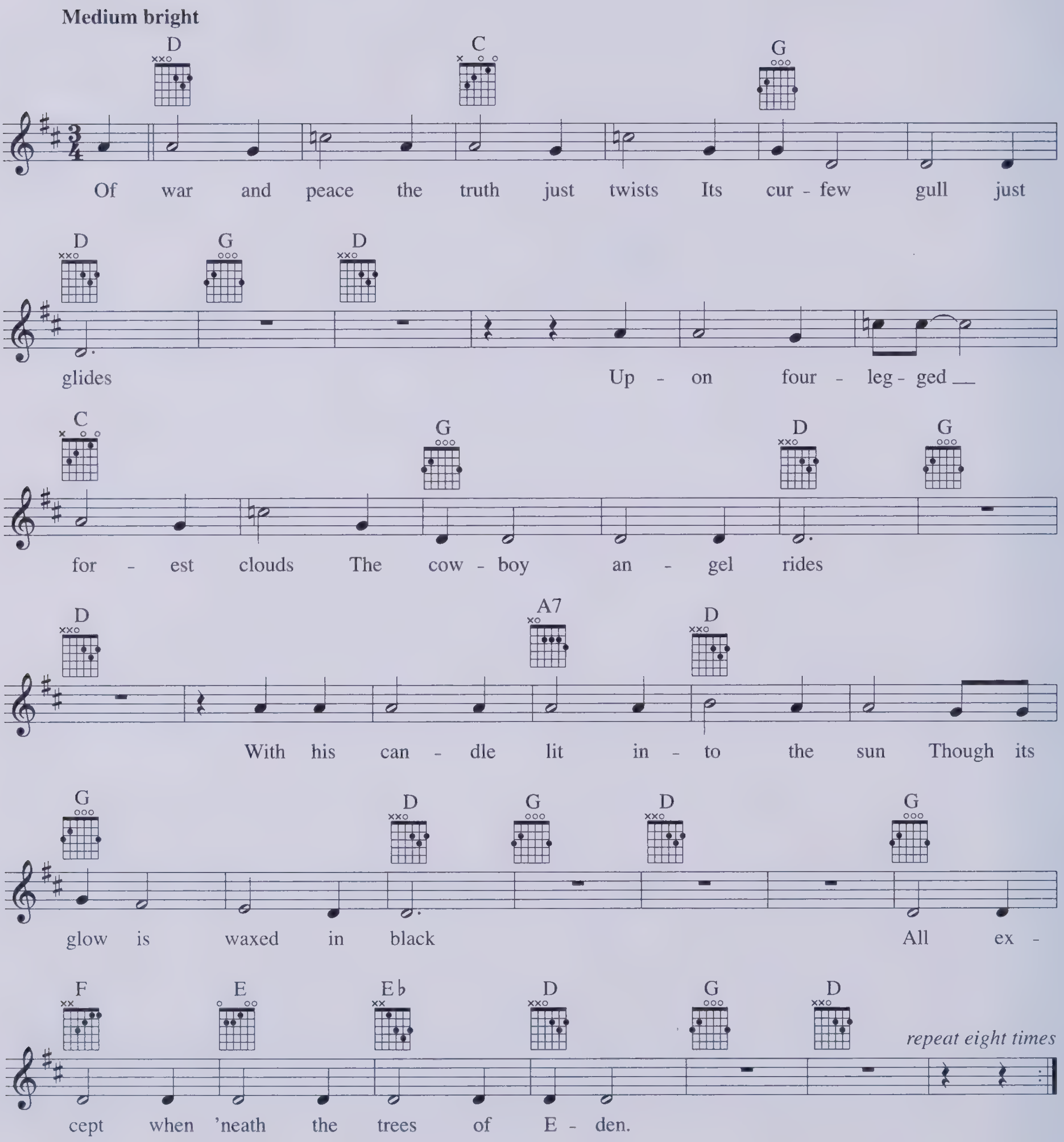
Bringing It All Back Home, 1965

This song was taped at the same January 1965 session as 'Mr Tambourine Man' and 'It's All Right, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)' for the *Bringing It All Back Home* album. Its debut live performance, taped at New York's Philharmonic Hall on Halloween night 1964, was released on *The Bootleg Series Vol. 6*.

"It is an amazing song. So many of the songs he wrote around that time were influenced by people like Martin Carthy, and by his trips over to England and his absorption of traditional forms. It is not a giant step from what Bob played on 'Gates Of Eden' to an Irish or Scottish tune."

Ralph McTell

GATES OF EDEN


Medium bright
D C G
Of war and peace the truth just twists Its cur - few gull just
D G D
glides Up - on four - leg - ged
C G D G
for - est clouds The cow - boy an - gel rides
D A7 D
With his can - dle lit in - to the sun Though its
G D G D G
glow is waxed in black All ex -
F E E♭ D G D
cept when 'neath the trees of E - den.
repeat eight times

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Additional lyrics

2. The lamppost stands with folded arms
Its iron claws attached
To curbs 'neath holes where babies wail
Though it shadows metal badge
All and all can only fall
With a crashing but meaningless blow
No sound ever comes from the Gates of Eden

3. The savage soldier sticks his head in sand
And then complains
Unto the shoeless hunter who's gone deaf
But still remains
Upon the beach where hound dogs bay
At ships with tattooed sails
Heading for the Gates of Eden

4. With a time-rusted compass blade
Aladdin and his lamp
Sits with Utopian hermit monks
Side saddle on the Golden Calf
And on their promises of paradise
You will not hear a laugh
All except inside the Gates of Eden

5. Relationships of ownership
They whisper in the wings
To those condemned to act accordingly
And wait for succeeding kings
And I try to harmonize with songs
The lonesome sparrow sings
There are no kings inside the Gates of Eden

6. The motorcycle black madonna
Two-wheeled gypsy queen
And her silver-studded phantom cause
The gray flannel dwarf to scream
As he weeps to wicked birds of prey
Who pick up on his bread crumb sins
And there are no sins inside the Gates of Eden

7. The kingdoms of Experience
In the precious wind they rot
While paupers change possessions
Each one wishing for what the other has got
And the princess and the prince
Discuss what's real and what is not
It doesn't matter inside the Gates of Eden

8. The foreign sun, it squints upon
A bed that is never mine
As friends and other strangers
From their fates try to resign
Leaving men wholly, totally free
To do anything they wish to do but die
And there are no trials inside the Gates of Eden

9. At dawn my lover comes to me
And tells me of her dreams
With no attempts to shovel the glimpse
Into the ditch of what each one means
At times I think there are no words
But these to tell what's true
And there are no truths outside the Gates of Eden

LOVE MINUS ZERO/NO LIMIT

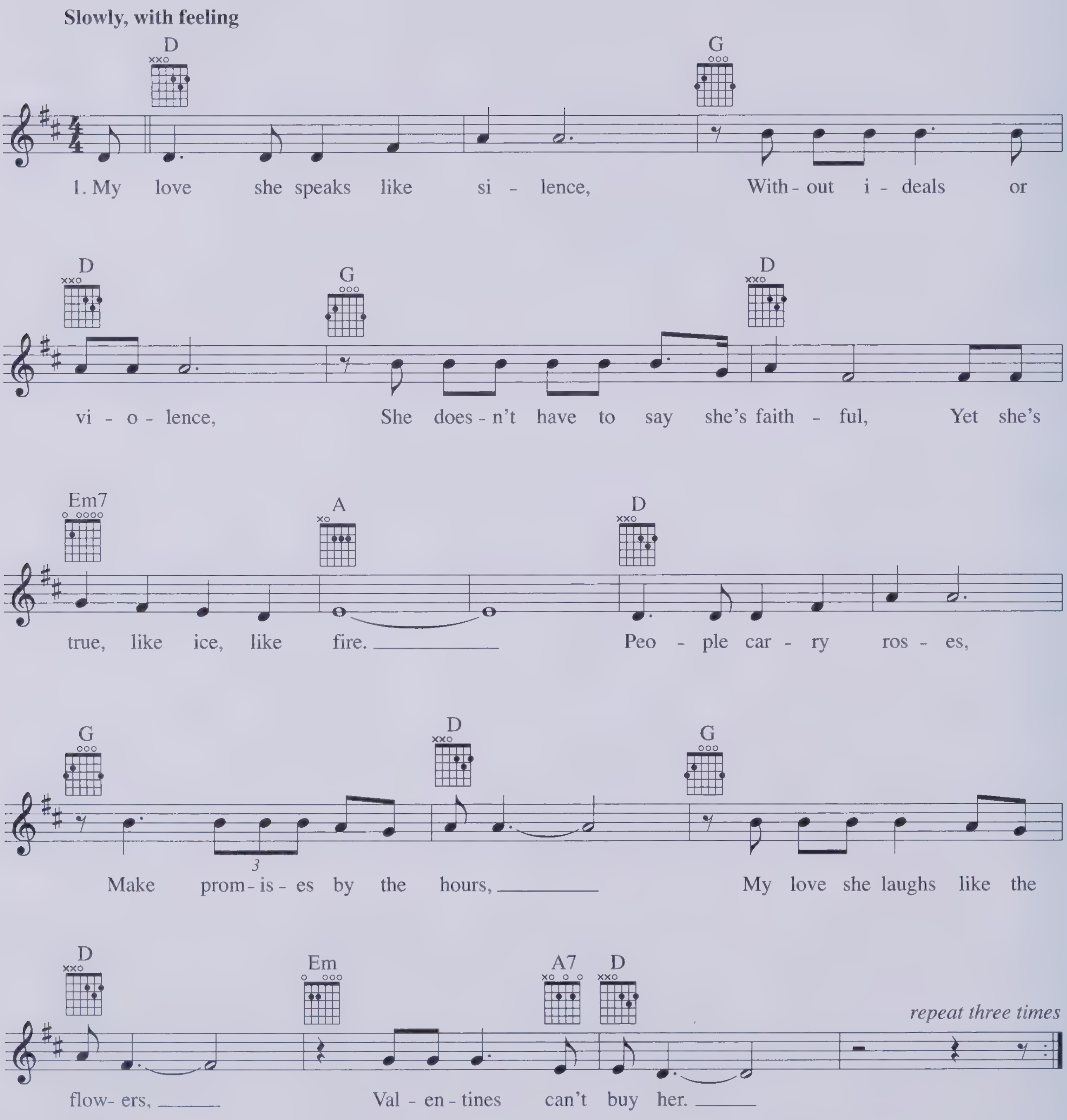
Bringing It All Back Home, 1965

Lyrical and hypnotic, 'Love Minus Zero/No Limit' has proved to be one of the most enduring songs from Dylan's 1965 masterpiece, *Bringing It All Back Home*. The studio recording was made that January, and Dylan swiftly added the song to his live sets that spring. The Turtles and Joan Baez are among the other artists to have tackled the song on record.

"Songwriting is like fishing in a stream: you put in your line and hope you catch something. And I don't think anyone downstream from Bob Dylan ever caught anything."

Arlo Guthrie

LOVE MINUS ZERO/NO LIMIT


Slowly, with feeling
D
G
1. My love she speaks like si - lence, With - out i - deals or
D
G
D
vi - o - lence, She does - n't have to say she's faith - ful, Yet she's
Em7
A
D
true, like ice, like fire. People car - ry ros - es,
G
D
G
3
Make prom - is - es by the hours, My love she laughs like the
D
Em
A7
D
repeat three times
flow - ers, Val - en - tines can't buy her.

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Additional lyrics

2. In the dime stores and bus stations
People talk of situations
Read books, repeat quotations
Draw conclusions on the wall
Some speak of the future
My love she speaks softly
She knows there's no success like failure
And that failure's no success at all

3. The cloak and dagger dangles
Madams light the candles
In ceremonies of the horsemen
Even the pawn must hold a grudge
Statues made of match sticks
Crumble into one another
My love winks, she does not bother
She knows too much to argue or to judge

4. The bridge at midnight trembles
The country doctor rambles
Bankers' nieces seek perfection
Expecting all the gifts that wise men bring
The wind howls like a hammer
The night blows cold and rainy
My love she's like some raven
At my window with a broken wing

SHE BELONGS TO ME

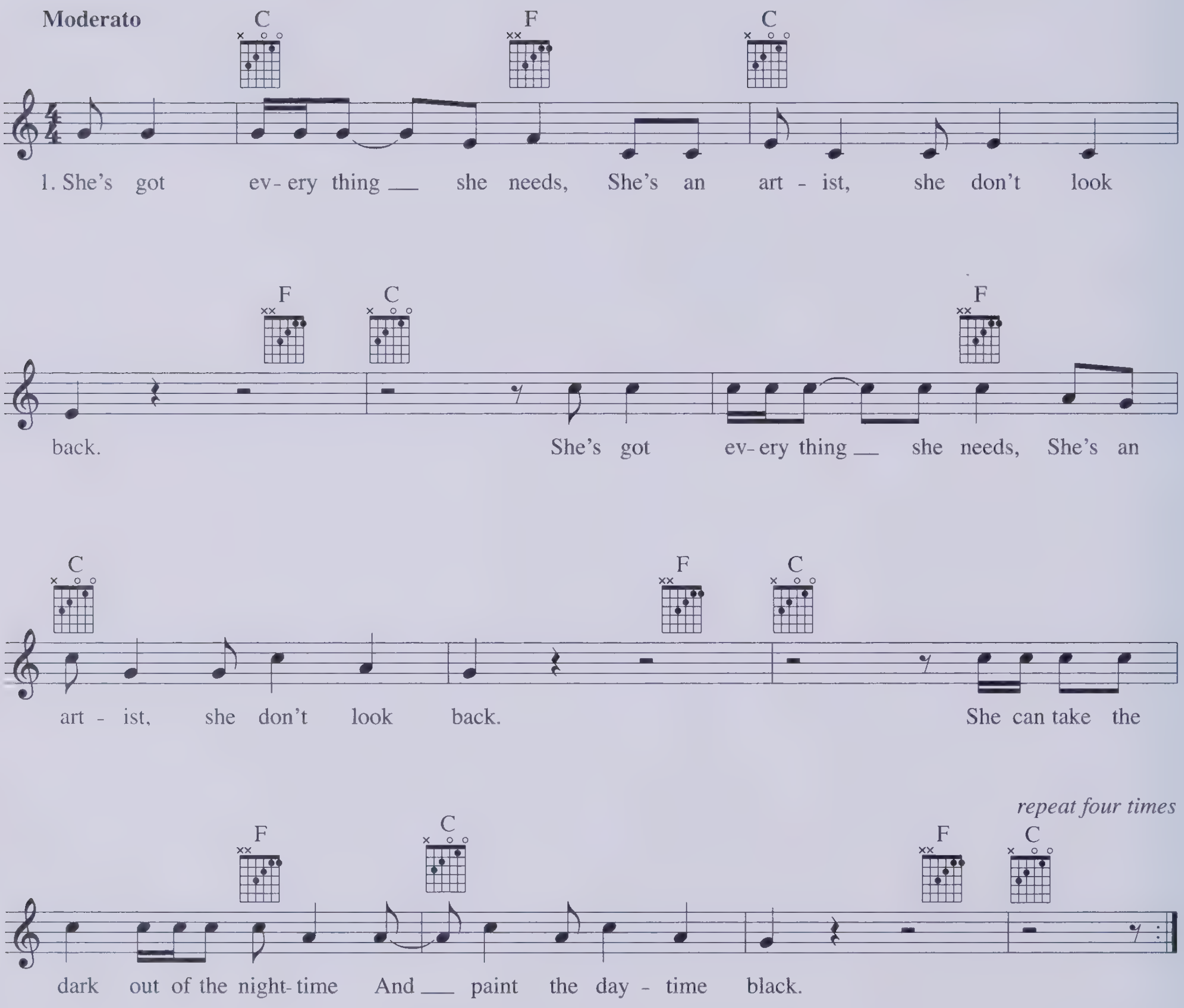
Bringing It All Back Home, 1965

Few albums in history have produced as many 'standard' songs as *Bringing It All Back Home*. 'She Belongs To Me' is merely one of half-a-dozen Dylan compositions recorded in January 1965 that have become indelibly associated with his name, and regularly appeared in his live set-lists. Much covered in the 1960s, it was recorded by acts as diverse as country-rocker Rick Nelson and prog-rockers The Nice.

"I love that song, it's beautiful. I really think that you can hear his Buddy Holly influence coming out on that one."

Donovan

SHE BELONGS TO ME


Moderato
C F C
1. She's got ev-ery thing ___ she needs, She's an art - ist, she don't look
F C F
back. She's got ev-ery thing ___ she needs, She's an
C F C
art - ist, she don't look back. She can take the
repeat four times
F C F C
dark out of the night-time And ___ paint the day - time black.

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Additional lyrics

2. You will start out standing
Proud to steal her anything she sees
You will start out standing
Proud to steal her anything she sees
But you will wind up peeking through her keyhole
Down upon your knees

3. She never stumbles
She's got no place to fall
She never stumbles
She's got no place to fall
She's nobody's child
The Law can't touch her at all

4. She wears an Egyptian ring
That sparkles before she speaks
She wears an Egyptian ring
That sparkles before she speaks
She's a hypnotist collector
You are a walking antique

5. Bow down to her on Sunday
Salute her when her birthday comes
Bow down to her on Sunday
Salute her when her birthday comes
For Halloween give her a trumpet
And for Christmas, buy her a drum

IT'S ALL OVER NOW, BABY BLUE

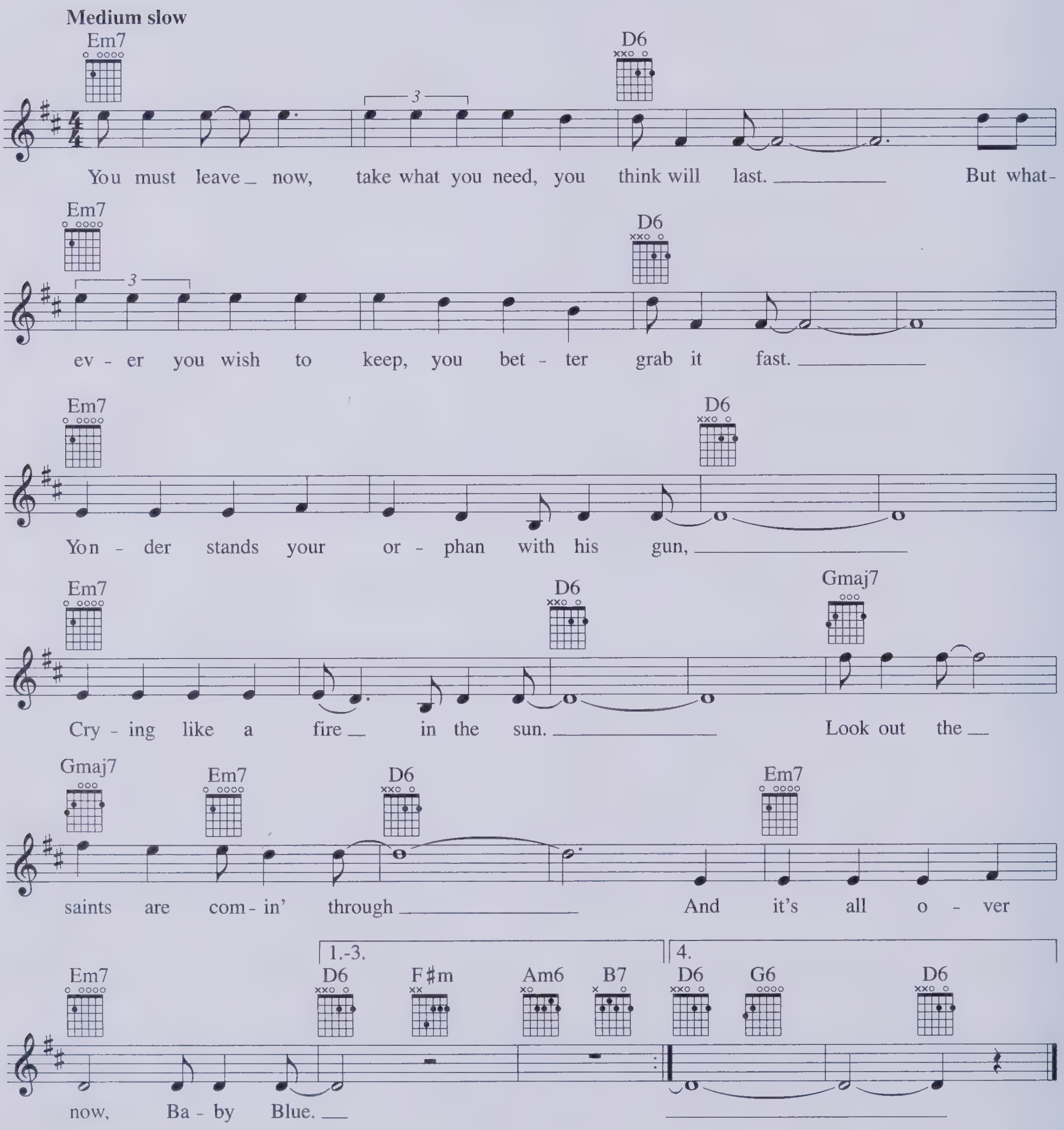
Bringing It All Back Home, 1965

This elegiac song completed both Dylan's groundbreaking 1965 album *Bringing It All Back Home* and his controversial appearance at that summer's Newport Folk Festival. One of his most covered tunes, it has been recorded by such notable artists as The Grateful Dead, Them (with Van Morrison), Joan Baez, The Byrds, Leon Russell and The Animals.

"I had carried that song around in my head for a long time, and I remember that when I was writing it, I'd remembered a Gene Vincent song, 'Baby Blue'. It had always been one of my favourites."

Bob Dylan, 1985

IT'S ALL OVER NOW, BABY BLUE


Medium slow
Em7
D6
You must leave _ now, take what you need, you think will last. ___ But what-
Em7
D6
ev - er you wish to keep, you bet - ter grab it fast. ___
Em7
D6
Yon - der stands your or - phan with his gun, ___
Em7
D6
Gmaj7
Cry - ing like a fire _ in the sun. ___ Look out the _
Gmaj7
Em7
D6
Em7
saints are com - in' through ___ And it's all o - ver
1.-3.
4.
Em7
D6
F♯m
Am6
B7
D6
G6
D6
now, Ba - by Blue. __ ___
3

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Additional lyrics

2. The highway is for gamblers, better use your sense
Take what you have gathered from coincidence
The empty-handed painter from your streets
Is drawing crazy patterns on your sheets
This sky, too, is folding under you
And it's all over now, Baby Blue

3. All your seasick sailors, they are rowing home
All your reindeer armies, are all going home
The lover who just walked out your door
Has taken all his blankets from the floor
The carpet, too, is moving under you
And it's all over now, Baby Blue

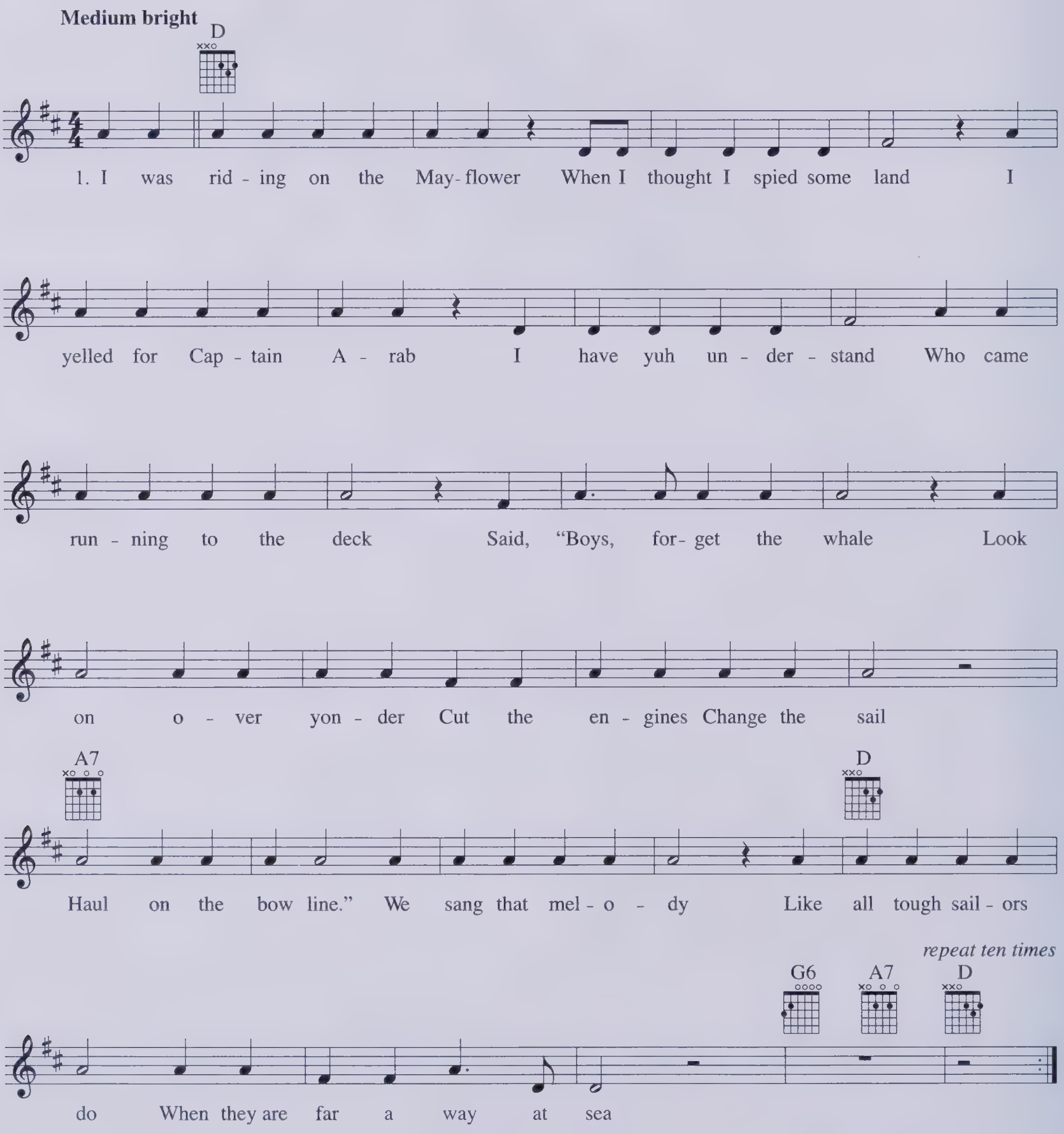
4. Leave your stepping stones behind, something calls for you
Forget the dead you've left, they will not follow you
The vagabond who's rapping at your door
Is standing in the clothes that you once wore
Strike another match, go start anew
And it's all over now, Baby Blue

BOB DYLAN'S 115TH DREAM

Bringing It All Back Home, 1965

This song featured at the end of the 'electric' side of Dylan's 1965 album, *Bringing It All Back Home* – complete with a false start that harked back to a similar moment on a ten-year-old Elvis Presley single. Dylan was supported by a small group featuring Bill Lee, John Hammond Jr., Bobby Gregg and guitar genius Bruce Langhorne.

BOB DYLAN'S 115TH DREAM


Medium bright
D
1. I was rid - ing on the May- flower When I thought I spied some land I
yelled for Cap - tain A - rab I have yuh un - der - stand Who came
run - ning to the deck Said, "Boys, for- get the whale Look
on o - ver yon - der Cut the en - gines Change the sail
A7
D
Haul on the bow line." We sang that mel - o - dy Like all tough sail - ors
repeat ten times
G6
A7
D
do When they are far a way at sea

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Additional lyrics

2. "I think I'll call it America"
I said as we hit land
I took a deep breath
I fell down, I could not stand
Captain Arab he started
Writing up some deeds
He said, "Let's set up a fort
And start buying the place with beads"
Just then this cop comes down the street
Crazy as a loon
He throw us all in jail
For carryin' harpoons

3. Ah me I busted out
Don't even ask me how
I went to get some help
I walked by a Guernsey cow
Who directed me down
To the Bowery slums
Where people carried signs around
Saying, "Ban the bums"
I jumped right into line
Sayin', "I hope that I'm not late"
When I realized I hadn't eaten
For five days straight

4. I went into a restaurant
Lookin' for the cook
I told them I was the editor
Of a famous etiquette book
The waitress he was handsome
He wore a powder blue cape
I ordered some suzette, I said
"Could you please make that crepe"
Just then the whole kitchen exploded
From boilin' fat
Food was flying everywhere
And I left without my hat

5. Now, I didn't mean to be nosy
But I went into a bank
To get some bail for Arab
And all the boys back in the tank
They asked me for some collateral
And I pulled down my pants
They threw me in the alley
When up comes this girl from France
Who invited me to her house
I went, but she had a friend
Who knocked me out
And robbed my boots
And I was on the street again

6. Well, I rapped upon a house
With the U.S. flag upon display
I said, "Could you help me out
I got some friends down the way"
The man says, "Get out of here
I'll tear you limb from limb"
I said, "You know they refused Jesus, too"
He said, "You're not Him
Get out of here before I break your bones
I ain't your pop"
I decided to have him arrested
And I went looking for a cop

7. I ran right outside
And I hopped inside a cab
I went out the other door
This Englishman said, "Fab"
As he saw me leap a hot dog stand
And a chariot that stood
Parked across from a building
Advertising brotherhood
I ran right through the front door
Like a hobo sailor does
But it was just a funeral parlor
And the man asked me who I was

8. I repeated that my friends
Were all in jail, with a sigh
He gave me his card
He said, "Call me if they die"
I shook his hand and said goodbye
Ran out to the street
When a bowling ball came down the road
And knocked me off my feet
A pay phone was ringing
It just about blew my mind
When I picked it up and said hello
This foot came through the line

9. Well, by this time I was fed up
At tryin' to make a stab
At bringin' back any help
For my friends and Captain Arab
I decided to flip a coin
Like either heads or tails
Would let me know if I should go
Back to ship or back to jail
So I hocked my sailor suit
And I got a coin to flip
It came up tails
It rhymed with sails
So I made it back to the ship

10. Well, I got back and took
The parkin' ticket off the mast
I was ripping it to shreds
When this coastguard boat went past
They asked me my name
And I said, "Captain Kidd"
They believed me but
They wanted to know
What exactly that I did
I said for the Pope of Eruke
I was employed
They let me go right away
They were very paranoid

11. Well, the last I heard of Arab
He was stuck on a whale
That was married to the deputy
Sheriff of the jail
But the funniest thing was
When I was leavin' the bay
I saw three ships a-sailin'
They were all heading my way
I asked the captain what his name was
And how come he didn't drive a truck
He said his name was Columbus
I just said, "Good luck"

“‘We didn’t know where to cut the groove. So he went, ‘I was ridin’ on the Mayflower…’, and we all should have come in on ‘ridin’, but everyone sat there.”

Bruce Langhorne

LIKE A ROLLING STONE

Highway 61 Revisited, 1965

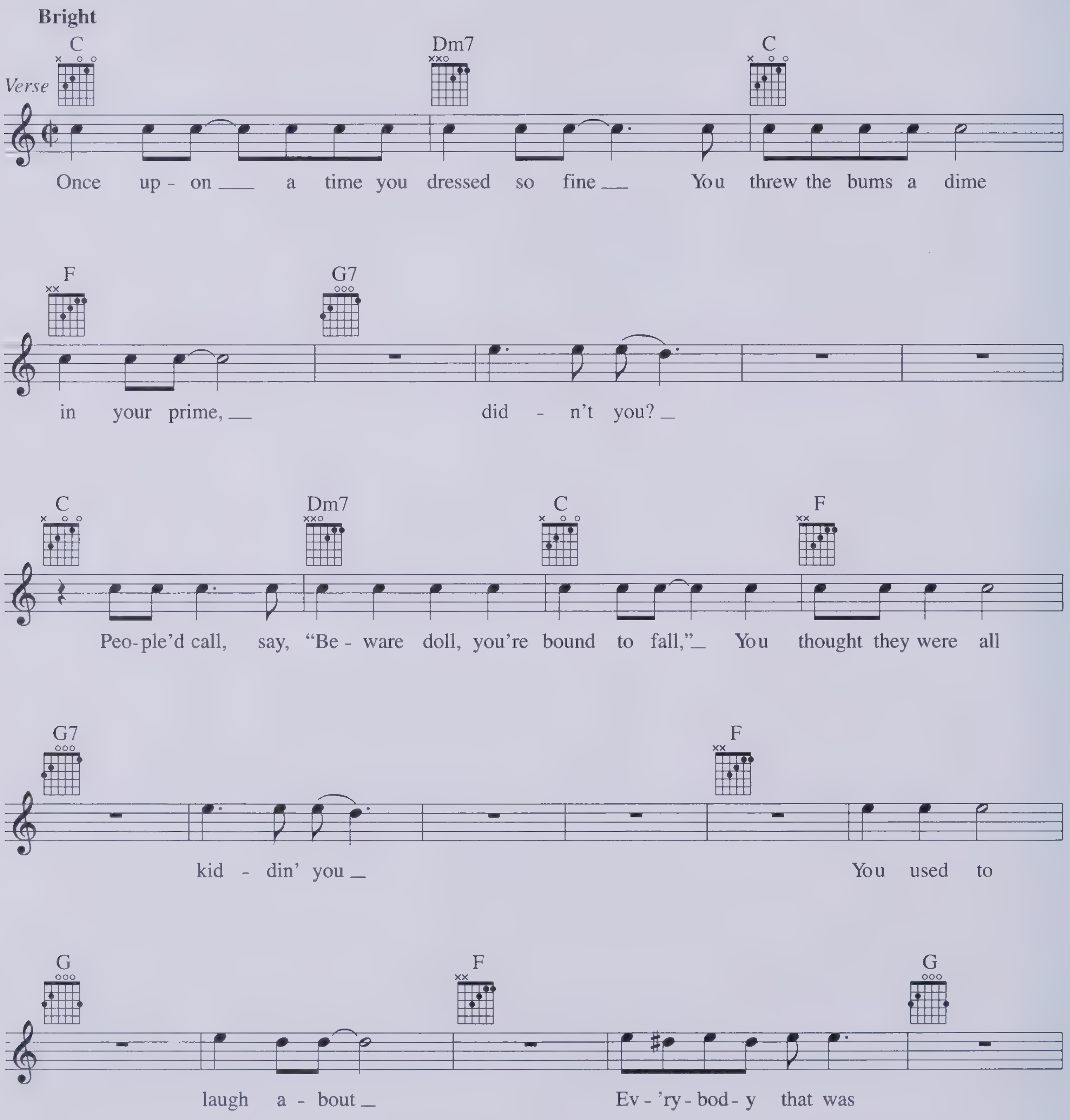
Arguably the most important rock song of all time, 'Like A Rolling Stone' altered the landscape of popular music when it was released as a single in 1965. It subsequently became the opening track on *Highway 61 Revisited*. Since then, it has rarely left Dylan's live repertoire, and it remains as stirring and anthemic today as it was more than 40 years ago.

"When I heard 'Like A Rolling Stone', I wanted to quit the music business."

Frank Zappa

Ampeg

LIKE A ROLLING STONE


Bright
Verse
C
Dm7
C
Once up - on a time you dressed so fine You threw the bums a dime
F
G7
in your prime, did - n't you?
C
Dm7
C
F
Peo-ple'd call, say, "Be - ware doll, you're bound to fall," You thought they were all
G7
F
kid - din' you You used to
G
F
G
laugh a - bout Ev - 'ry - bod - y that was

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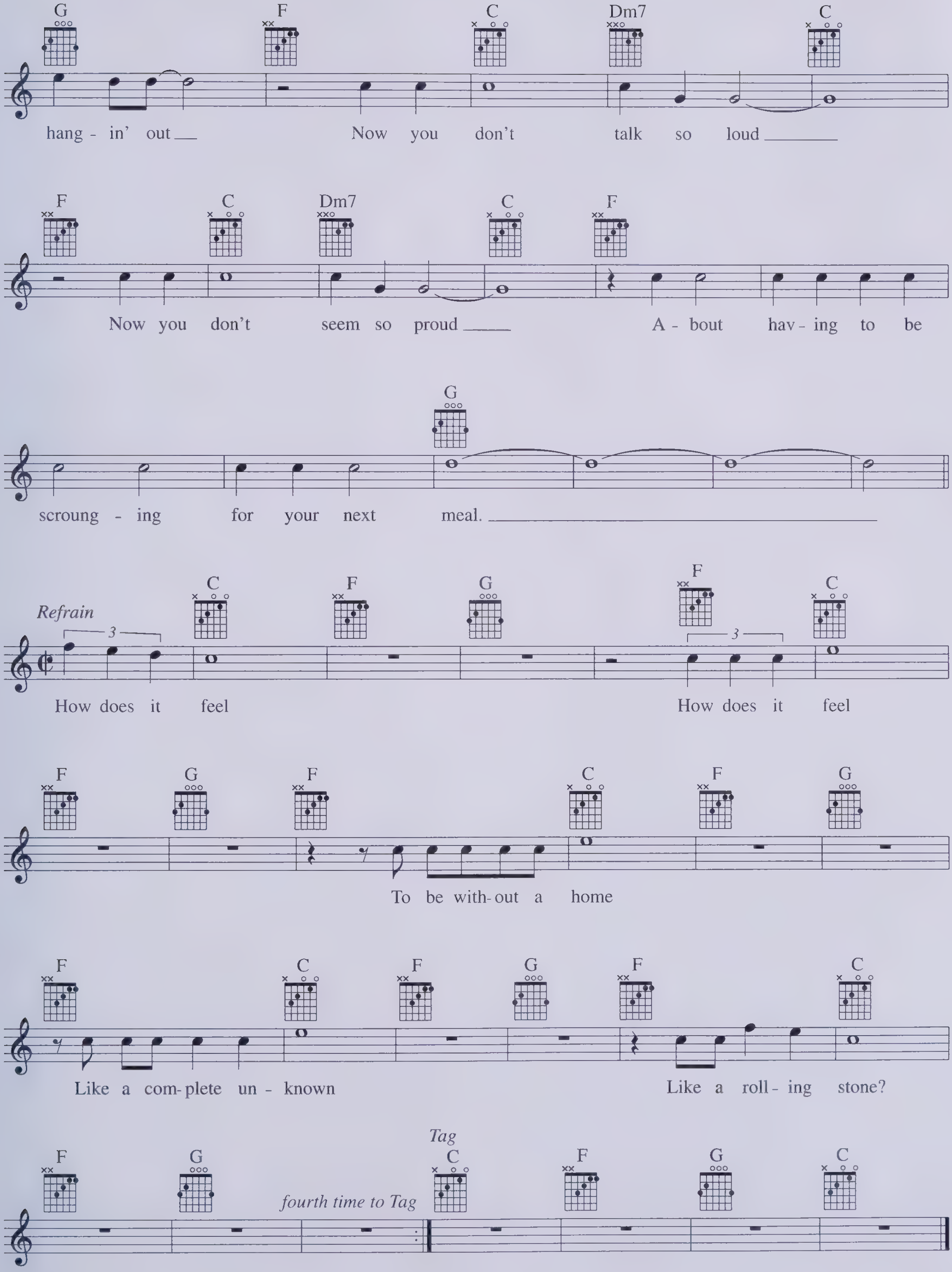

G F C Dm7 C
hang - in' out ___ Now you don't talk so loud ___
F C Dm7 C F
Now you don't seem so proud ___ A - bout hav - ing to be
G
scroung - ing for your next meal. ___
Refrain
3
C F G F C
3
How does it feel How does it feel
F G F C F G
To be with - out a home
F C F G F C
Like a com - plete un - known Like a roll - ing stone?
Tag
F G C F G C
fourth time to Tag

Additional lyrics

2. You've gone to the finest school all right, Miss Lonely
But you know you only used to get juiced in it
And nobody has ever taught you how to live on the street
And now you find out you're gonna have to get used to it
You said you'd never compromise
With the mystery tramp, but now you realize
He's not selling any alibis
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
And ask him do you want to make a deal?

Refrain

3. You never turned around to see the frowns on the jugglers and the clowns
When they all come down and did tricks for you
You never understood that it ain't no good
You shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you
You used to ride on the chrome horse with your diplomat
Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat
Ain't it hard when you discover that
He really wasn't where it's at
After he took from you everything he could steal

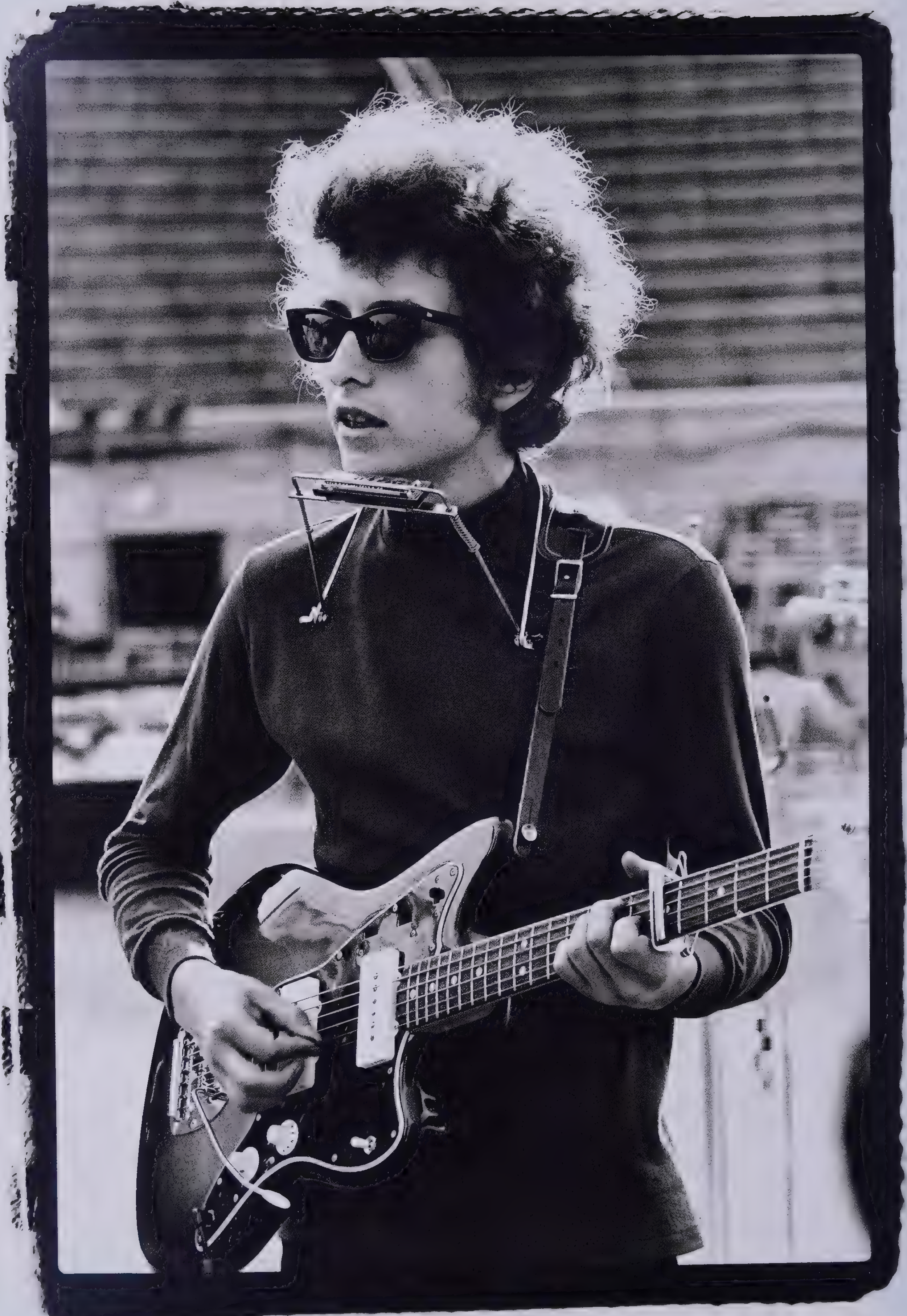
Refrain

4. Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people
They're drinkin', thinkin' that they got it made
Exchanging all kinds of precious gifts and things
But you'd better lift your diamond ring, you'd better pawn it babe
You used to be so amused
At Napoleon in rags and the language that he used
Go to him now, he calls you, you can't refuse
When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose
You're invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal

Refrain

"The first time I heard Bob Dylan, I was in the car with my mother, listening to WMCA, and on came that snare shot that sounded like somebody'd kicked open the door to your mind – 'Like A Rolling Stone'. I knew that I was listening to the toughest voice that I had ever heard. It was lean and it sounded somehow simultaneously young and adult."

Bruce Springsteen

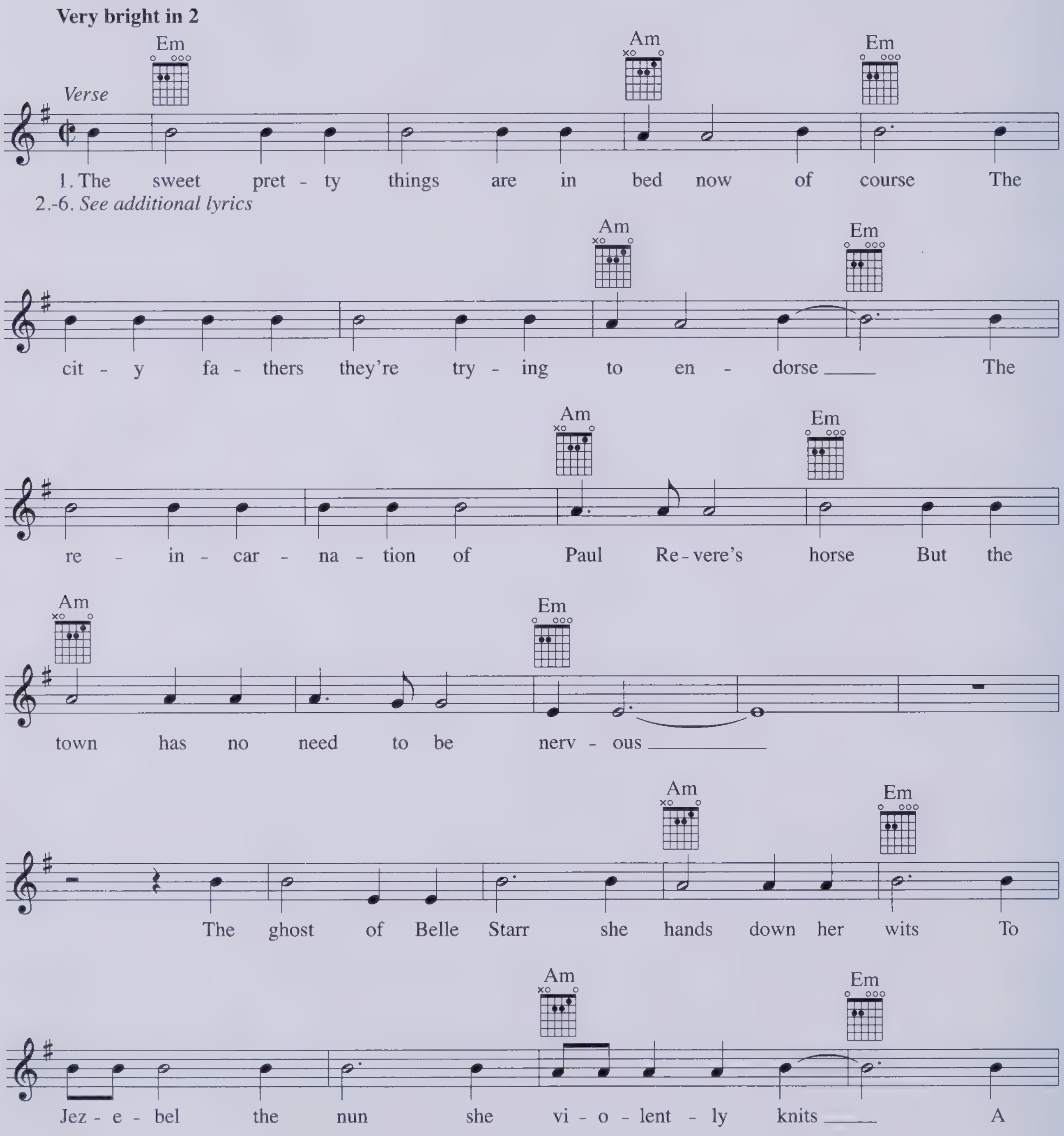


TOMBSTONE BLUES

Highway 61 Revisited, 1965

The second track on the landmark *Highway 61 Revisited* album, 'Tombstone Blues' was recorded in July 1965. The released mix was a propulsive slice of urban blues, illuminated by Michael Bloomfield's quicksilver guitar fills. A different version, heard on *The Bootleg Series Vol. 7*, featured vocal support from the R&B group, the Chambers Brothers. The song's first public performance followed a month later, at Forest Hills stadium in New York.

TOMBSTONE BLUES


Very bright in 2
Verse
Em
Am
1. The sweet pret - ty things are in bed now of course The
2.-6. See additional lyrics
cit - y fa - thers they're try - ing to en - dorse The
re - in - car - na - tion of Paul Re - vere's horse But the
town has no need to be nerv - ous
The ghost of Belle Starr she hands down her wits To
Jez - e - bel the nun she vi - o - lent - ly knits A

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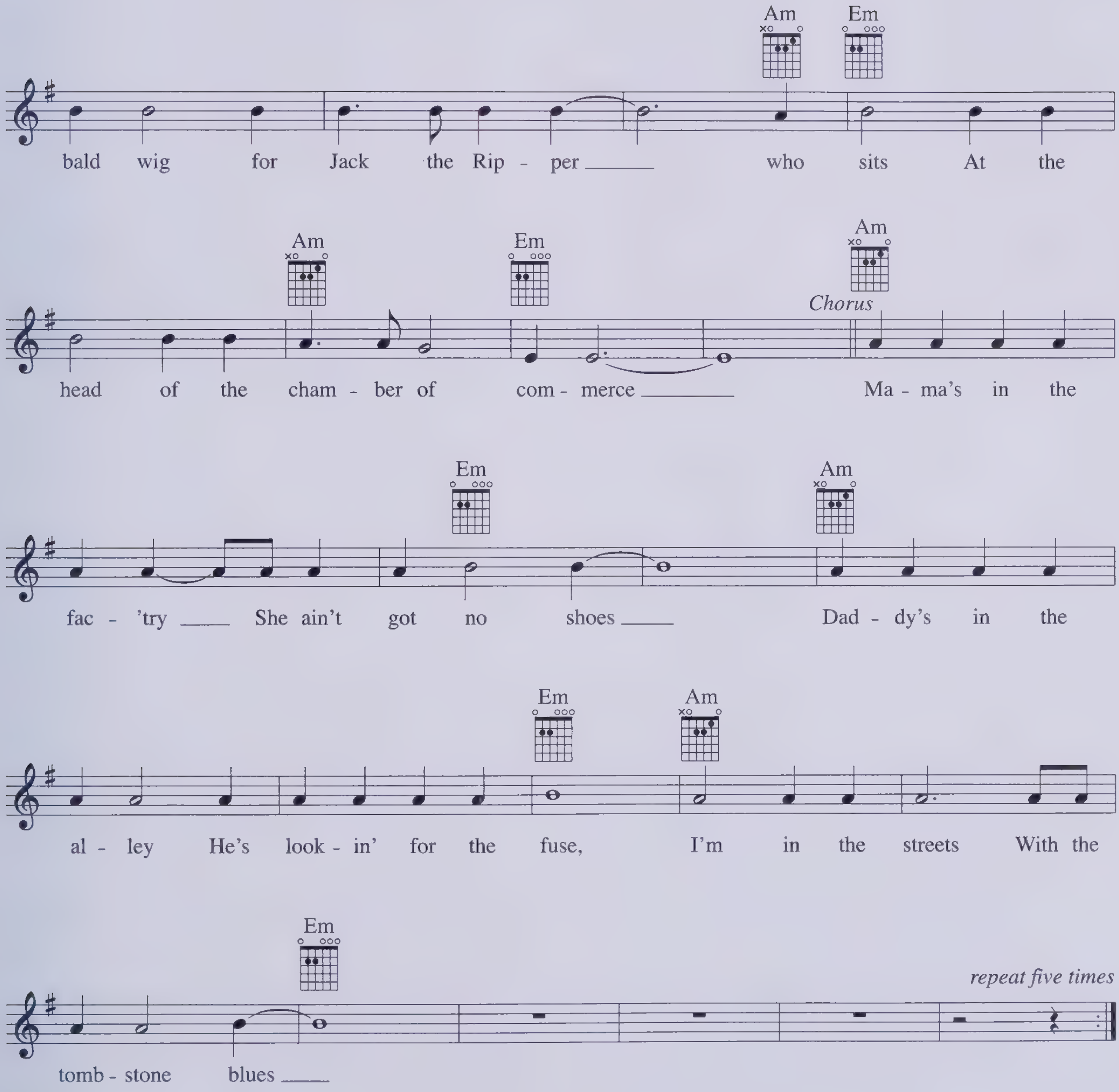

Am
Em
bald wig for Jack the Rip - per ___ who sits At the
Am
Em
Am
Chorus
head of the cham - ber of com - merce ___ Ma - ma's in the
Em
Am
fac - 'try ___ She ain't got no shoes ___ Dad - dy's in the
Em
Am
al - ley He's look - in' for the fuse, I'm in the streets With the
Em
repeat five times
tomb - stone blues ___

Additional lyrics

2. The hysterical bride in the penny arcade
Screaming she moans, "I've just been made"
Then sends out for the doctor who pulls down the shade
Says, "My advice is to not let the boys in"

3. Now the medicine man comes and he shuffles inside
He walks with a swagger and he says to the bride
"Stop all this weeping, swallow your pride
You will not die, it's not poison"

Chorus

4. Well, John the Baptist after torturing a thief
Looks up at his hero the Commander-in-Chief
Saying, "Tell me great hero, but please make it brief
Is there a hole for me to get sick in?"

5. The Commander-in-Chief answers him while chasing a fly
Saying, "Death to all those who would whimper and cry"
And dropping a bar bell he points to the sky
Saying, "The sun's not yellow it's chicken"

Chorus

6. The king of the Philistines his soldiers to save
Puts jawbones on their tombstones and flatters their graves
Puts the pied pipers in prison and fattens the slaves
Then sends them out to the jungle

7. Gypsy Davey with a blowtorch he burns out their camps
With his faithful slave Pedro behind him he tramps
With a fantastic collection of stamps
To win friends and influence his uncle

Chorus

8. The geometry of innocence flesh on the bone
Causes Galileo's math book to get thrown
At Delilah who sits worthlessly alone
But the tears on her cheeks are from laughter

9. Now I wish I could give Brother Bill his great thrill
I would set him in chains at the top of the hill
Then send out for some pillars and Cecil B. DeMille
He could die happily ever after

Chorus

10. Where Ma Raney and Beethoven once unwrapped their bed roll
Tuba players now rehearse around the flagpole
And the National Bank at a profit sells road maps for the soul
To the old folks home and the college

11. Now I wish I could write you a melody so plain
That could hold you dear lady from going insane
That could ease you and cool you and cease the pain
Of your useless and pointless knowledge

Chorus

"Dylan's Woody Guthrie period was very nice and I liked him then, but he had a second wave of popularity when he became more psychedelic… and at that time John [Lennon] particularly became very enamoured of him because of his poetry. All those songs were great lyrically."

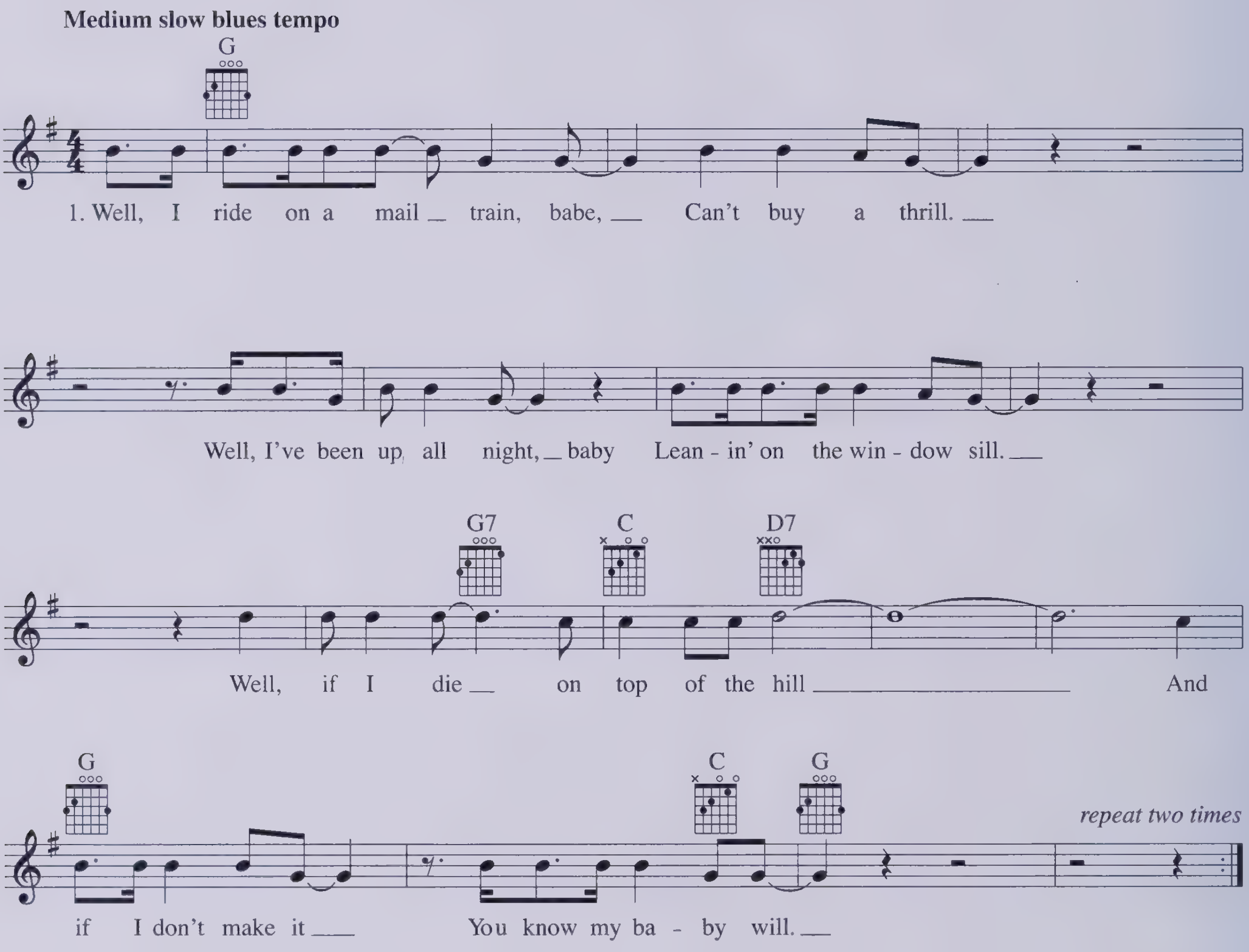
Paul McCartney

IT TAKES A LOT TO LAUGH, IT TAKES A TRAIN TO CRY

Highway 61 Revisited, 1965

This blues-inflected song began life in a rousing electric arrangement, before Dylan hit upon the more reflective version heard on 1965's *Highway 61 Revisited*. One of his most memorable live renditions was heard at George Harrison's Concert For Bangladesh in August 1971. Al Kooper, who performed on Dylan's original recording with Michael Bloomfield, revisited the song on his million-selling *Super Session* album.

IT TAKES A LOT TO LAUGH, IT TAKES A TRAIN TO CRY


Medium slow blues tempo
G
1. Well, I ride on a mail train, babe, Can't buy a thrill.
Well, I've been up all night, baby Lean - in' on the win - dow sill.
G7
C
D7
Well, if I die on top of the hill And
G
C
G
repeat two times
if I don't make it You know my ba - by will.

Additional lyrics

2. Don't the moon look good, mama
Shinin' through the trees?
Don't the brakeman look good, mama
Flagging down the "Double E?"
Don't the sun look good
Goin' down over the sea?
Don't my gal look fine
When she's comin' after me?

3. Now the wintertime is coming
The windows are filled with frost
I went to tell everybody
But I could not get across
Well, I wanna be your lover, baby
I don't wanna be your boss
Don't say I never warned you
When your train gets lost

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"Bob is a weird cat, you know: weird music, weird words, weird session. But I liked the songs. He sings them, and the musicians fit themselves around them. He sings these long, complex meaningful songs. He's a poet."

Michael Bloomfield

ORCYCL

HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED

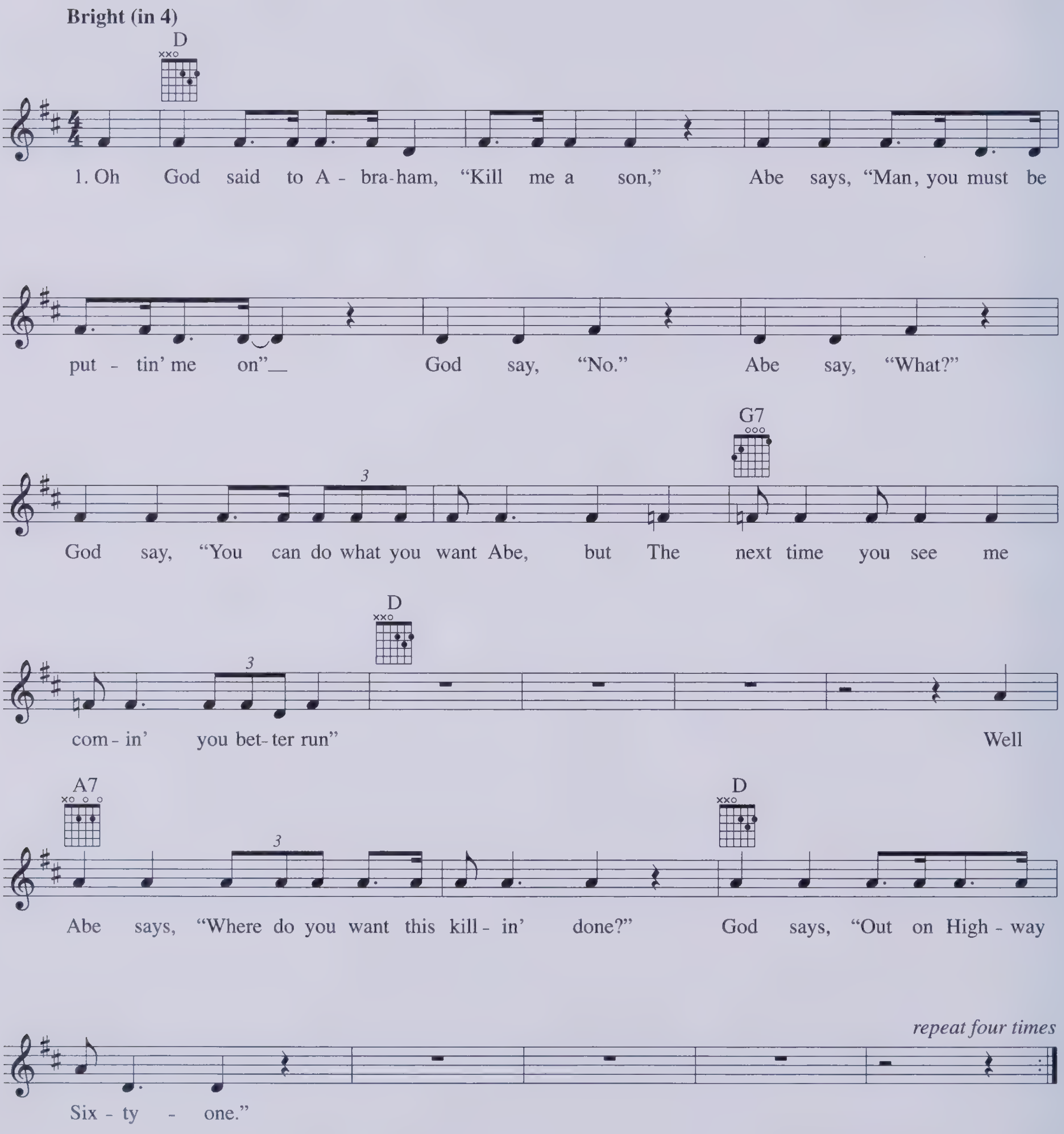
● *Highway 61 Revisited*, 1965

The title song of Bob Dylan's classic 1965 album featured Michael Bloomfield on lead guitar and Dylan himself adding a police siren. More than 40 years later, 'Highway 61 Revisited' remains a staple part of his live shows. Terry Reid and Johnny Winter are among the few artists who have been brave enough to cover this Dylan anthem.

"From the moment I met him I thought he was great, a genius, Shakespearean. Every succeeding album up to *Highway 61*, I had an increasing lot of secret fear: 'Oh my God, what can he do next? He can't possibly top that one.' And then I put on *Highway 61*, and I laughed and said it's so ridiculous. It's impossibly good, it just can't be that good. How can a human mind do this?"

Phil Ochs

HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED


Bright (in 4)
D
1. Oh God said to A - bra-ham, "Kill me a son," Abe says, "Man, you must be
put - tin' me on"__ God say, "No." Abe say, "What?"
G7
God say, "You can do what you want Abe, but The next time you see me
D
com - in' you bet-ter run" Well
A7
D
Abe says, "Where do you want this kill - in' done?" God says, "Out on High - way
repeat four times
Six - ty - one."

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Additional lyrics

2. Well Georgia Sam he had a bloody nose
Welfare Department they wouldn't give him no clothes
He asked poor Howard where can I go
Howard said there's only one place I know
Sam said tell me quick man I got to run
0l' Howard just pointed with his gun
And said that way down on Highway 61

3. Well Mack the Finger said to Louie the King
I got forty red, white and blue shoe strings
And a thousand telephones that don't ring
Do you know where I can get rid of these things
And Louie the King said let me think for a minute son
And he said yes I think it can be easily done
Just take everything down to Highway 61

4. Now the fifth daughter on the twelfth night
Told the first father that things weren't right
My complexion she said is much too white
He said come here and step into the light, he says hmm you're right
Let me tell the second mother this has been done
But the second mother was with the seventh son
And they were both out on Highway 61

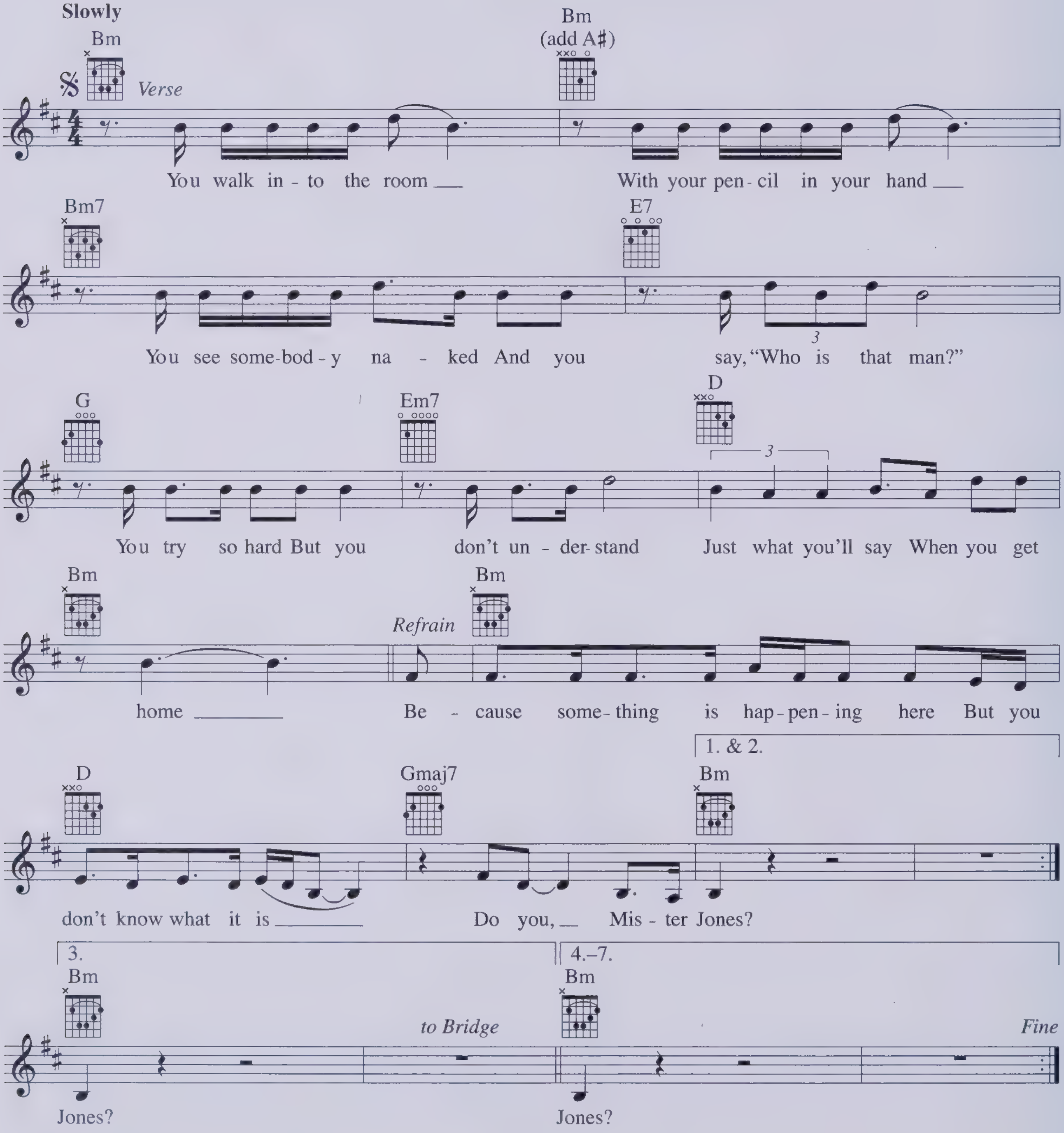
5. Now the rovin' gambler he was very bored
He was tryin' to create a next world war
He found a promoter who nearly fell off the floor
He said I never engaged in this kind of thing before
But yes I think it can be very easily done
We'll just put some bleachers out in the sun
And have it on Highway 61

BALLAD OF A THIN MAN

Highway 61 Revisited, 1965

This enigmatic song about the incomprehension of 'Mr Jones' has been a regular feature of Dylan's live shows since its first appearance on the *Highway 61 Revisited* album in 1965. Dylan himself played the distinctive piano part, supported by a stellar band including guitar legend Michael Bloomfield, and Al Kooper on organ.

BALLAD OF A THIN MAN


Slowly
Bm
Verse
Bm (add A♯)
You walk in-to the room ___ With your pen-cil in your hand ___
Bm7
E7
You see some-bod-y na-ked And you say, "Who is that man?"
3
G
Em7
D
3
You try so hard But you don't un-der-stand Just what you'll say When you get
Bm
Refrain
Bm
home ___ Be-cause some-thing is hap-pen-ing here But you
1. & 2.
D
Gmaj7
Bm
don't know what it is ___ Do you, ___ Mis-ter Jones?
3.
Bm
to Bridge
4.–7.
Bm
Fine
Jones?
Jones?

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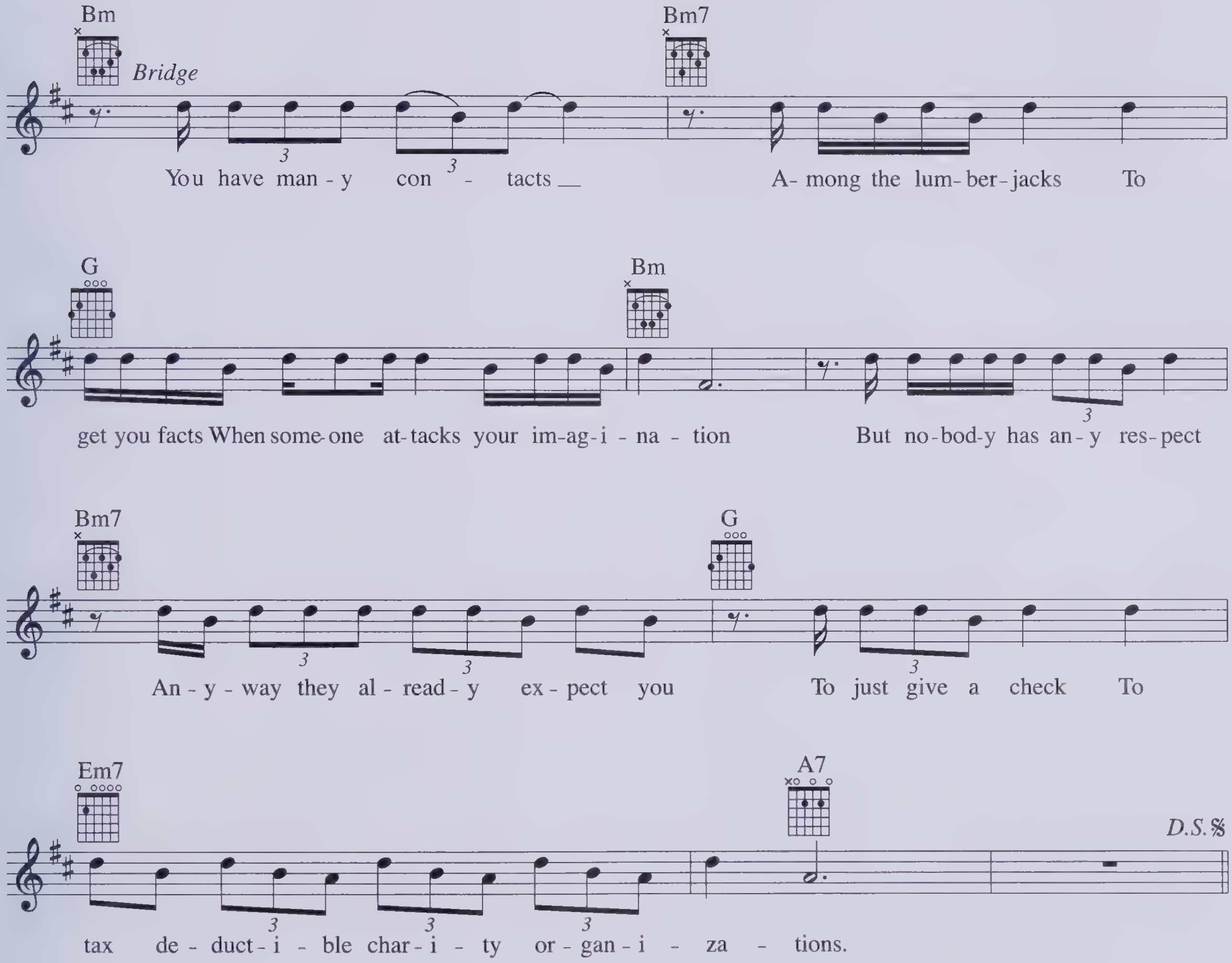

Bm
Bridge
Bm7
You have man - y con - tacts __ A- mong the lum- ber- jacks To
G
Bm
get you facts When some- one at- tacks your im- ag- i - na - tion But no- bod- y has an- y res- pect
Bm7
G
An - y - way they al - read - y ex - pect you To just give a check To
Em7
A7
D.S. 𝄋
tax de - duct - i - ble char - i - ty or - gan - i - za - tions.

Additional lyrics

2. You raise up your head
And you ask, "Is this where it is?"
And somebody points to you and says
"It's his"
And you say, "What's mine?"
And somebody else says, "Where what is?"
And you say, "Oh my God
Am I here all alone?"

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

3. You hand in your ticket
And you go watch the geek
Who immediately walks up to you
When he hears you speak
And says, "How does it feel
To be such a freak?"
And you say, "Impossible"
As he hands you a bone

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

Bridge:
You have many contacts
Among the lumberjacks
To get you facts
When someone attacks your imagination
But nobody has any respect
Anyway they already expect you
To just give a check
To tax-deductible charity organizations

4. You've been with the professors
And they've all liked your looks
With great lawyers you have
Discussed lepers and crooks
You've been through all of
F. Scott Fitzgerald's books
You're very well read
It's well known

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

5. Well, the sword swallower, he comes up to you
And then he kneels
He crosses himself
And then he clicks his high heels
And without further notice
He asks you how it feels
And he says, "Here is your throat back
Thanks for the loan"

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

6. Now you see this one-eyed midget
Shouting the word "NOW"
And you say, "For what reason?"
And he says, "How?"
And you say, "What does this mean?"
And he screams back, "You're a cow
Give me some milk
Or else go home"

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

7. Well, you walk into the room
Like a camel and then you frown
You put your eyes in your pocket
And your nose on the ground
There ought to be a law
Against you comin' around
You should be made
To wear earphones

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

"It tells that person who's lame that they're lame, and why they're lame, which is a very satisfying thing to do. Being able to do that and do it beautifully – to me, that's wonderful. That's something that only Dylan has been able to pull off in terms of modern songwriting, I think."

Jerry Garcia, Grateful Dead

QUEEN JANE APPROXIMATELY

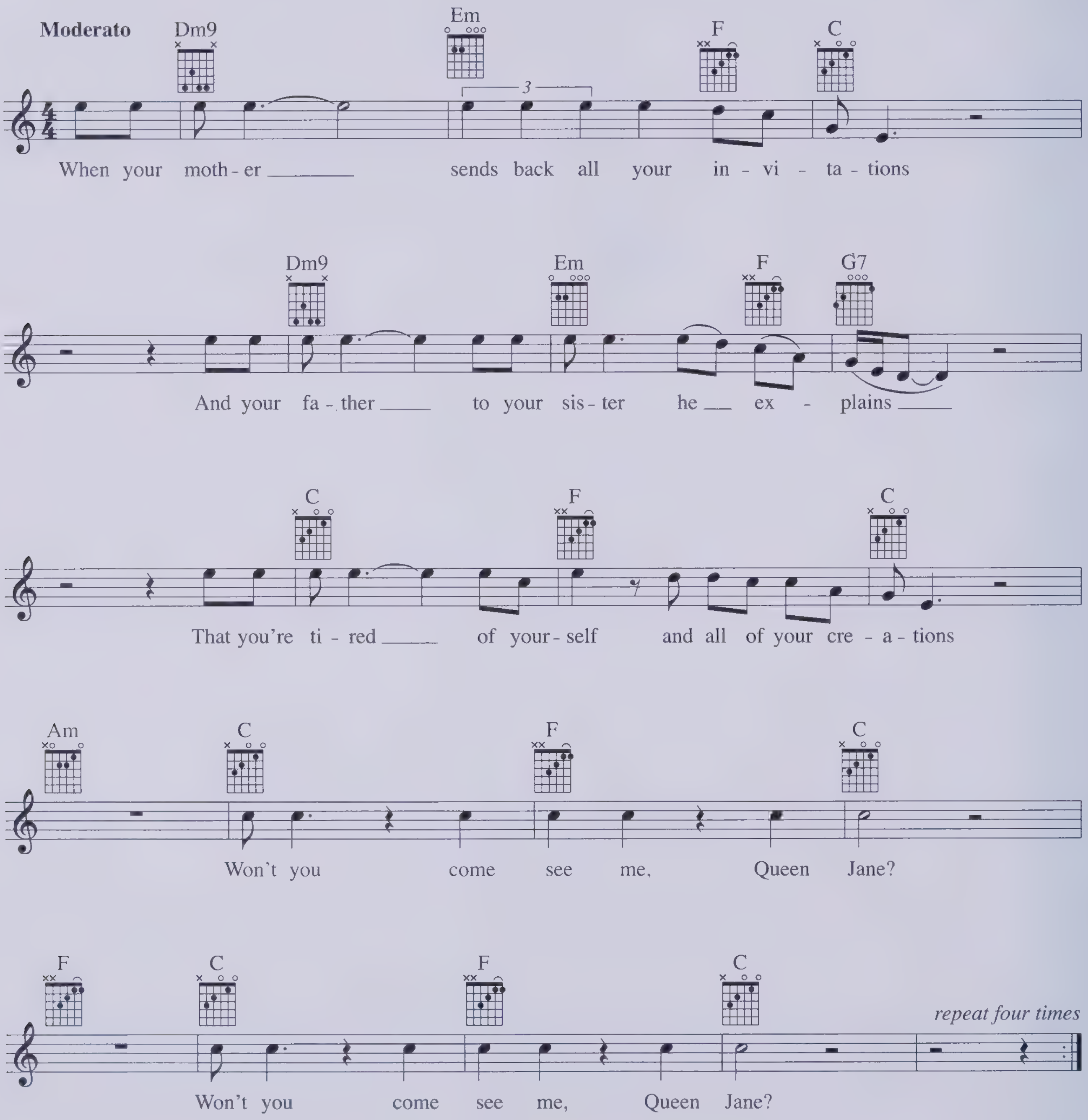
Highway 61 Revisited, 1965

Rich and evocative, 'Queen Jane Approximately' opened the second side of 1965's *Highway 61 Revisited* album. Rumours that he performed the song live that year have never been confirmed, so its first known public performance came 22 years later, on Independence Day in 1987, with The Grateful Dead. A later rendition from that tour was subsequently included on the *Dylan & The Dead* CD.

"Dylan gave rock 'n' roll the thing I'd wished it had when I was a kid – respectability, some authority. He took it out of the realm of ignorant guys banging away on electric instruments and put it somewhere else altogether."

Jerry Garcia, Grateful Dead

QUEEN JANE APPROXIMATELY


Moderato
Dm9 Em F C
When your moth - er sends back all your in - vi - ta - tions
Dm9 Em F G7
And your fa - ther to your sis - ter he ex - plains
C F C
That you're ti - red of your - self and all of your cre - a - tions
Am C F C
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
F C F C
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
repeat four times

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Additional lyrics

2. Now when all of the flower ladies want back what they have lent you
And the smell of their roses does not remain
And all of your children start to resent you
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

3. Now when all the clowns that you have commissioned
Have died in battle or in vain
And you're sick of all this repetition
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

4. When all of your advisers heave their plastic
At your feet to convince you of your pain
Trying to prove that your conclusions should be more drastic
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

5. Now when all the bandits that you turned your other cheek to
All lay down their bandanas and complain
And you want somebody you don't have to speak to
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

JUST LIKE TOM THUMB'S BLUES

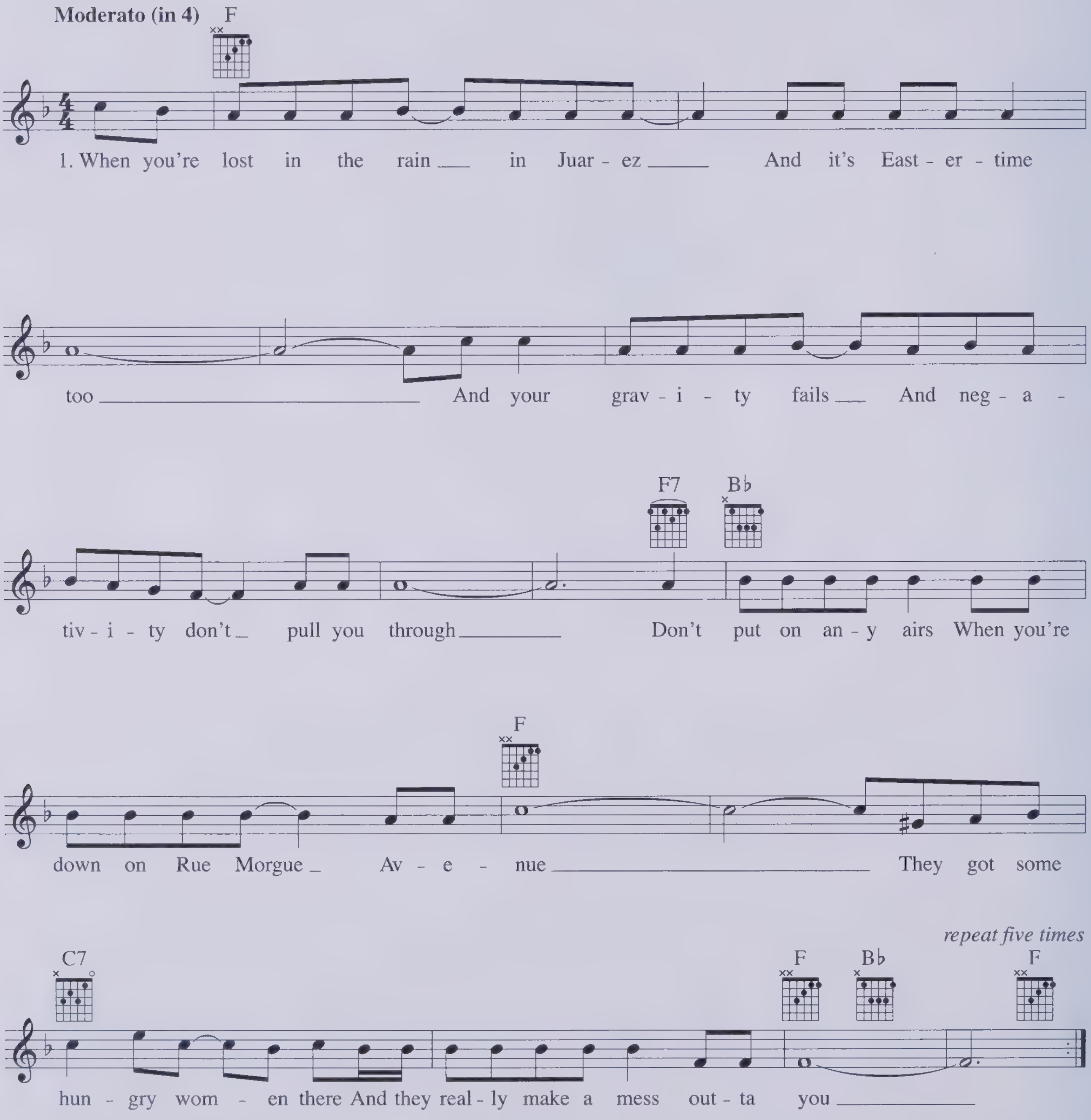
● *Highway 61 Revisited*, 1965

Another of the gems featured on *Highway 61 Revisited*, 'Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues' was recorded during an astoundingly creative session on 2 August 1965. Later that month, Dylan and his band performed it in public for the first time in New York. A dramatic rendition from his 1966 UK tour was issued on a single that year, and the song is also heard on *The Bootleg Series Vol. 4*. Judy Collins was one of the first people to cover the song.

"I was attracted by the imagery, which I thought was spectacular. Bob's manager, Albert Grossman, was an old friend of mine, and he introduced me to Bob. And Bob in turn used to play me his new songs, if he thought there was something that would be suitable for me to record. I was in the fantastic position of being able to hear these songs at first-hand, straight from the creator's mouth. It was wonderful."

Judy Collins

JUST LIKE TOM THUMB'S BLUES


Moderato (in 4)
F
1. When you're lost in the rain in Juar - ez And it's East - er - time
too And your grav - i - ty fails And neg - a -
F7
B♭
tiv - i - ty don't pull you through Don't put on an - y airs When you're
F
down on Rue Morgue Av - e - nue They got some
repeat five times
C7
F
B♭
F
hun - gry wom - en there And they real - ly make a mess out - ta you

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Additional lyrics

2. Now if you see Saint Annie
Please tell her thanks a lot
I cannot move
My fingers are all in a knot
I don't have the strength
To get up and take another shot
And my best friend, my doctor
Won't even say what it is I've got

3. Sweet Melinda
The peasants call her the goddess of gloom
She speaks good English
And she invites you up into her room
And you're so kind
And careful not to go to her too soon
And she takes your voice
And leaves you howling at the moon

4. Up on Housing Project Hill
It's either fortune or fame
You must pick up one or the other
Though neither of them are to be what they claim
If you're lookin' to get silly
You better go back to from where you came
Because the cops don't need you
And man they expect the same

5. Now all the authorities
They just stand around and boast
How they blackmailed the sergeant-at-arms
Into leaving his post
And picking up Angel who
Just arrived here from the coast
Who looked so fine at first
But left looking just like a ghost

6. I started out on burgundy
But soon hit the harder stuff
Everybody said they'd stand behind me
When the game got rough
But the joke was on me
There was nobody even there to call my bluff
I'm going back to New York City
I do believe I've had enough

DESOLATION ROW

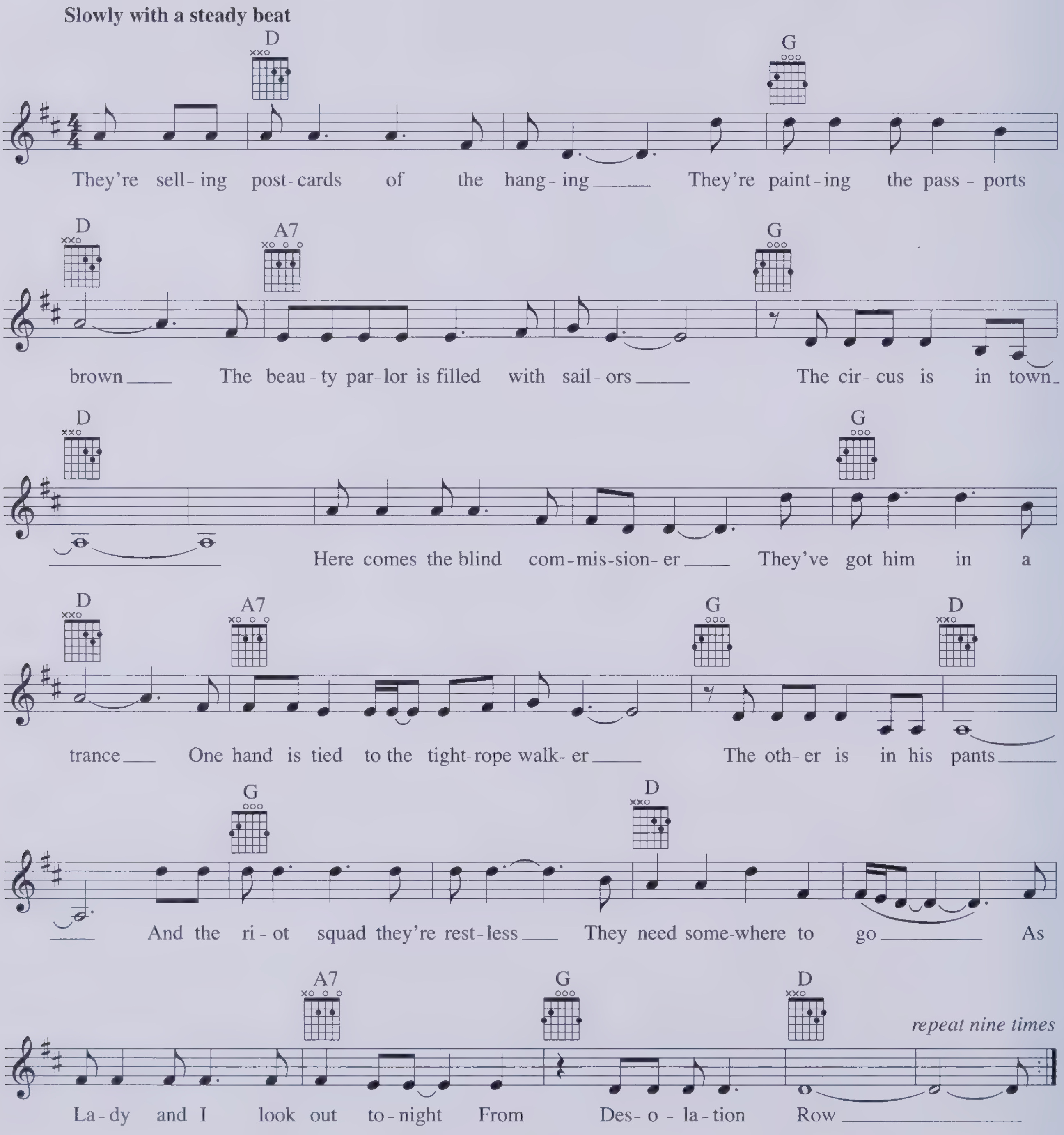
Highway 61 Revisited, 1965

As the closing track of his landmark 1965 album *Highway 61 Revisited*, Dylan unveiled this epic, 11-minute song, on which guitarist Michael Bloomfield contributed some of his most lyrical playing. 'Desolation Row' immediately became a cornerstone of Dylan's live shows, and it has remained in his repertoire to this day.

"I do know what my songs are about. Some are about four minutes, some are about five, and some, believe it or not, are about 11 or 12."

Bob Dylan, 1966

DESOLATION ROW


Slowly with a steady beat
D
G
They're sell-ing post-cards of the hang-ing ___ They're paint-ing the pass-ports
D
A7
G
brown ___ The beau-ty par-lor is filled with sail-ors ___ The cir-cus is in town_
D
G
Here comes the blind com-mis-sion-er ___ They've got him in a
D
A7
G
D
trance ___ One hand is tied to the tight-rope walk-er ___ The oth-er is in his pants ___
G
D
And the ri-ot squad they're rest-less ___ They need some-where to go ___ As
A7
G
D
repeat nine times
La-dy and I look out to-night From Des-o-la-tion Row ___

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Additional lyrics

2. Cinderella, she seems so easy
"It takes one to know one," she smiles
And puts her hands in her back pockets
Bette Davis style
And in comes Romeo, he's moaning
"You Belong to Me I Believe"
And someone says," You're in the wrong place, my friend
You better leave"
And the only sound that's left
After the ambulances go
Is Cinderella sweeping up
On Desolation Row

3. Now the moon is almost hidden
The stars are beginning to hide
The fortune-telling lady
Has even taken all her things inside
All except for Cain and Abel
And the hunchback of Notre Dame
Everybody is making love
Or else expecting rain
And the Good Samaritan, he's dressing
He's getting ready for the show
He's going to the carnival tonight
On Desolation Row

4. Now Ophelia, she's 'neath the window
For her I feel so afraid
On her twenty-second birthday
She already is an old maid
To her, death is quite romantic
She wears an iron vest
Her profession's her religion
Her sin is her lifelessness
And though her eyes are fixed upon
Noah's great rainbow
She spends her time peeking
Into Desolation Row

5. Einstein, disguised as Robin Hood
With his memories in a trunk
Passed this way an hour ago
With his friend, a jealous monk
He looked so immaculately frightful
As he bummed a cigarette
Then he went off sniffing drainpipes
And reciting the alphabet
Now you would not think to look at him
But he was famous long ago
For playing the electric violin
On Desolation Row

6. Dr. Filth, he keeps his world
Inside of a leather cup
But all his sexless patients
They're trying to blow it up
Now his nurse, some local loser
She's in charge of the cyanide hole
And she also keeps the cards that read
"Have Mercy on His Soul"
They all play on penny whistles
You can hear them blow
If you lean your head out far enough
From Desolation Row

7. Across the street they've nailed the curtains
They're getting ready for the feast
The Phantom of the Opera
A perfect image of a priest
They're spoonfeeding Casanova
To get him to feel more assured
Then they'll kill him with self-confidence
After poisoning him with words
And the Phantom's shouting to skinny girls
"Get Outa Here If You Don't Know
Casanova is just being punished for going
To Desolation Row"

8. Now at midnight all the agents
And the superhuman crew
Come out and round up everyone
That knows more than they do
Then they bring them to the factory
Where the heart-attack machine
Is strapped across their shoulders
And then the kerosene
Is brought down from the castles
By insurance men who go
Check to see that nobody is escaping
To Desolation Row

9. Praise be to Nero's Neptune
The Titanic sails at dawn
And everybody's shouting
"Which Side Are You On?"
And Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot
Fighting in the captain's tower
While calypso singers laugh at them
And fishermen hold flowers
Between the windows of the sea
Where lovely mermaids flow
And nobody has to think too much
About Desolation Row

10. Yes, I received your letter yesterday
(About the time the door knob broke)
When you asked how I was doing
Was that some kind of joke?
All these people that you mention
Yes, I know them, they're quite lame
I had to rearrange their faces
And give them all another name
Right now I can't read too good
Don't send me no more letters, no
Not unless you mail them
From Desolation Row

L·S·D
PARTNERS
LICENSED BETTING OFFICE

POSITIVELY 4TH STREET

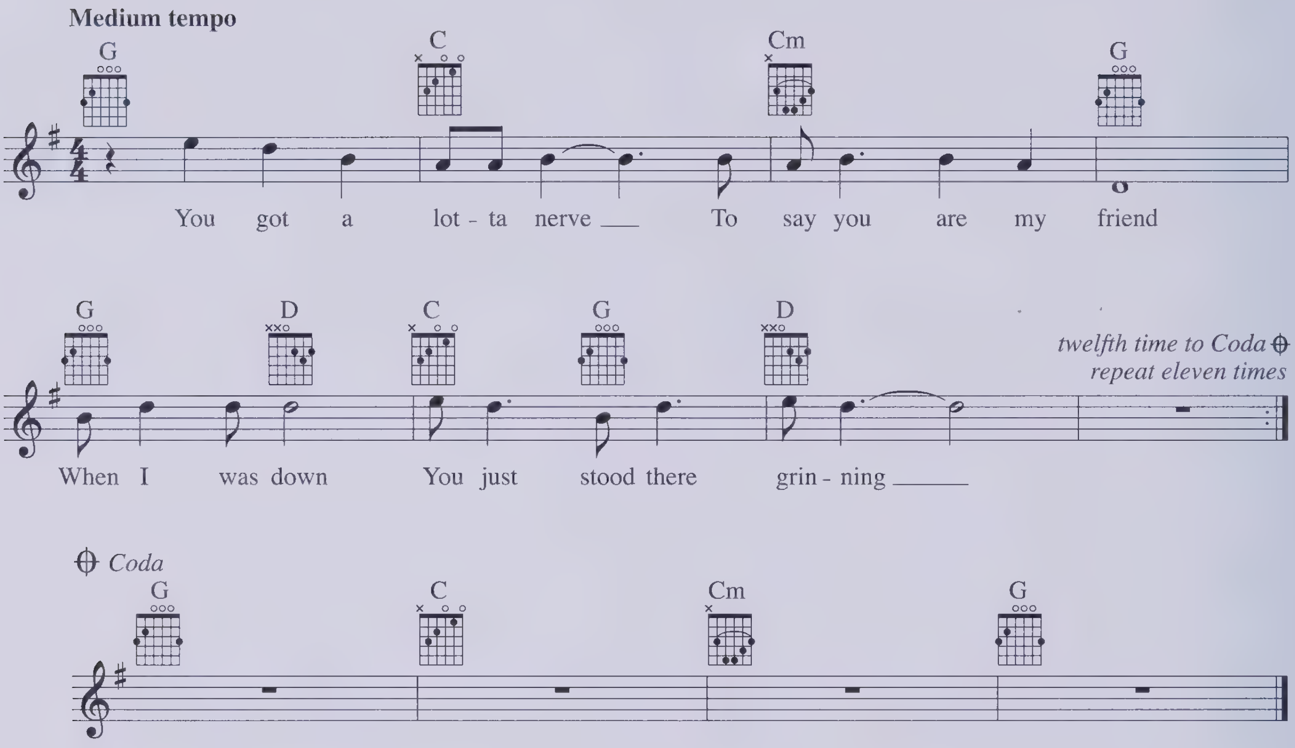
Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits, 1967

A non-album hit single from 1965, 'Positively 4th Street' was perhaps the most outspoken and direct 'pop' song ever written up to that point. Dylan never explained who the song was aimed at, but the ferocity and contempt of its lyrics remains undimmed after more than four decades.

"That particular song showed me – I remember thinking, 'The American pop song has finally grown up. You can sing about anything now.' When he sang, 'You got a lot of nerve to say you are my friend', just in that statement was a different song than any I had ever heard."

Joni Mitchell

POSITIVELY 4TH STREET


Medium tempo
G C Cm G
You got a lot - ta nerve ___ To say you are my friend
G D C G D
When I was down You just stood there grin - ning ______
twelfth time to Coda
repeat eleven times
Coda
G C Cm G

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Additional lyrics

2. You got a lotta nerve
To say you got a helping hand to lend
You just want to be on
The side that's winning

3. You say I let you down
You know it's not like that
If you're so hurt
Why then don't you show it

4. You say you lost your faith
But that's not where it's at
You had no faith to lose
And you know it

5. I know the reason
That you talk behind my back
I used to be among the crowd
You're in with

6. Do you take me for such a fool
To think I'd make contact
With the one who tries to hide
What he don't know to begin with

7. You see me on the street
You always act surprised
You say, "How are you?" "Good luck"
But you don't mean it

8. When you know as well as me
You'd rather see me paralyzed
Why don't you just come out once
And scream it

9. No, I do not feel that good
When I see the heartbreaks you embrace
If I was a master thief
Perhaps I'd rob them

10. And now I know you're dissatisfied
With your position and your place
Don't you understand
It's not my problem

11. I wish that for just one time
You could stand inside my shoes
And just for that one moment
I could be you

12. Yes, I wish that for just one time
You could stand inside my shoes
You'd know what a drag it is
To see you

VISIONS OF JOHANNA

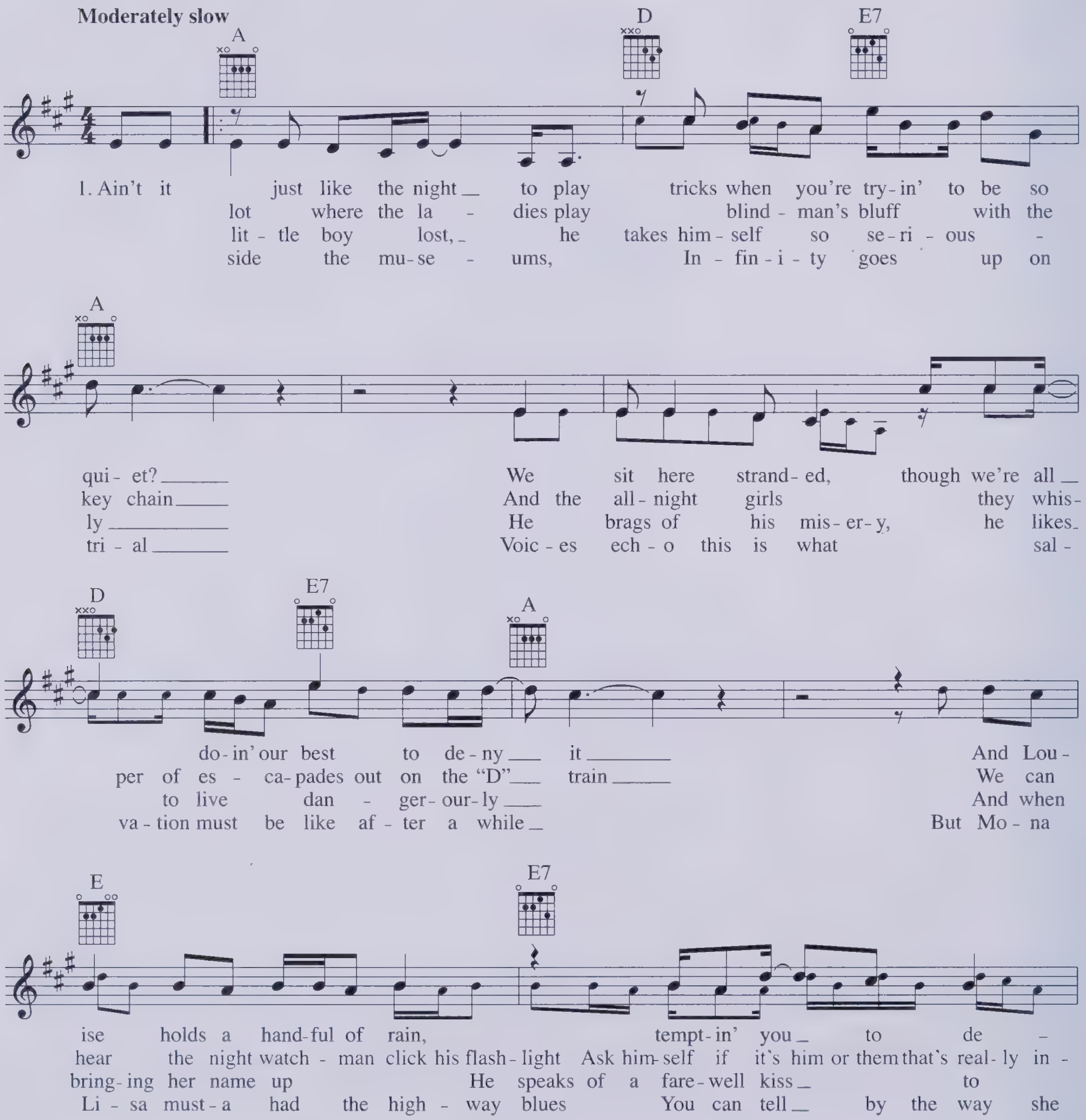
Blonde On Blonde, 1966

Often described as Dylan's greatest song, 'Visions Of Johanna' was written in late 1965 (under the provisional title of 'Freeze Out'), and recorded on two occasions with the future members of The Band before the take captured for posterity on *Blonde On Blonde* was achieved in Nashville. Dylan was already performing the song before the album was released, and its occasional appearances in his set-lists are eagerly awaited to this day.

"'Mona Lisa must have had the highway blues' – it's just a great observation. He's commenting on it in a way that nobody had done, and yet was very contemporary. He came out of that tradition of Woody Guthrie and Jack Kerouac – the road, hitch-hiking, that long line of male guitar-slingers hitch-hiking with guitars over their back, and that was related to the hobo tradition. You knew what the 'highway blues' were, but your parents didn't!"

Loudon Wainwright III

VISIONS OF JOHANNA


Moderately slow
A
D
E7
1. Ain't it just like the night _ to play tricks when you're try- in' to be so
lot where the la - dies play blind - man's bluff with the
lit - tle boy lost, _ he takes him - self so se - ri - ous -
side the mu- se - ums, In - fin - i - ty goes up on
A
qui - et? ___ We sit here strand - ed, though we're all _
key chain ___ And the all - night girls they whis -
ly ___ He brags of his mis - er - y, he likes
tri - al ___ Voic - es ech - o this is what sal -
D
E7
A
do - in' our best to de - ny ___ it ___ And Lou -
per of es - ca - pades out on the "D" ___ train ___ We can
to live dan - ger - our - ly ___ And when
va - tion must be like af - ter a while _ But Mo - na
E
E7
ise holds a hand - ful of rain, tempt - in' you _ to de -
hear the night watch - man click his flash - light Ask him - self if it's him or them that's real - ly in -
bring - ing her name up He speaks of a fare - well kiss _ to
Li - sa must - a had the high - way blues You can tell _ by the way she

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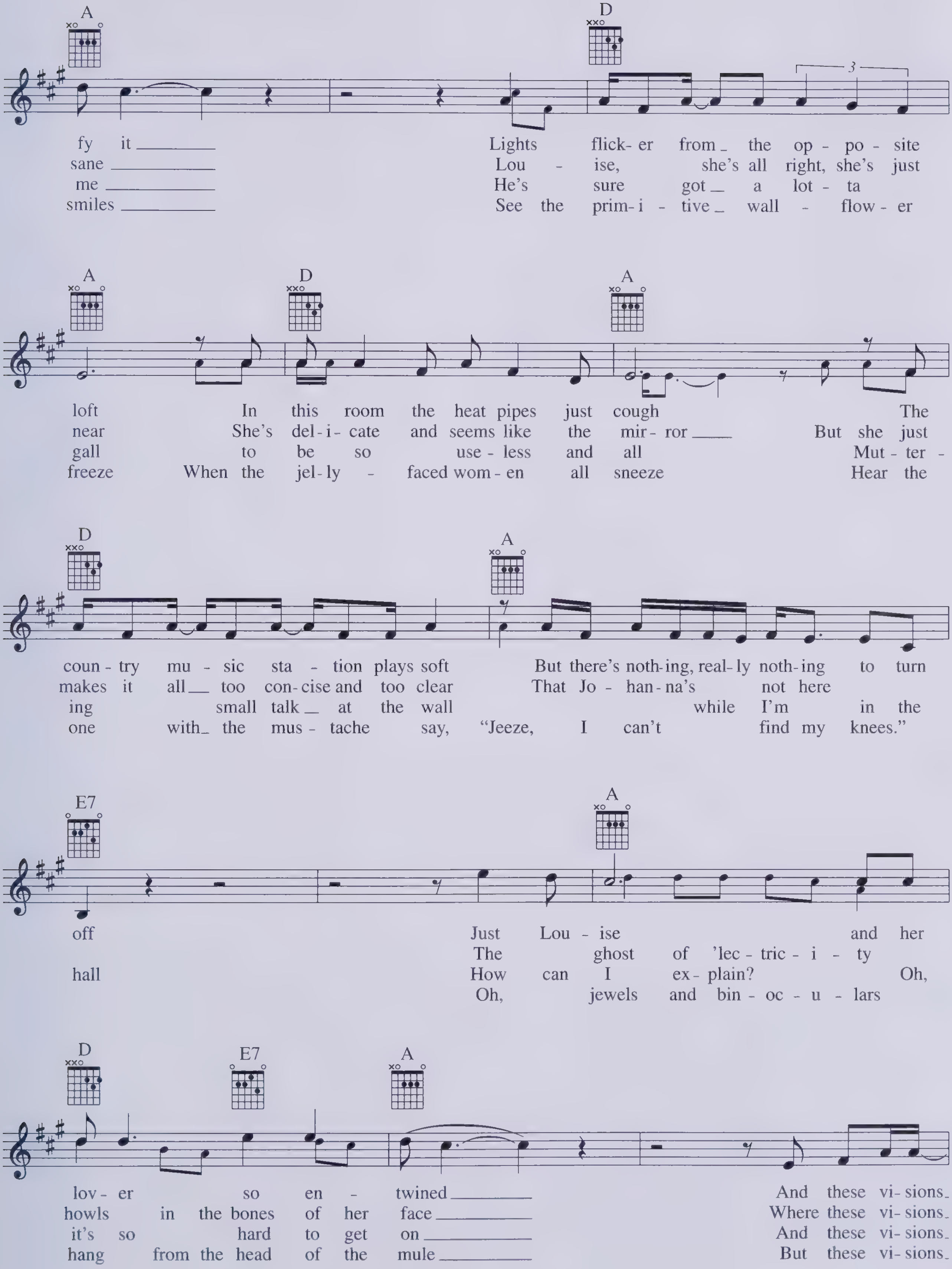
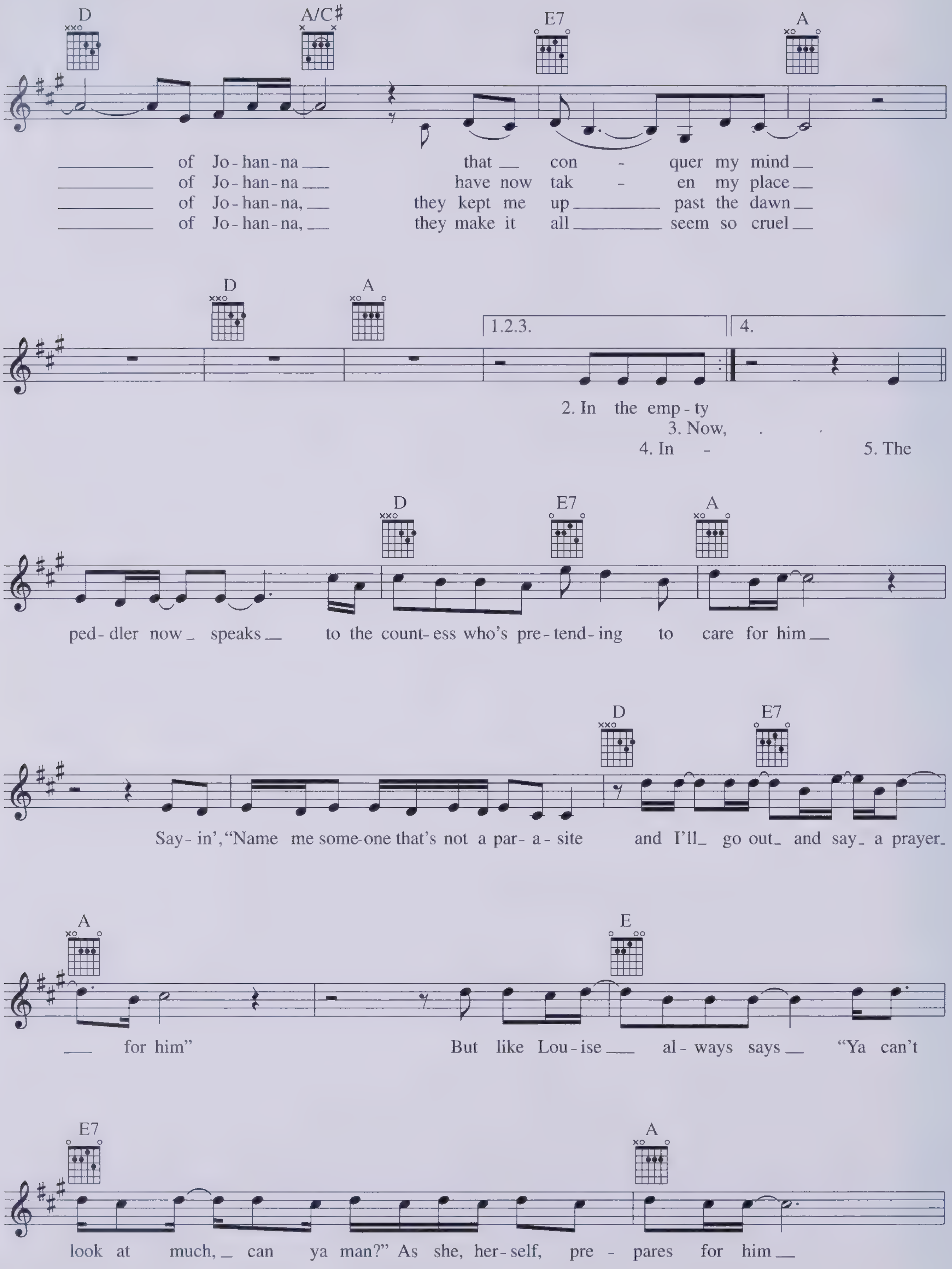
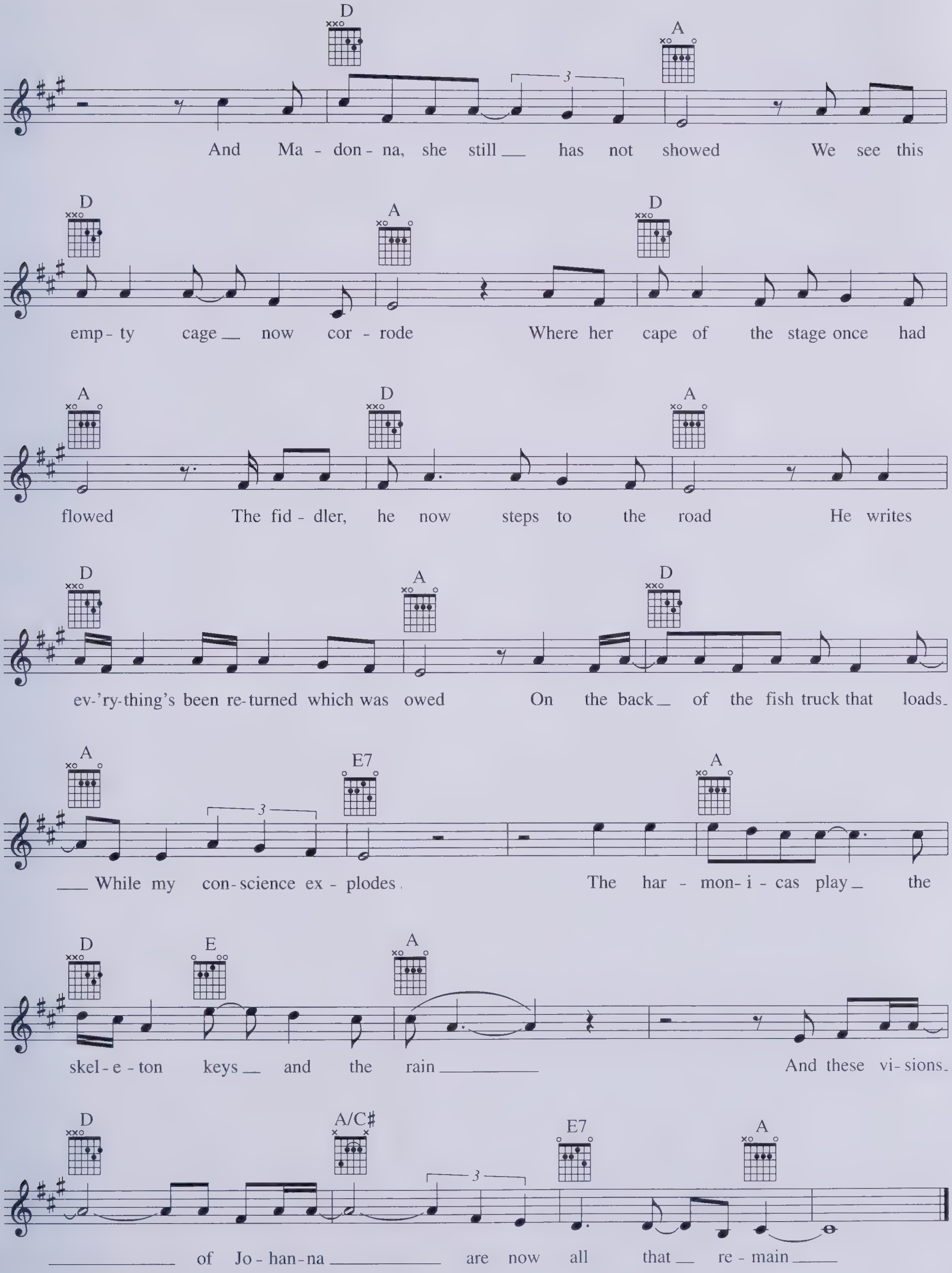
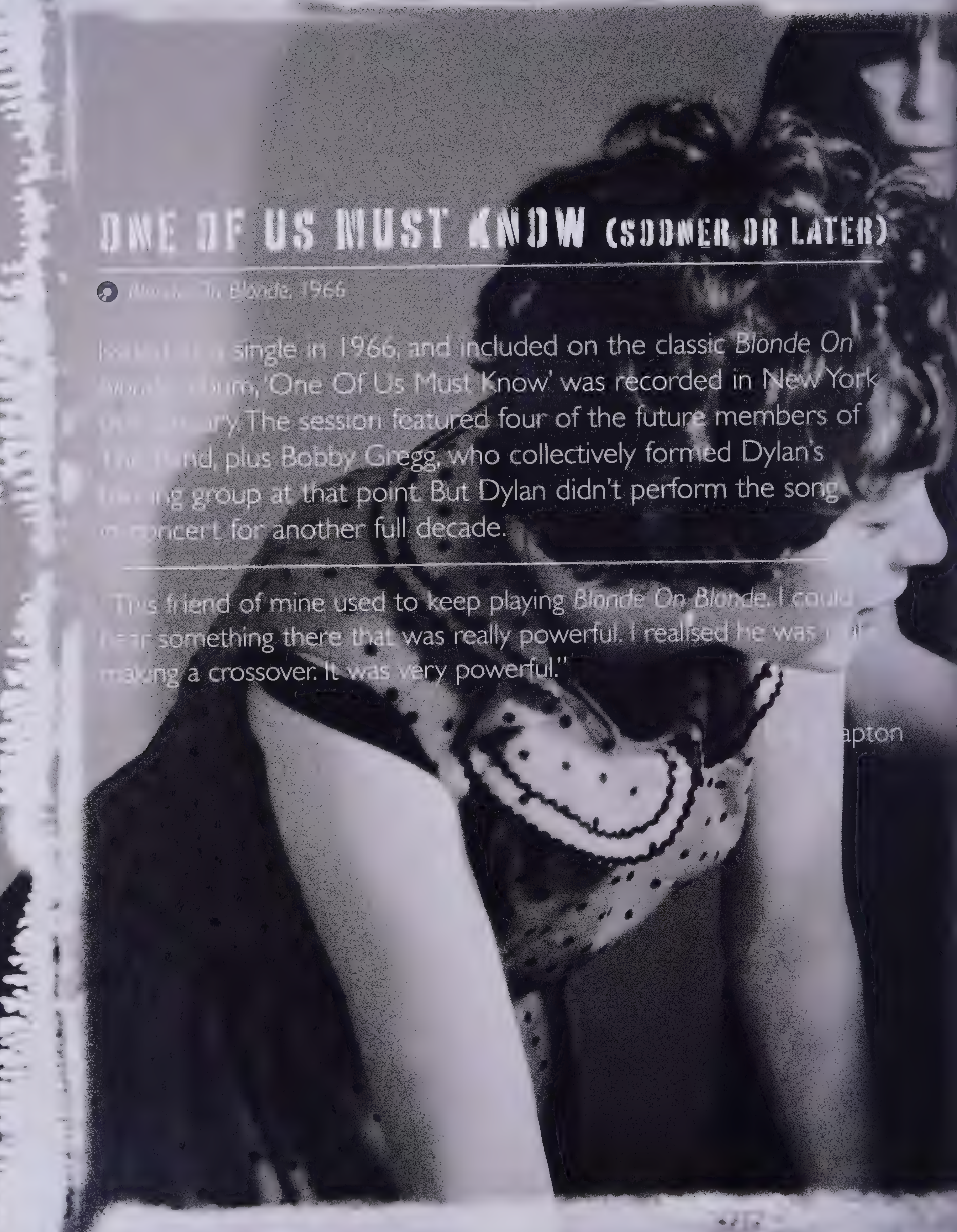

A
D
fy it Lights flick-er from the op-po-site
sane Lou-ise, she's all right, she's just
me He's sure got a lot-ta
smiles See the prim-i-tive wall-flow-er
A
D
A
loft In this room the heat pipes just cough The
near She's del-i-cate and seems like the mir-ror But she just
gall to be so use-less and all Mut-ter-
freeze When the jel-ly-faced wom-en all sneeze Hear the
D
A
coun-try mu-sic sta-tion plays soft But there's noth-ing, real-ly noth-ing to turn
makes it all too con-cise and too clear That Jo-han-na's not here
ing small talk at the wall while I'm in the
one with the mus-tache say, "Jeeze, I can't find my knees."
E7
A
off Just Lou-ise and her
The ghost of 'lec-tric-i-ty
hall How can I ex-plain? Oh,
Oh, jewels and bin-oc-u-lars
D
E7
A
3
lov-er so en-twined And these vi-sions
howls in the bones of her face Where these vi-sions
it's so hard to get on And these vi-sions
hang from the head of the mule But these vi-sions


D
A/C♯
E7
A
of Jo-han-na that con-quer my mind
of Jo-han-na have now tak-en my place
of Jo-han-na, they kept me up past the dawn
of Jo-han-na, they make it all seem so cruel
D
A
1.2.3.
4.
2. In the emp-ty
3. Now,
4. In
5. The
D
E7
A
ped-dler now speaks to the count-ess who's pre-tend-ing to care for him
D
E7
Say-in', "Name me some-one that's not a par-a-site and I'll go out and say a prayer
A
E
for him" But like Lou-ise al-ways says "Ya can't
E7
A
look at much, can ya man?" As she, her-self, pre-pares for him


D
A
And Ma - don - na, she still ___ has not showed We see this
D
A
D
emp - ty cage ___ now cor - rode Where her cape of the stage once had
A
D
A
flowed The fid - dler, he now steps to the road He writes
D
A
D
ev-'ry-thing's been re-turned which was owed On the back ___ of the fish truck that loads
A
E7
A
___ While my con-science ex - plodes The har - mon - i - cas play ___ the
D
E
A
skel - e - ton keys ___ and the rain ___ And these vi-sions
D
A/C#
E7
A
___ of Jo - han-na ___ are now all that ___ re - main ___
3



ONE OF US MUST KNOW (SOONER OR LATER)

Blonde On Blonde, 1966

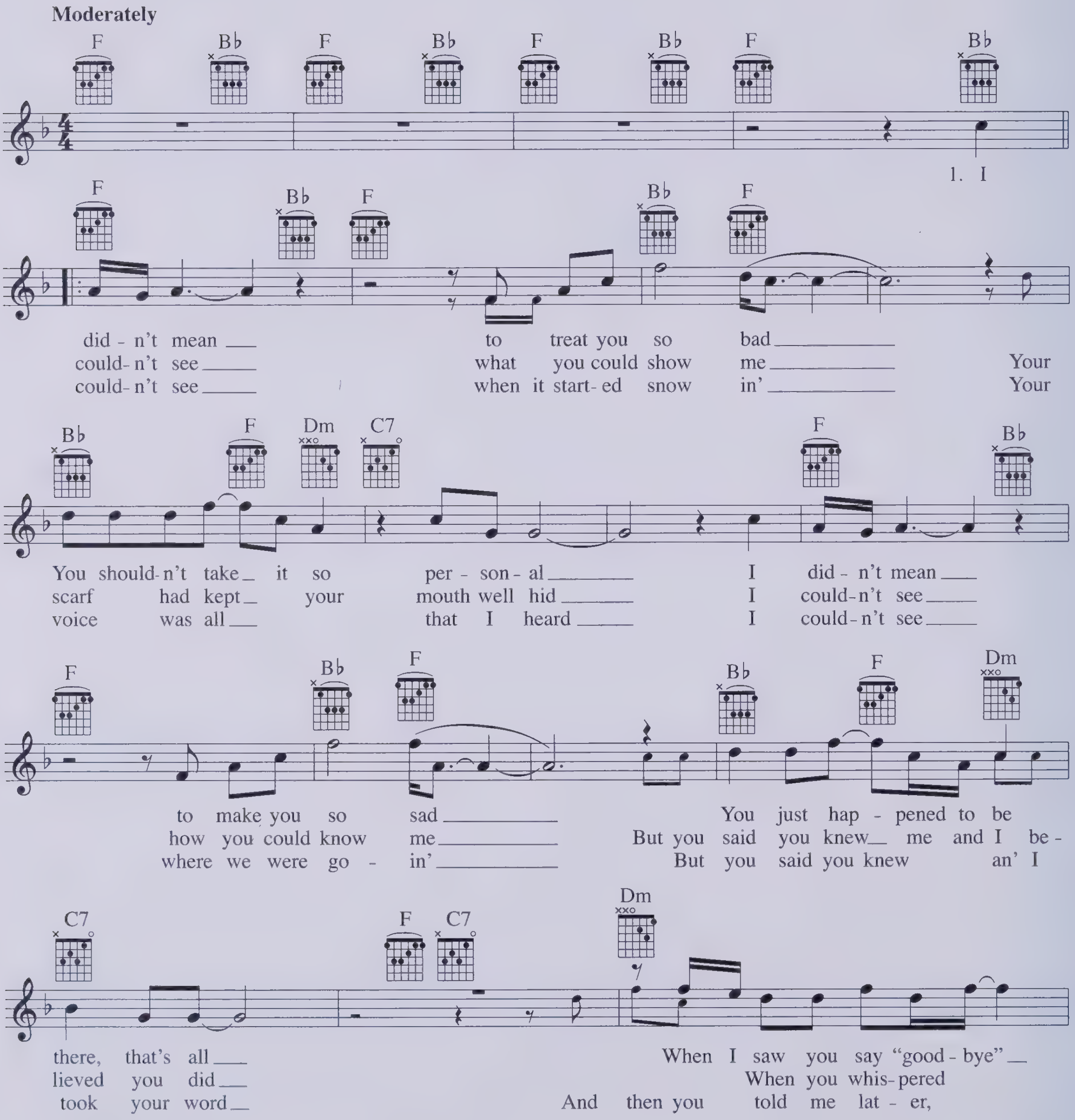
Issued as a single in 1966, and included on the classic *Blonde On Blonde* album, 'One Of Us Must Know' was recorded in New York last January. The session featured four of the future members of The Band, plus Bobby Gregg, who collectively formed Dylan's backing group at that point. But Dylan didn't perform the song in concert for another full decade.

"This friend of mine used to keep playing *Blonde On Blonde*. I could hear something there that was really powerful. I realised he was [illegible] making a crossover. It was very powerful."

apton

ONE OF US MUST KNOW

(SOONER OR LATER)


Moderately
F Bb F Bb F Bb F Bb
1. I
F Bb F Bb F
did - n't mean ___ to treat you so bad ___
could - n't see ___ what you could show me ___ Your
could - n't see ___ when it start - ed snow in' ___ Your
Bb F Dm C7 F Bb
You should - n't take ___ it so per - son - al ___ I did - n't mean ___
scarf had kept ___ your mouth well hid ___ I could - n't see ___
voice was all ___ that I heard ___ I could - n't see ___
F Bb F Bb F Dm
to make you so sad ___ You just hap - pened to be
how you could know me ___ But you said you knew ___ me and I be -
where we were go - in' ___ But you said you knew an' I
C7 F C7 Dm
there, that's all ___ When I saw you say "good - bye" ___
lieved you did ___ When you whis - pered
took your word ___ And then you told me lat - er,

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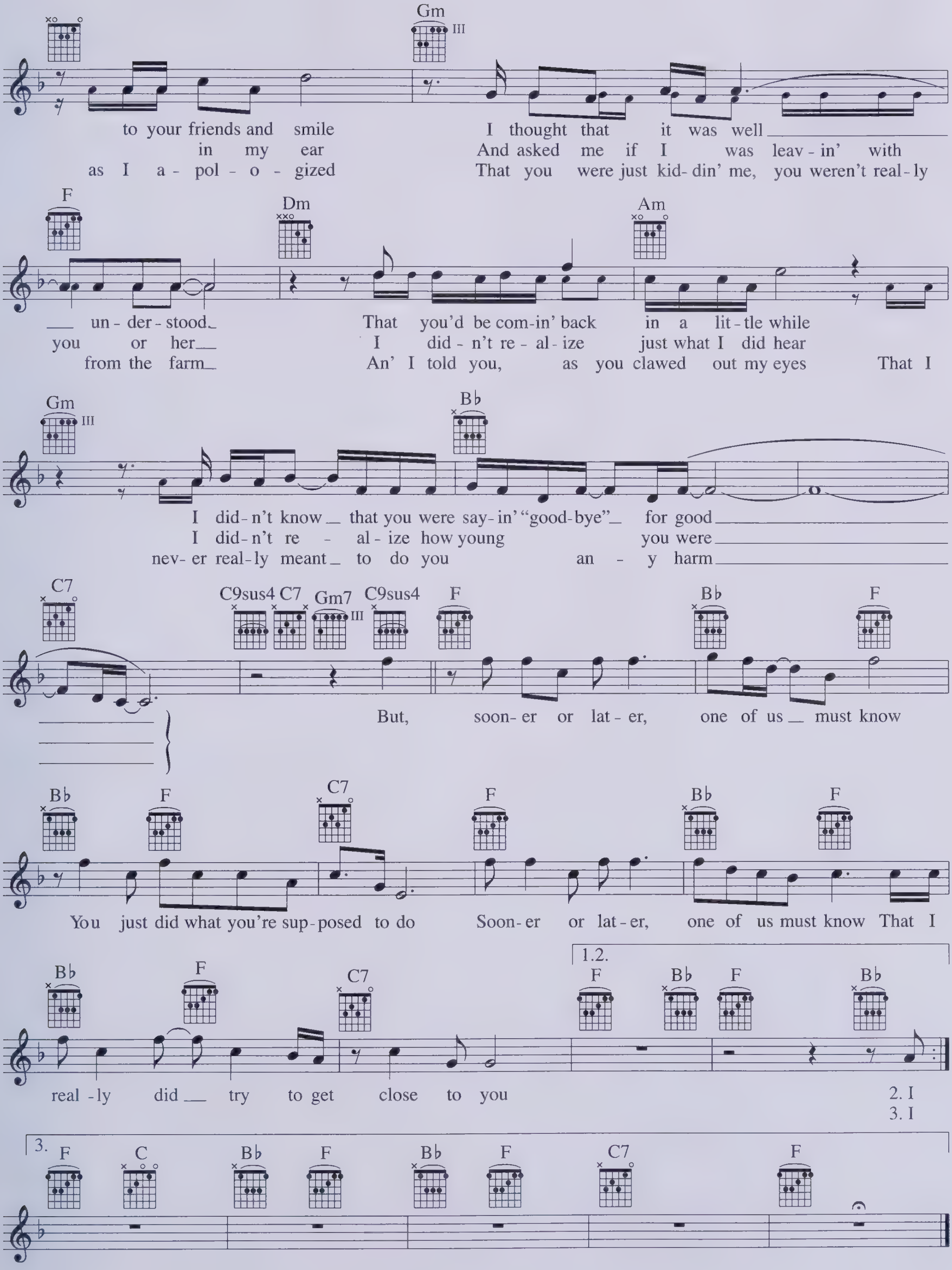

Gm
III
to your friends and smile
in my ear
as I a - pol - o - gized
I thought that it was well
And asked me if I was leav - in' with
That you were just kid - din' me, you weren't real - ly
F
Dm
Am
un - der - stood
you or her
from the farm
That you'd be com - in' back in a lit - tle while
I did - n't re - al - ize just what I did hear
An' I told you, as you clawed out my eyes That I
Gm
Bb
I did - n't know that you were say - in' "good - bye" for good
I did - n't re - al - ize how young you were
nev - er real - ly meant to do you an - y harm
C7
C9sus4
C7
Gm7
C9sus4
F
Bb
F
But, soon - er or lat - er, one of us must know
Bb
F
C7
F
Bb
F
You just did what you're sup - posed to do
Soon - er or lat - er, one of us must know That I
Bb
F
C7
1.2.
F
Bb
F
Bb
real - ly did try to get close to you
2. I
3. I
3.
F
C
Bb
F
Bb
F
C7
F

RAINY DAY WOMEN # 12 & 35

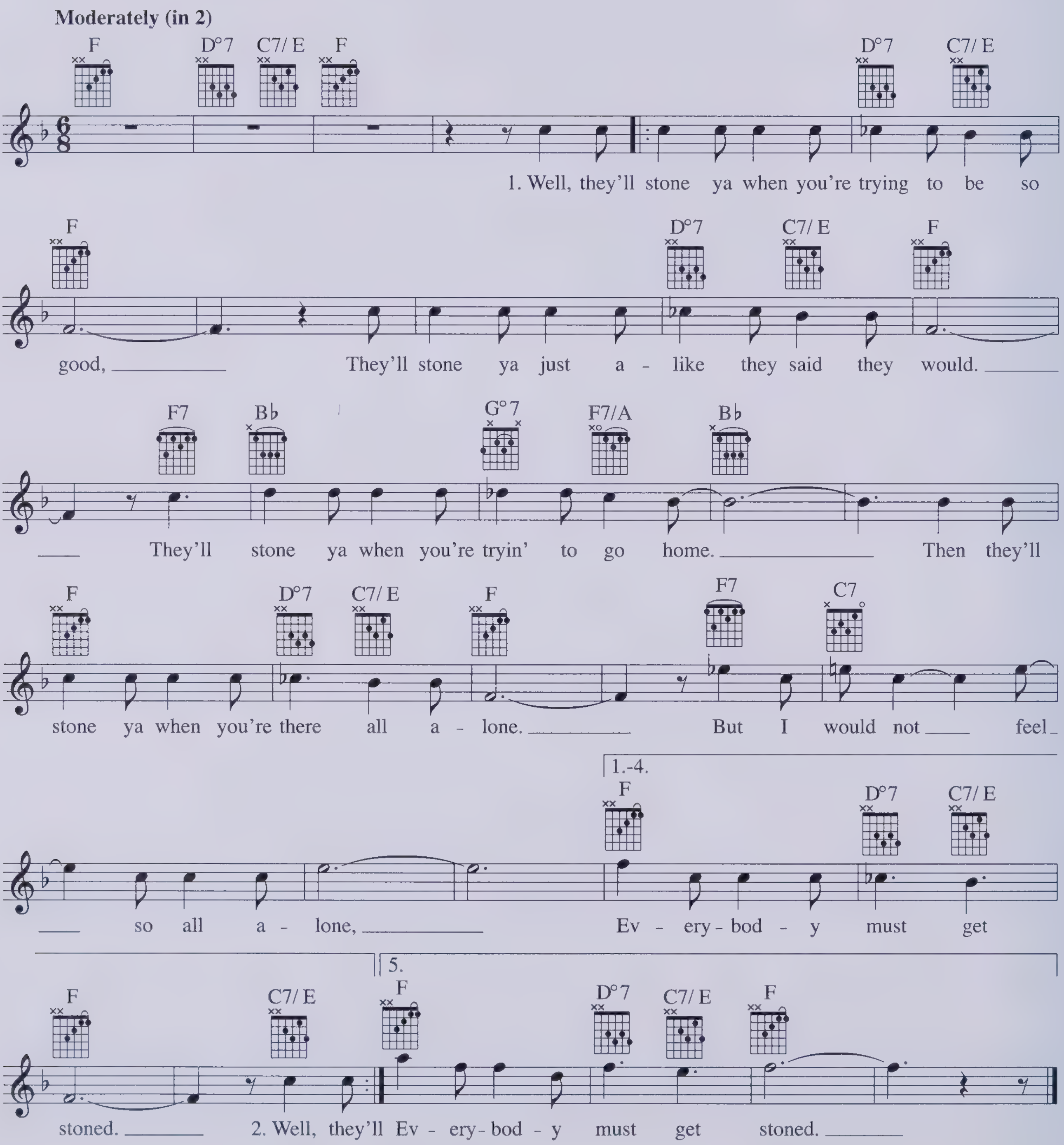
Blonde On Blonde, 1966

With its exuberant carnival air, ‘Rainy Day Women’ was an unstoppable hit single in 1966, reaching the Top 10 on both sides of the Atlantic. It also provided the perfect opening track for *Blonde On Blonde*. The recording session was a rowdy affair, climaxing in Charlie McCoy strapping on a bass guitar and a trumpet, and playing them both simultaneously.

“‘Everybody must get stoned’ is like when you go against the tide. You might in different times find yourself in an unfortunate situation and when you do what you believe in, some people just take offence at that. You can look through history and find that people have taken offence to people who come out with a different viewpoint on things. And ‘being stoned’ is just a way of saying that.”

Bob Dylan, 1986

RAINY DAY WOMEN # 12 & 35


Moderately (in 2)
F D°7 C7/ E F D°7 C7/ E
1. Well, they'll stone ya when you're trying to be so
F D°7 C7/ E F
good, They'll stone ya just a - like they said they would.
F7 B♭ G°7 F7/A B♭
They'll stone ya when you're tryin' to go home. Then they'll
F D°7 C7/ E F F7 C7
stone ya when you're there all a - lone. But I would not feel
1.-4.
F D°7 C7/ E
so all a - lone, Ev - ery - bod - y must get
5.
F C7/ E F D°7 C7/ E F
stoned. 2. Well, they'll Ev - ery - bod - y must get stoned.

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Additional lyrics

2. Well, they'll stone ya when you're walkin' 'long the street
They'll stone ya when you're tryin' to keep your seat
They'll stone ya when you're walkin' on the floor
They'll stone ya when you're walkin' to the door
But I would not feel so all alone
Everybody must get stoned

3. They'll stone ya when you're at the breakfast table
They'll stone ya when you are young and able
They'll stone ya when you're tryin' to make a buck
They'll stone ya and then they'll say, "good luck"
Tell ya what, I would not feel so all alone
Everybody must get stoned

4. Well, they'll stone you and say that it's the end
Then they'll stone you and then they'll come back again
They'll stone you when you're riding in your car
They'll stone you when you're playing your guitar
Yes, but I would not feel so all alone
Everybody must get stoned

5. Well, they'll stone you when you walk all alone
They'll stone you when you are walking home
They'll stone you and then say you are brave
They'll stone you when you are set down in your grave
But I would not feel so all alone
Everybody must get stoned

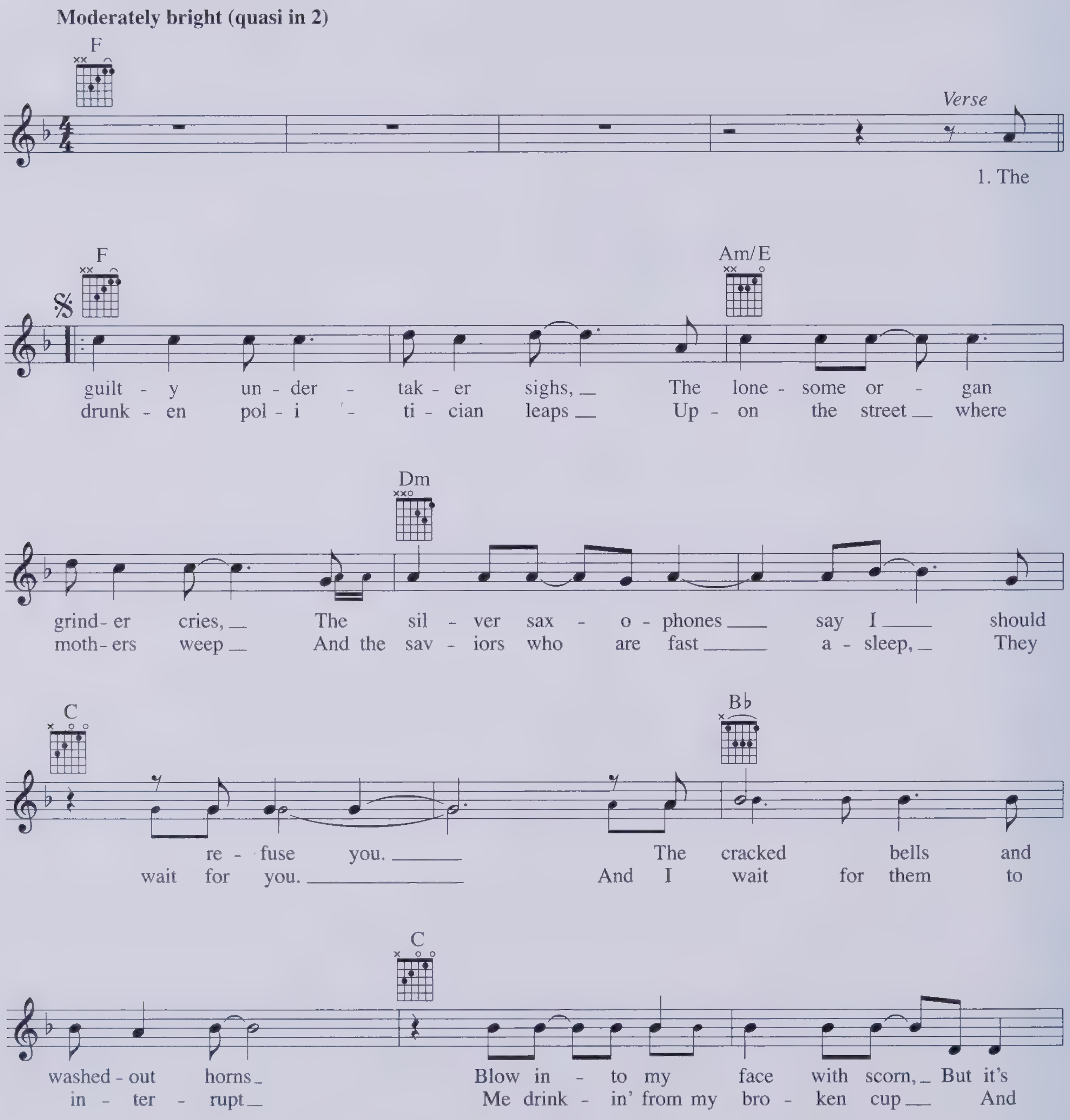
TOPPER

I WANT YOU

Blonde On Blonde, 1966

'I Want You' was a Top 20 hit single on both sides of the Atlantic in 1966, when it was one of the highlights of Dylan's double album, *Blonde On Blonde*. Although it didn't feature in his live sets that year, it did later appear on two of his concert albums, *Bob Dylan At Budokan* and *Dylan & The Dead*.

I WANT YOU


Moderately bright (quasi in 2)
F
Verse
1. The
F
Am/E
guilt - y un - der - tak - er sighs, The lone - some or - gan
drunk - en pol - i - ti - cian leaps Up - on the street where
Dm
grind - er cries, The sil - ver sax - o - phones say I should
moth - ers weep And the sav - iors who are fast a - sleep, They
C
B♭
re - fuse you. The cracked bells and
wait for you. And I wait for them to
C
washed - out horns Blow in - to my face with scorn, But it's
in - ter - rupt Me drink - in' from my bro - ken cup And

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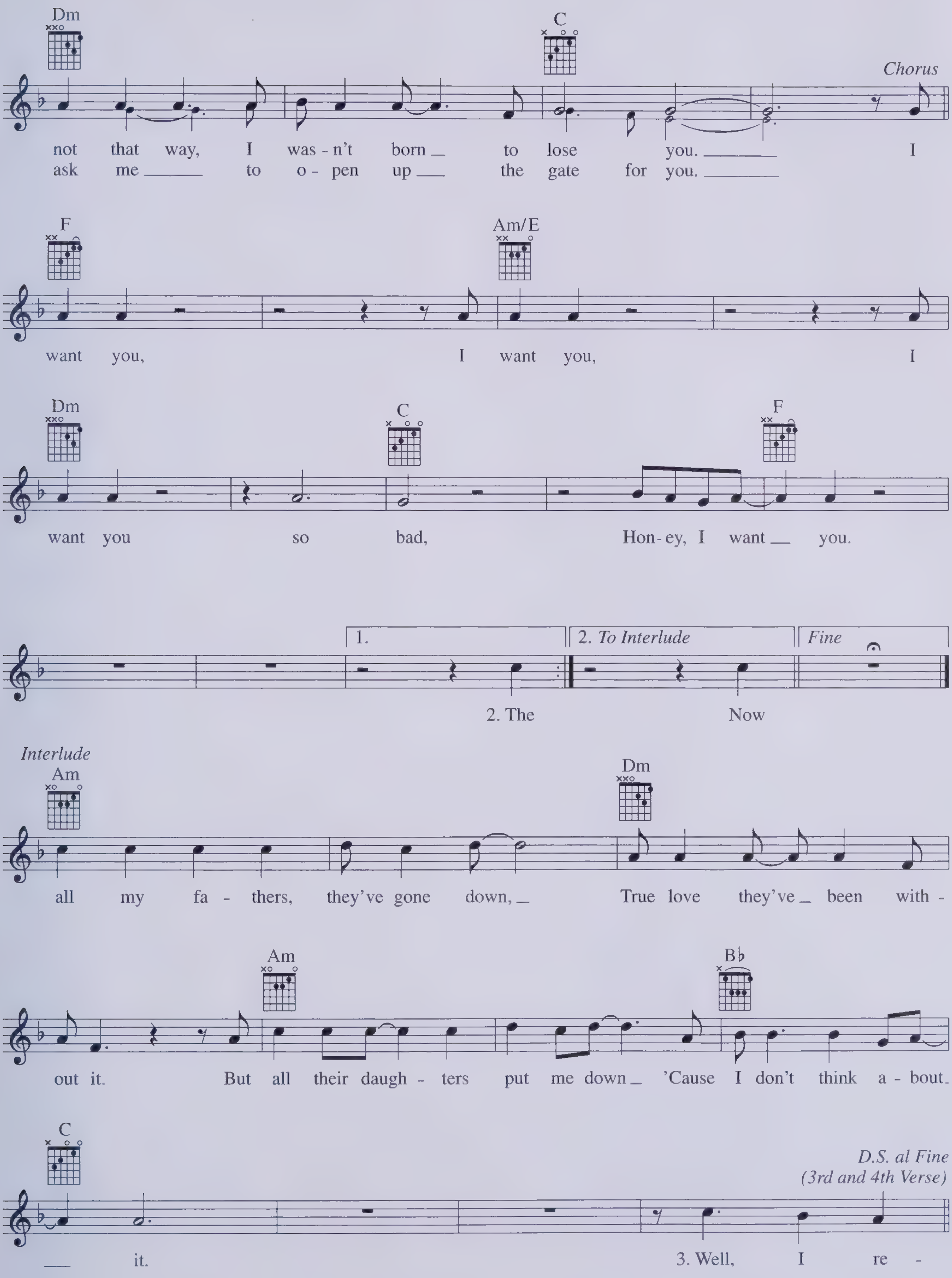

Dm
C
Chorus
not that way, I was - n't born _ to lose you. ________ I
ask me ______ to o - pen up ___ the gate for you. ________
F
Am/E
want you, I want you, I
Dm
C
F
want you so bad, Hon- ey, I want __ you.
1.
2. To Interlude
Fine
2. The
Now
Interlude
Am
Dm
all my fa - thers, they've gone down, _ True love they've _ been with -
Am
B♭
out it. But all their daugh - ters put me down _ 'Cause I don't think a - bout.
C
D.S. al Fine
(3rd and 4th Verse)
__ it. 3. Well, I re -

Additional lyrics

3. Well, I return to the Queen of Spades
   And talk with my chambermaid
   She knows that I'm not afraid to look at her
   She is good to me
   And there's nothing she doesn't see
   She knows where I'd like to be
   But it doesn't matter

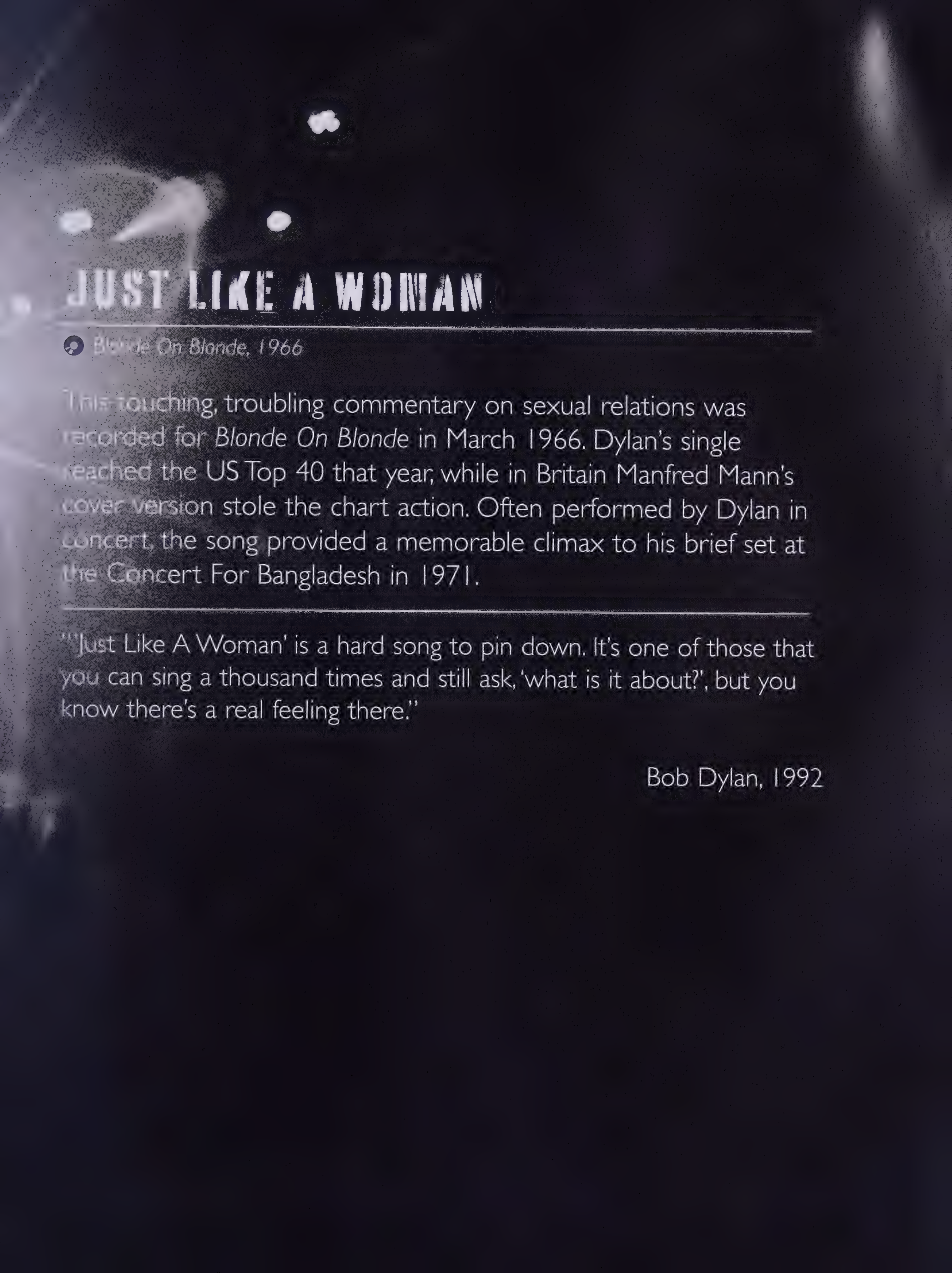
   I want you, I want you
   I want you so bad
   Honey, I want you

4. Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit
   He spoke to me, I took his flute
   No, I wasn't very cute to him was I?
   But I did it, though, because he lied
   Because he took you for a ride
   And because time was on his side
   And because I . . .

   I want you, I want you
   I want you so bad
   Honey, I want you

> "He brought poetry into pop music and really started the whole phenomenon of the artist as composer. A lot of his songs are very beautiful, they seem to get deeper as you get older."

Bryan Ferry



JUST LIKE A WOMAN

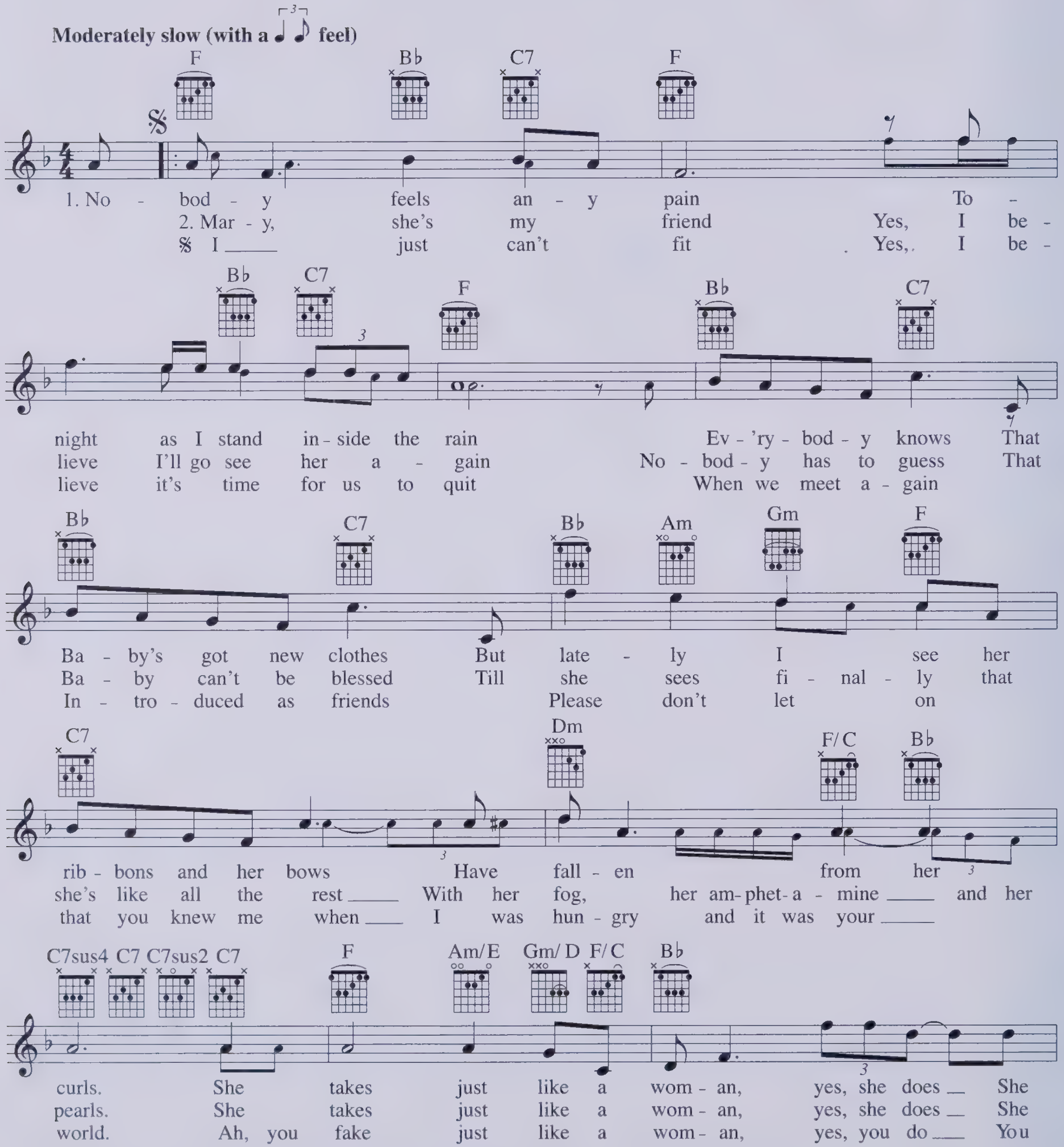
Blonde On Blonde, 1966

This touching, troubling commentary on sexual relations was recorded for *Blonde On Blonde* in March 1966. Dylan's single reached the US Top 40 that year, while in Britain Manfred Mann's cover version stole the chart action. Often performed by Dylan in concert, the song provided a memorable climax to his brief set at the Concert For Bangladesh in 1971.

"'Just Like A Woman' is a hard song to pin down. It's one of those that you can sing a thousand times and still ask, 'what is it about?', but you know there's a real feeling there."

Bob Dylan, 1992

JUST LIKE A WOMAN


Moderately slow (with a ♩♪ feel)
F Bb C7 F
1. No - bod - y feels an - y pain To -
2. Mar - y, she's my friend Yes, I be -
𝄋 I ___ just can't fit . Yes, I be -
Bb C7 F Bb C7
night as I stand in - side the rain Ev - 'ry - bod - y knows That
lieve I'll go see her a - gain No - bod - y has to guess That
lieve it's time for us to quit When we meet a - gain
Bb C7 Bb Am Gm F
Ba - by's got new clothes But late - ly I see her
Ba - by can't be blessed Till she sees fi - nal - ly that
In - tro - duced as friends Please don't let on
C7 Dm F/C Bb
rib - bons and her bows Have fall - en from her
she's like all the rest ___ With her fog, her am - phet - a - mine ___ and her
that you knew me when ___ I was hun - gry and it was your ___
C7sus4 C7 C7sus2 C7 F Am/E Gm/D F/C Bb
curls. She takes just like a wom - an, yes, she does ___ She
pearls. She takes just like a wom - an, yes, she does ___ She
world. Ah, you fake just like a wom - an, yes, you do ___ You

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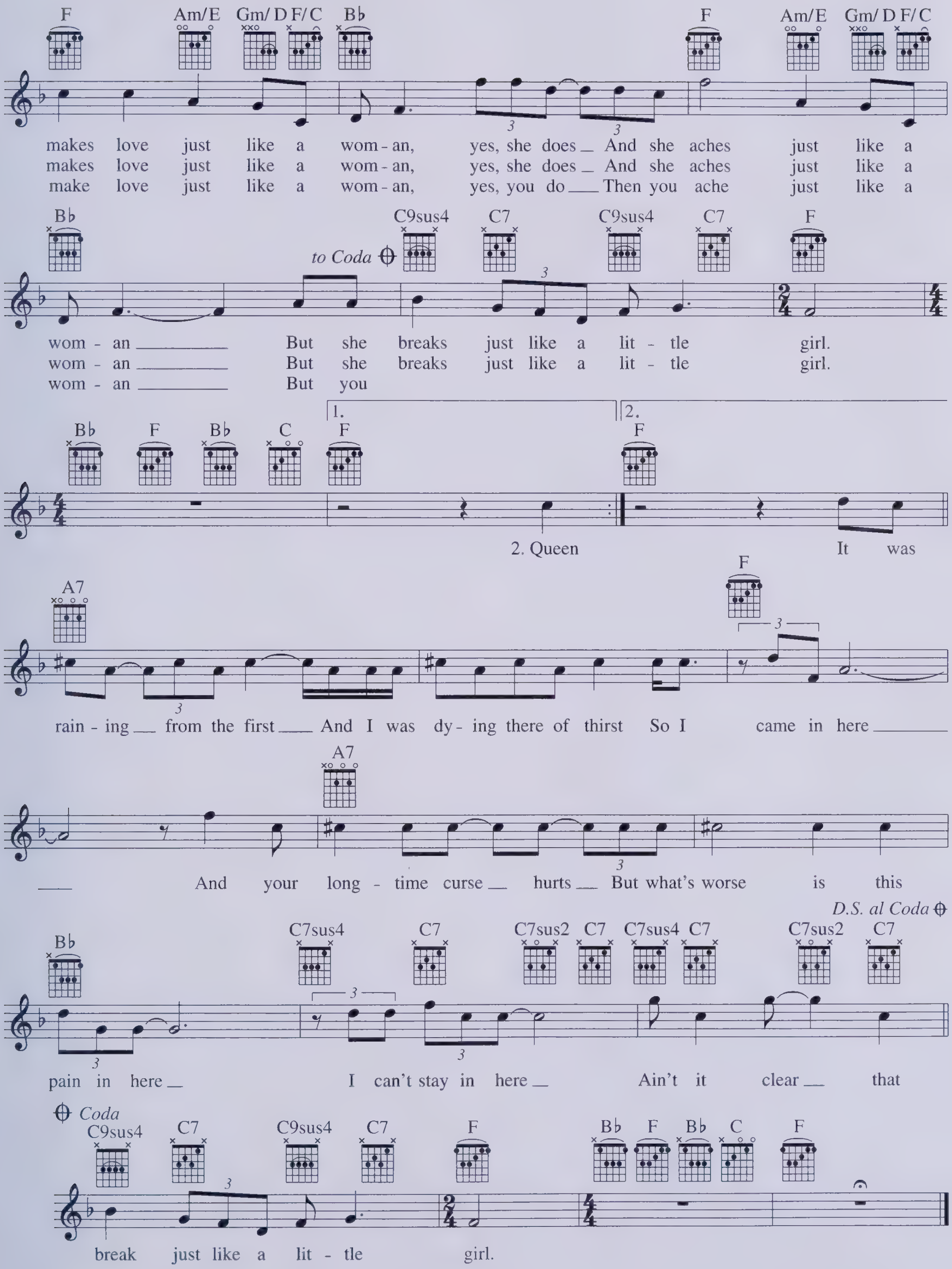

F Am/E Gm/D F/C B♭ F Am/E Gm/D F/C
makes love just like a wom-an, yes, she does And she aches just like a
makes love just like a wom-an, yes, she does And she aches just like a
make love just like a wom-an, yes, you do Then you ache just like a
B♭ to Coda C9sus4 C7 C9sus4 C7 F
wom-an But she breaks just like a lit-tle girl.
wom-an But she breaks just like a lit-tle girl.
wom-an But you
B♭ F B♭ C 1. F 2. F
2. Queen It was
A7 F
rain-ing from the first And I was dy-ing there of thirst So I came in here
A7
And your long-time curse hurts But what's worse is this
D.S. al Coda
B♭ C7sus4 C7 C7sus2 C7 C7sus4 C7 C7sus2 C7
pain in here I can't stay in here Ain't it clear that
Coda
C9sus4 C7 C9sus4 C7 F B♭ F B♭ C F
break just like a lit-tle girl.

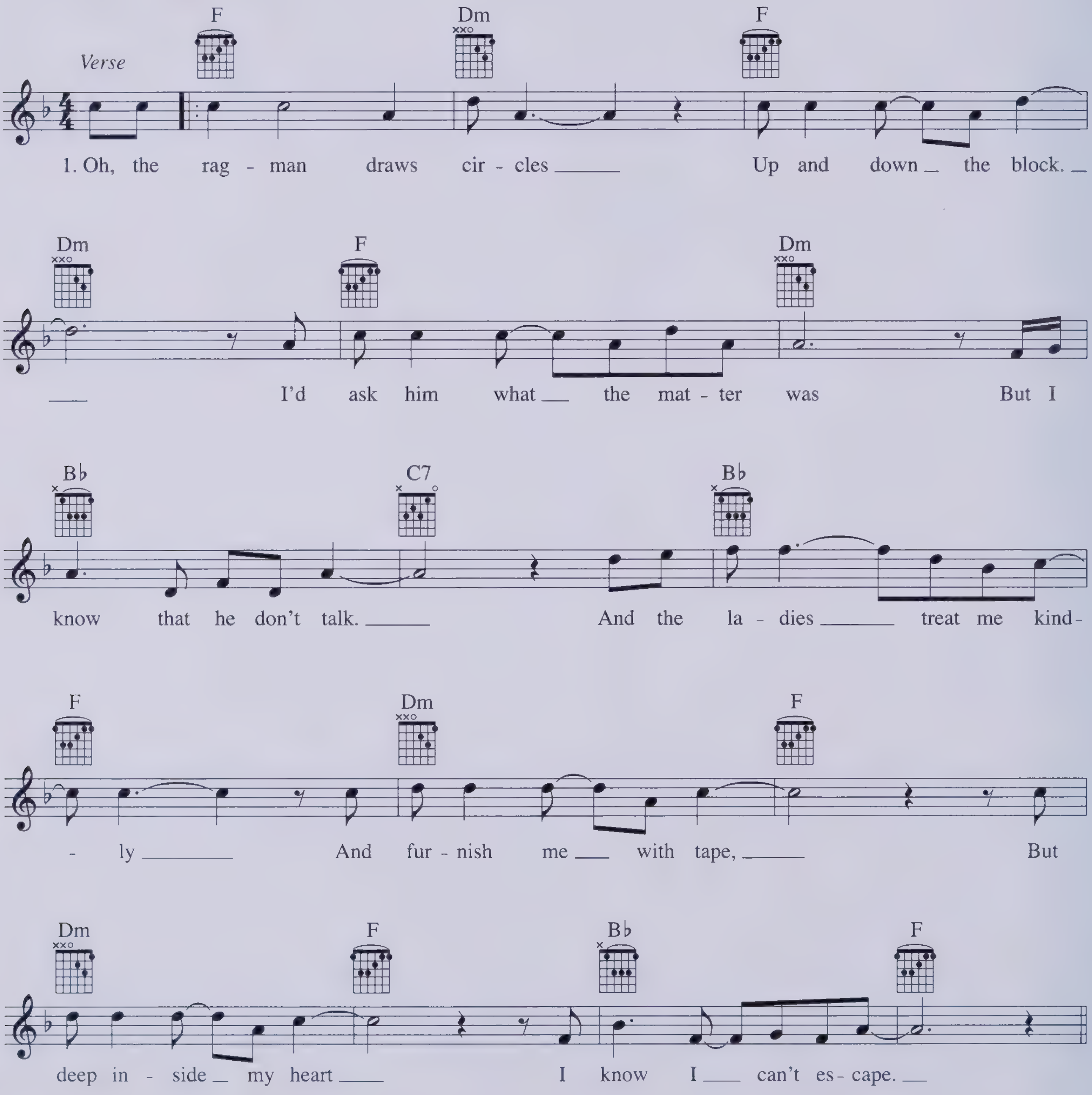
STUCK INSIDE OF MOBILE WITH THE MEMPHIS BLUES AGAIN

Blonde On Blonde, 1966

It may have taken almost 18 hours to perfect in the studio, but 'Stuck Inside Of Mobile' epitomised the "wild mercury sound" that Dylan proudly recalled as the trademark of his 1966 double album, *Blonde On Blonde*. Ten years later, Dylan performed the song publicly for the first time with the Rolling Thunder Revue, and a rendition from Fort Worth was included on his *Hard Rain* album.

STUCK INSIDE OF MOBILE WITH THE MEMPHIS BLUES AGAIN

Moderately, with a beat


Verse
F
Dm
F
1. Oh, the rag - man draws cir - cles Up and down the block.
Dm
F
Dm
I'd ask him what the mat - ter was But I
B♭
C7
B♭
know that he don't talk. And the la - dies treat me kind -
F
Dm
F
- ly And fur - nish me with tape, But
Dm
F
B♭
F
deep in - side my heart I know I can't es - cape.

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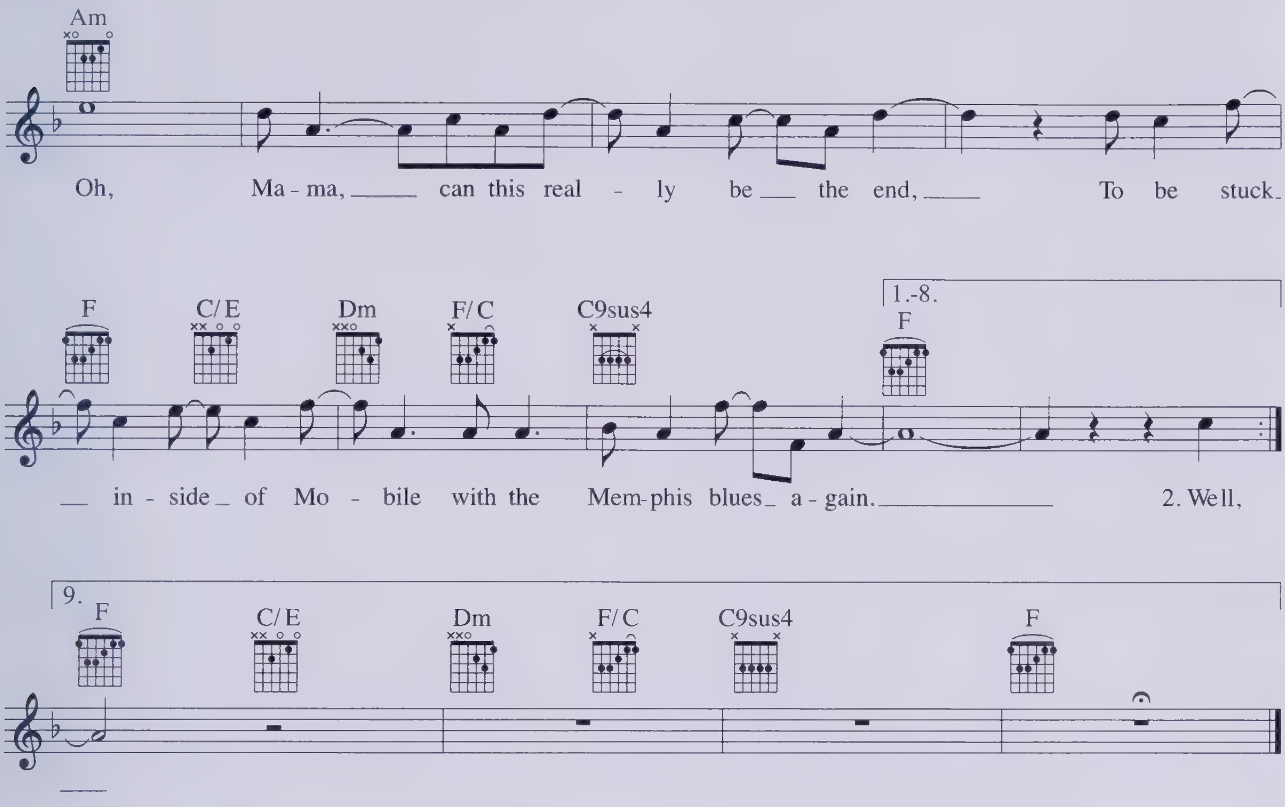
Chorus


Am
Oh, Ma - ma, ___ can this real - ly be ___ the end, ___ To be stuck
F C/E Dm F/C C9sus4
1.-8.
F
___ in - side _ of Mo - bile with the Mem-phis blues _ a - gain. ___
2. Well,
9.
F C/E Dm F/C C9sus4 F

Additional lyrics

2. Well, Shakespeare, he's in the alley
With his pointed shoes and his bells
Speaking to some French girl
Who says she knows me well
And I would send a message
To find out if she's talked
But the post office has been stolen
And the mailbox is locked

Chorus

3. Mona tried to tell me
To stay away from the train line
She said that all the railroad men
Just drink up your blood like wine
An' I said, "Oh, I didn't know that
But then again, there's only one I've met
An' he just smoked my eyelids
An' punched my cigarette"

Chorus

4. Grandpa died last week
And now he's buried in the rocks
But everybody still talks about
How badly they were shocked
But me, I expected it to happen
I knew he'd lost control
When he built a fire on Main Street
And shot it full of holes

Chorus

5. Now the senator came down here
Showing ev'ryone his gun
Handing out free tickets
To the wedding of his son
An' me, I nearly got busted
An' wouldn't it be my luck
To get caught without a ticket
And be discovered beneath a truck

Chorus

6. Now the preacher looked so baffled
When I asked him why he dressed
With twenty pounds of headlines
Stapled to his chest
But he cursed me when I proved it to him
Then I whispered, “Not even you can hide
You see, you’re just like me
I hope you’re satisfied”

Chorus

7. Now the rainman gave me two cures
Then he said, “Jump right in”
The one was Texas medicine
The other was just railroad gin
An’ like a fool I mixed them
An’ it strangled up my mind
An’ now people just get uglier
An’ I have no sense of time

Chorus

8. When Ruthie says come see her
In her honky-tonk lagoon
Where I can watch her waltz for free
’Neath her Panamanian moon
An’ I say, “Aw come on now
You must know about my debutante”
An’ she says, “Your debutante just knows what you need
But I know what you want”

Chorus

9. Now the bricks lay on Grand Street
Where the neon madmen climb
They all fall there so perfectly
It all seems so well timed
An’ here I sit so patiently
Waiting to find out what price
You have to pay to get out of
Going through all these things twice

Chorus

"That record's unbelievable. It's triumphant and defiant and thrilling from beginning to end. The drums, man. It's Kenny Buttrey. I actually get choked up sometimes listening to those snare fills. I can't believe how beautiful it is."

Frank Black, The Pixies

MOST LIKELY YOU GO YOUR WAY
(AND I'LL GO MINE)

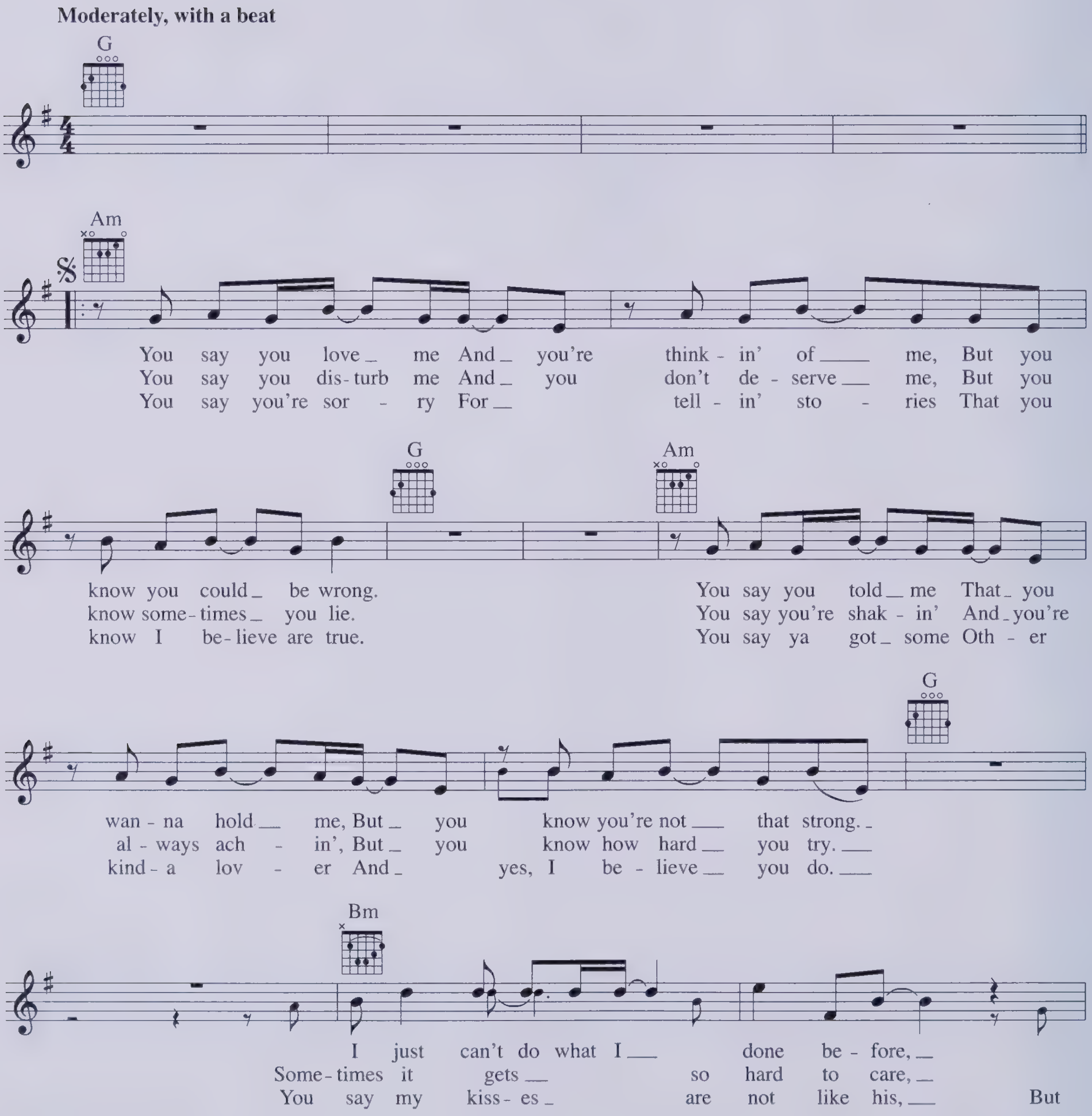
Blonde On Blonde, 1966

Like most of the *Blonde On Blonde* album, this song was recorded at Columbia's Nashville studios in the early weeks of 1966. Amongst the musicians who took part in the sessions were future rock stars Al Kooper and Joe South, alongside Robbie Robertson (soon to become the leader of The Band). At many of the shows on Dylan's 1974 US tour with The Band, he used this song both to open and close his sets.

"I was the janitor in the studio during the *Blonde On Blonde* sessions. I wouldn't have dared interrupt his creation, but I was captivated. To me, he was the measuring stick – the standard – by which everyone else was measured. Like Muhammad Ali!"

Kris Kristofferson

MOST LIKELY YOU GO YOUR WAY
(AND I'LL GO MINE)


Moderately, with a beat
G
Am
G
Am
G
Bm
You say you love _ me And _ you're think - in' of ___ me, But you know you could _ be wrong.
You say you dis - turb me And _ you don't de - serve ___ me, But you know some - times _ you lie.
You say you're sor - ry For _ tell - in' sto - ries That you know I be - lieve are true.
You say you told _ me That _ you wan - na hold ___ me, But _ you know you're not ___ that strong. _
You say you're shak - in' And _ you're al - ways ach - in', But _ you know how hard ___ you try. ___
You say ya got _ some Oth - er kind - a lov - er And _ yes, I be - lieve ___ you do. ___
I just can't do what I ___ done be - fore, _
Some - times it gets ___ so hard to care, _
You say my kiss - es _ are not like his, ___ But

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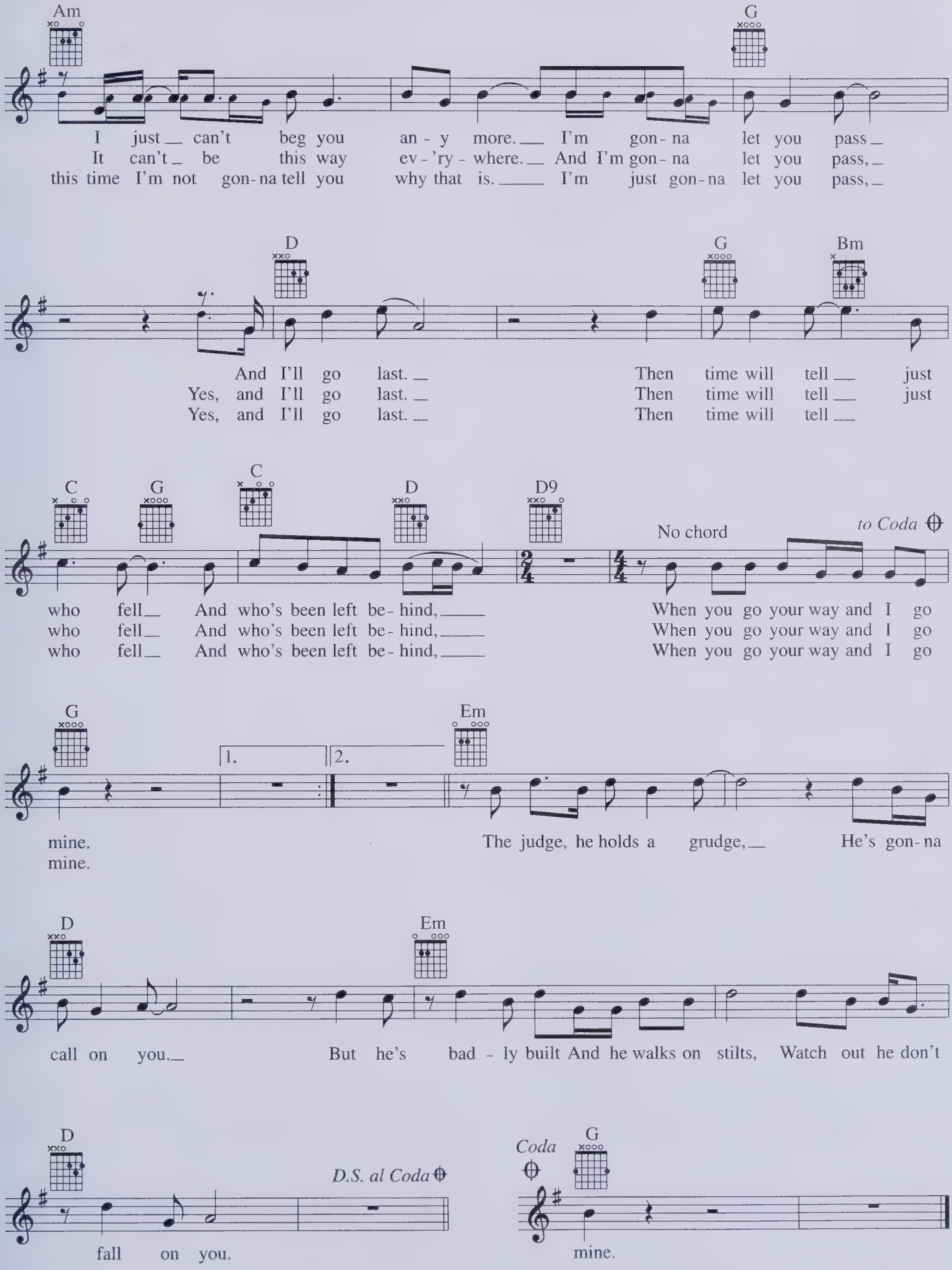
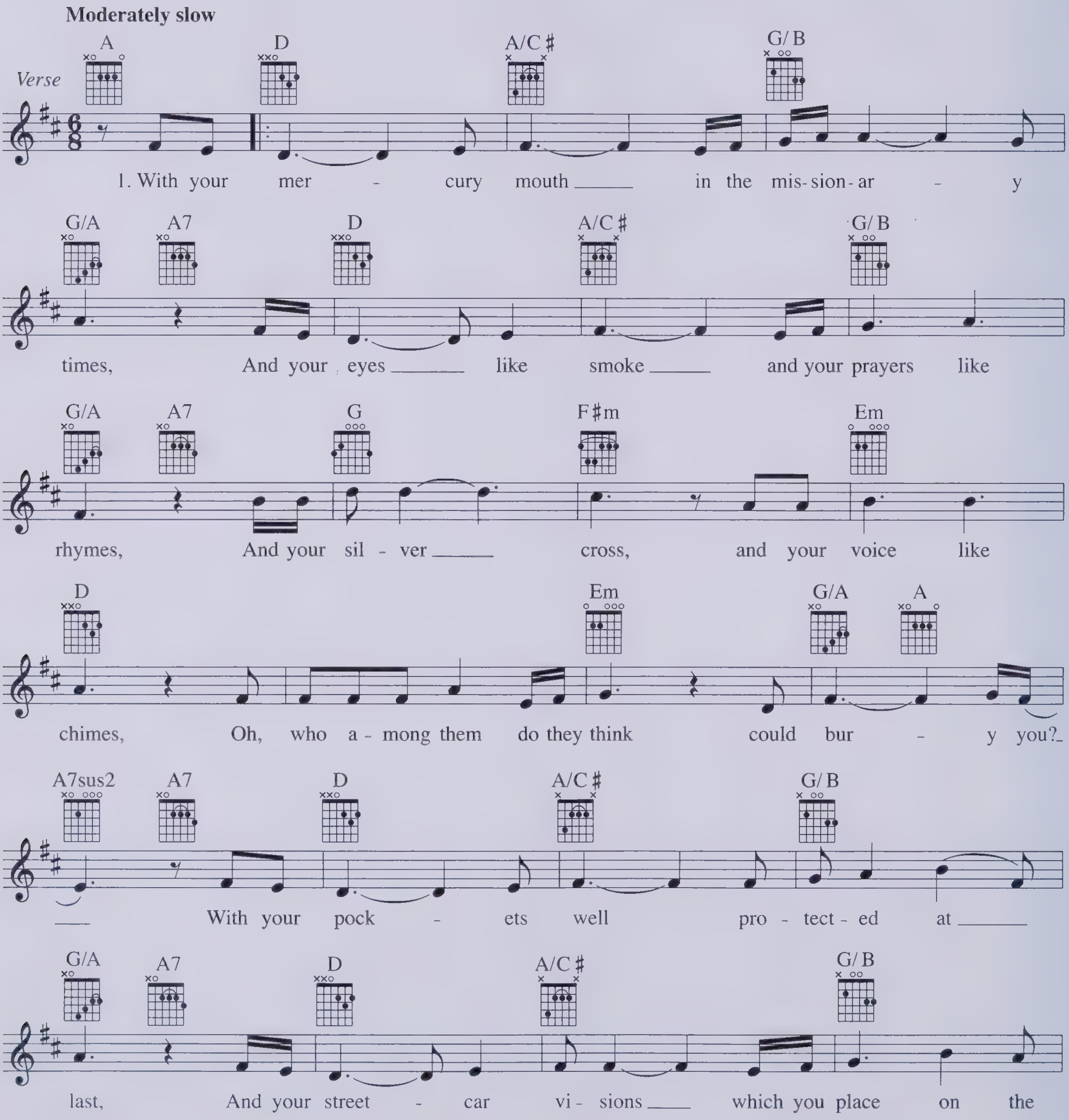

Am
G
I just can't beg you an-y more. I'm gon-na let you pass
It can't be this way ev-'ry-where. And I'm gon-na let you pass,
this time I'm not gon-na tell you why that is. I'm just gon-na let you pass,
D
G
Bm
And I'll go last. Then time will tell just
Yes, and I'll go last. Then time will tell just
Yes, and I'll go last. Then time will tell
C
G
C
D
D9
No chord
to Coda
who fell And who's been left be-hind, When you go your way and I go
who fell And who's been left be-hind, When you go your way and I go
who fell And who's been left be-hind, When you go your way and I go
G
1.
2.
Em
mine.
mine.
The judge, he holds a grudge, He's gon-na
D
Em
call on you. But he's bad-ly built And he walks on stilts, Watch out he don't
D
D.S. al Coda
fall on you.
Coda
G
mine.

SAD-EYED LADY OF THE LOWLANDS

Blonde On Blonde, 1966

The release of this song on *Blonde On Blonde* marked the first occasion in rock history that a single track had been allowed to fill an entire side of an album. It was written while the musicians were waiting in the studio for the session to begin, and as they began to record, none of them realised that the song was about to last for more than 12 minutes.

SAD-EYED LADY OF THE LOWLANDS


Moderately slow
Verse
A
D
A/C♯
G/B
1. With your mer - cury mouth in the mis-sion-ar - y
G/A
A7
D
A/C♯
G/B
times, And your eyes like smoke and your prayers like
G/A
A7
G
F♯m
Em
rhymes, And your sil - ver cross, and your voice like
D
Em
G/A
A
chimes, Oh, who a - mong them do they think could bur - y you?
A7sus2
A7
D
A/C♯
G/B
With your pock - ets well pro - tect - ed at
G/A
A7
D
A/C♯
G/B
last, And your street - car vi - sions which you place on the

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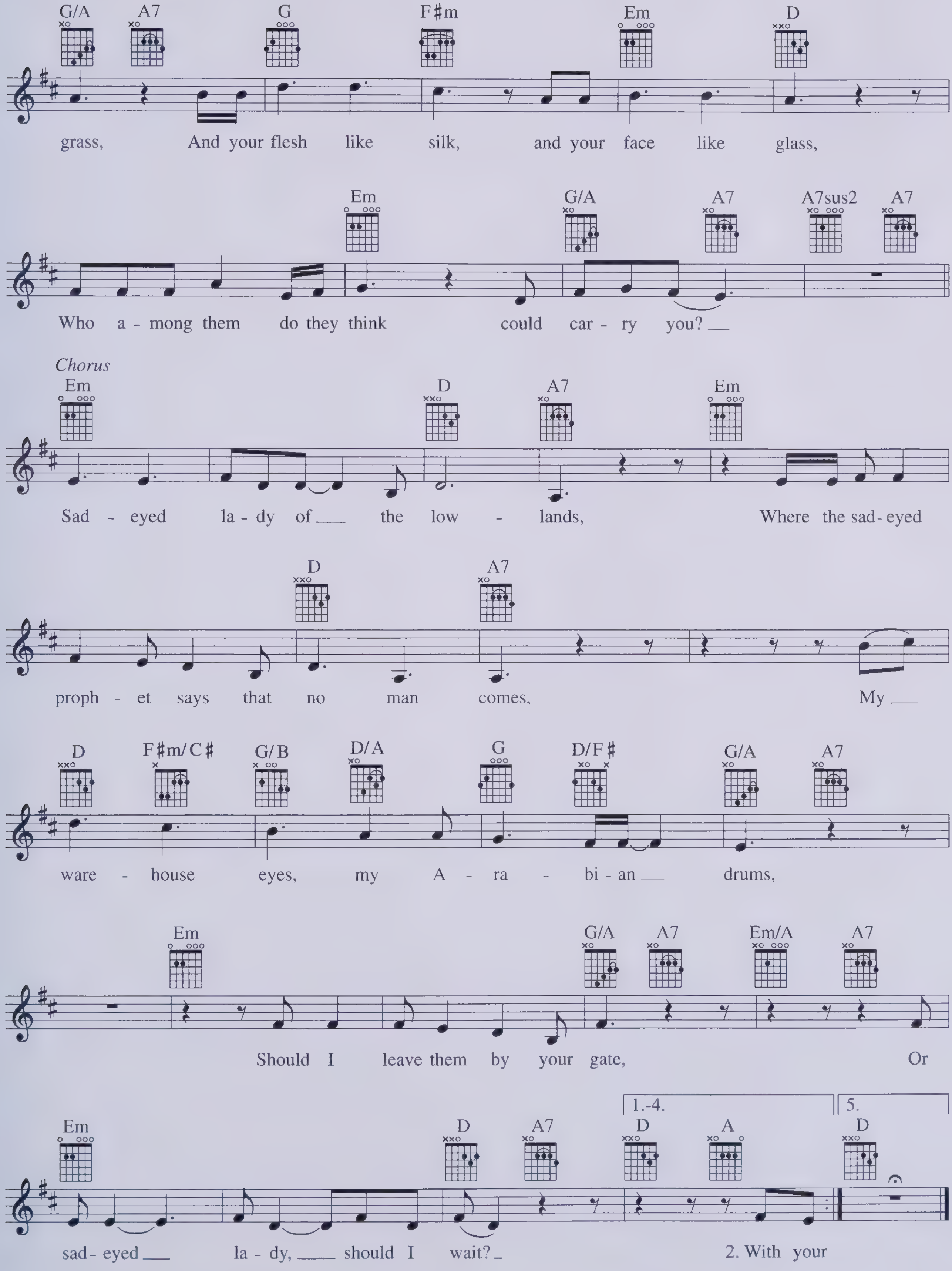

G/A A7 G F♯m Em D
grass, And your flesh like silk, and your face like glass,
Em G/A A7 A7sus2 A7
Who a - mong them do they think could car - ry you? __
Chorus
Em D A7 Em
Sad - eyed la - dy of __ the low - lands, Where the sad - eyed
D A7
proph - et says that no man comes, My __
D F♯m/C♯ G/B D/A G D/F♯ G/A A7
ware - house eyes, my A - ra - bi - an __ drums,
Em G/A A7 Em/A A7
Should I leave them by your gate, Or
1.-4. 5.
Em D A7 D A D
sad - eyed __ la - dy, __ should I wait? _ 2. With your

Additional lyrics

2. With your sheets like metal and your belt like lace
And your deck of cards missing the jack and the ace
And your basement clothes and your hollow face
Who among them can think he could outguess you?
With your silhouette when the sunlight dims
Into your eyes where the moonlight swims
And your matchbook songs and your gypsy hymns
Who among them would try to impress you?

Chorus

3. The kings of Tyrus with their convict list
Are waiting in line for their geranium kiss
And you wouldn't know it would happen like this
But who among them really wants just to kiss you?
With your childhood flames on your midnight rug
And your Spanish manners and your mother's drugs
And your cowboy mouth and your curfew plugs
Who among them do you think could resist you?

Chorus

4. Oh, the farmers and the businessmen, they all did decide
To show you the dead angels that they used to hide
But why did they pick you to sympathize with their side?
Oh, how could they ever mistake you?
They wished you'd accepted the blame for the farm
But with the sea at your feet and the phony false alarm
And with the child of a hoodlum wrapped up in your arms
How could they ever, ever persuade you?

Chorus

5. With your sheet-metal memory of Cannery Row
And your magazine-husband who one day just had to go
And your gentleness now, which you just can't help but show
Who among them do you think would employ you?
Now you stand with your thief, you're on his parole
With your holy medallion which your fingertips fold
And your saintlike face and your ghostlike soul
Oh, who among them do you think could destroy you

Chorus

"It was a first take. Not knowing how long this thing was going to be, we were preparing ourselves for a basic two-to-three-minute record. After about ten minutes of this thing, we were cracking up at each other. I mean, we peaked five minutes ago! Where do we go from here?"

Kenny Buttrey, drummer on *Blonde On Blonde*

I SHALL BE RELEASED

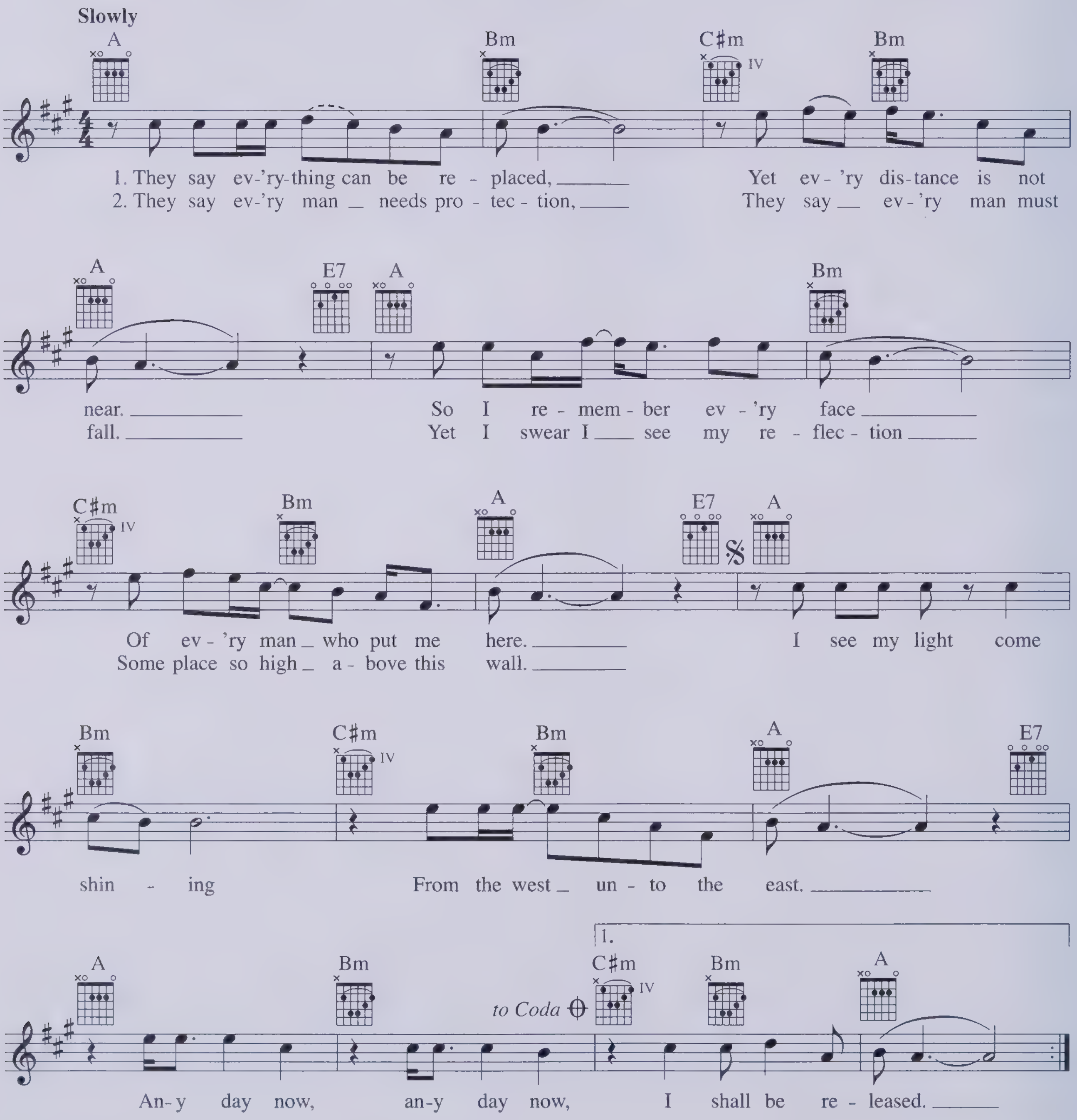
Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits, Vol. 2, 1971

When the so-called 'Basement Tapes' began to circulate amongst musicians and fans in the late 1960s, 'I Shall Be Released' registered as an instant Dylan standard. It was covered by his former backing group, The Band, on their *Music From Big Pink* album. Dylan re-recorded the song in 1971 for his *More Greatest Hits* album, and has performed it in a dazzling variety of arrangements ever since. 'I Shall Be Released' has also acted as a closing anthem for many all-star benefits down the years.

"He was writing shorter lines, with every line meaning something. Each line had to advance the story, bring the song forward... There was to be no wasted language, no wasted breath... And from that came some of the stuff that he did with The Band, like 'I Shall Be Released'."

Allen Ginsberg

I SHALL BE RELEASED


Slowly
A
Bm
C♯m
IV
Bm
1. They say ev-'ry-thing can be re - placed,
Yet ev - 'ry dis-tance is not
2. They say ev-'ry man needs pro - tec - tion,
They say ev - 'ry man must
A
E7
A
Bm
near.
So I re - mem - ber ev - 'ry face
fall.
Yet I swear I see my re - flec - tion
C♯m
IV
Bm
A
E7
A
Of ev - 'ry man who put me here.
I see my light come
Some place so high a - bove this wall.
Bm
C♯m
IV
Bm
A
E7
shin - ing
From the west un - to the east.
A
Bm
to Coda
1.
C♯m
IV
Bm
A
An-y day now,
an-y day now,
I shall be re - leased.

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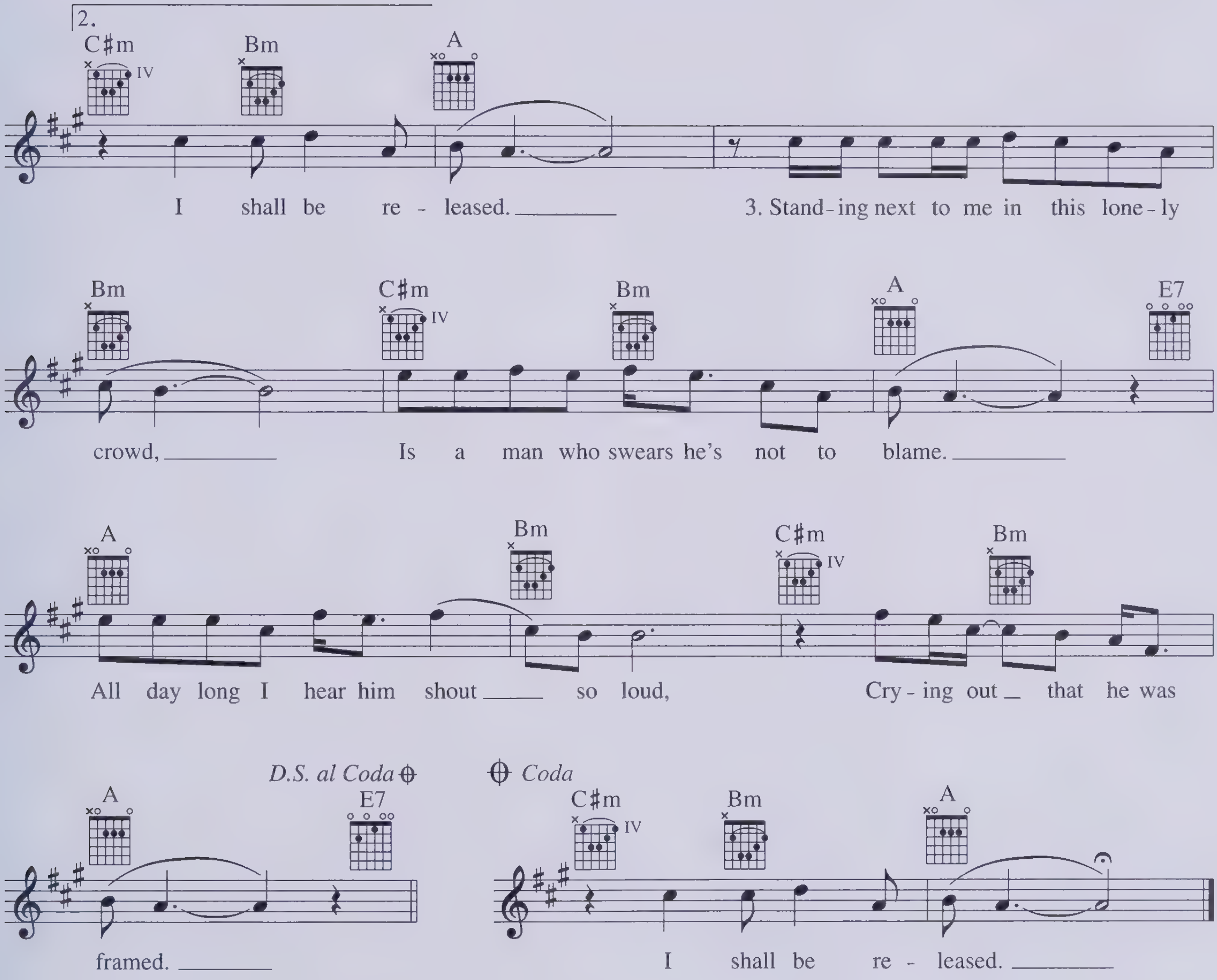

2.
C♯m
IV
Bm
A
I shall be re - leased.
3. Stand - ing next to me in this lone - ly
Bm
C♯m
IV
Bm
A
E7
crowd,
Is a man who swears he's not to blame.
A
Bm
C♯m
IV
Bm
All day long I hear him shout so loud,
Cry - ing out that he was
D.S. al Coda
A
E7
framed.
Coda
C♯m
IV
Bm
A
I shall be re - leased.

QUINN THE ESKIMO (THE MIGHTY QUINN)

Self Portrait, 1970

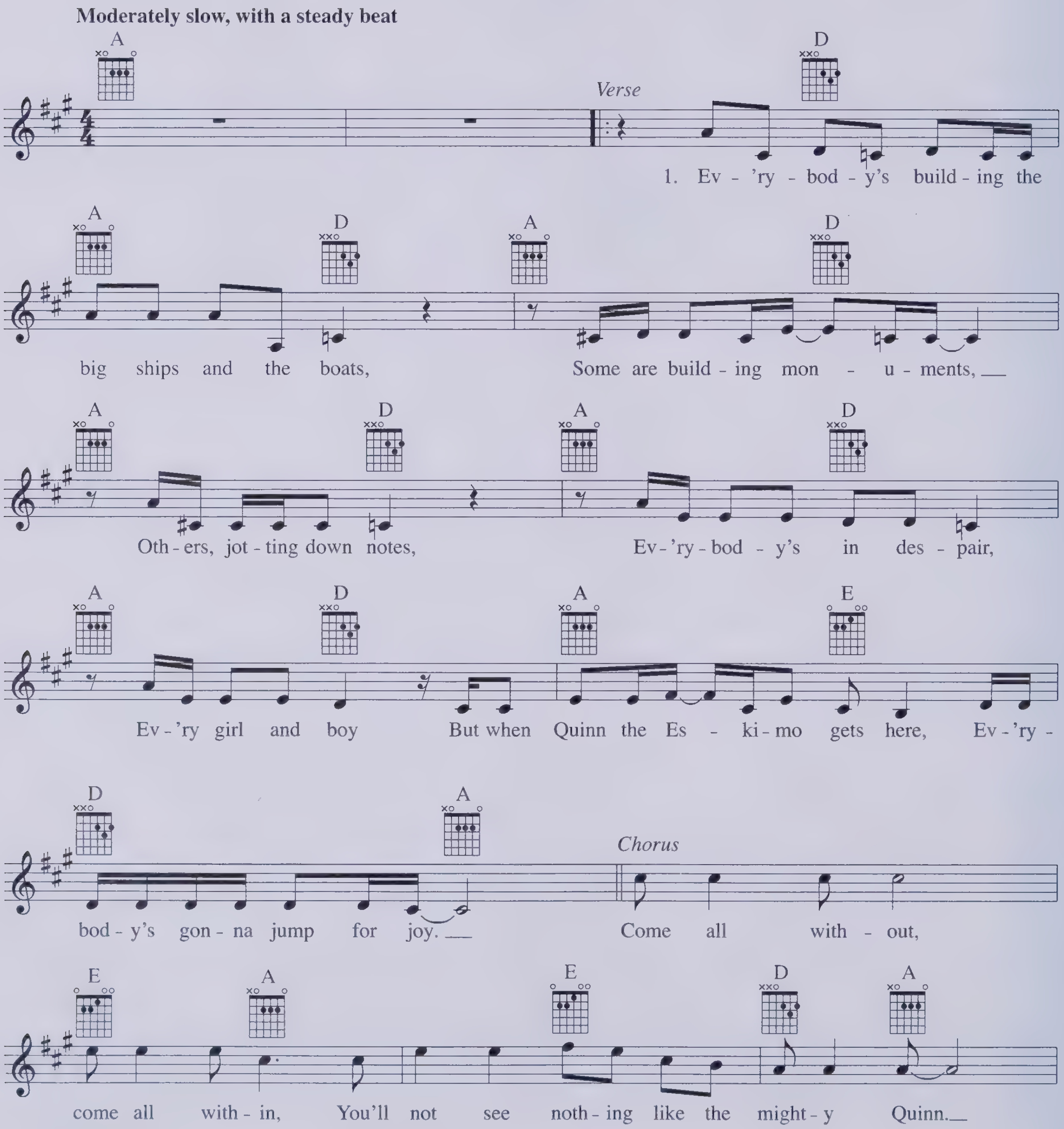
The British pop group Manfred Mann first brought this song to public attention, when their cover version (titled 'The Mighty Quinn') topped the UK charts in early 1968. They had been sent a tape of Bob Dylan's original 'Basement Tapes' recording, made with the future members of The Band the previous year. In 1969, Dylan and The Band played 'Quinn The Eskimo' at the Isle of Wight festival, and this performance was included on Dylan's 1970 release *Self Portrait*.

"I think Dylan really loved the stuff we did, and in the 60s he said he preferred our versions to anyone else's. That's because we treated them with a lack of respect and changed things around, rather than just copying him."

Manfred Mann

QUINN THE ESKIMO

(THE MIGHTY QUINN)


Moderately slow, with a steady beat
A
D
Verse
1. Ev - 'ry - bod - y's build - ing the
big ships and the boats,
Some are build - ing mon - u - ments,
Oth - ers, jot - ting down notes,
Ev - 'ry - bod - y's in des - pair,
Ev - 'ry girl and boy
But when Quinn the Es - ki - mo gets here,
E
Ev - 'ry - bod - y's gon - na jump for joy.
Chorus
Come all with - out,
come all with - in,
You'll not see noth - ing like the might - y Quinn.

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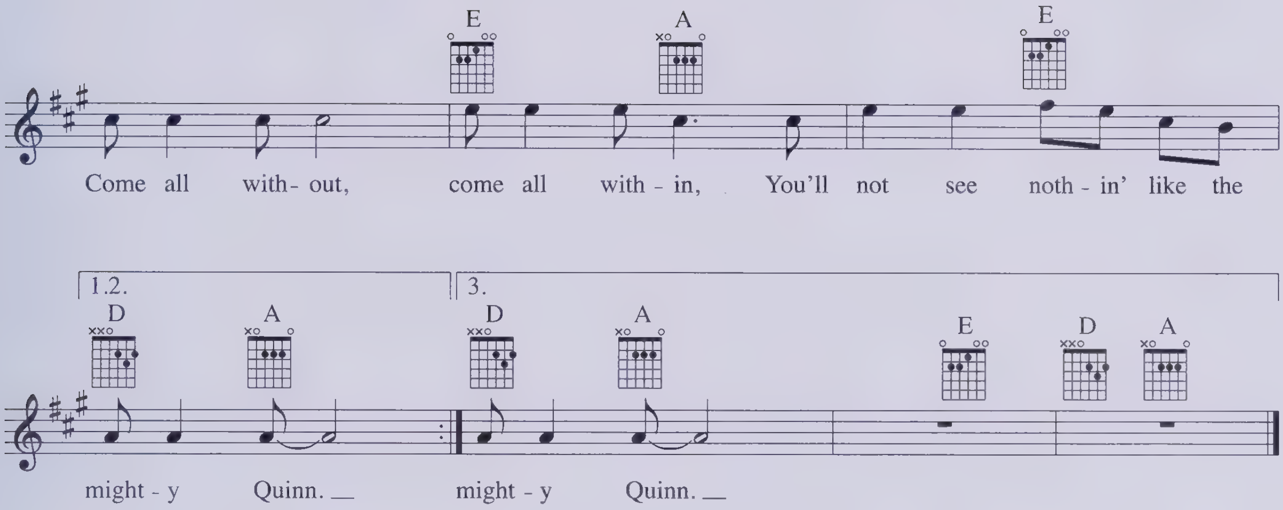

E
A
E
Come all with- out, come all with - in, You'll not see noth - in' like the
1.2.
3.
D
A
D
A
E
D
A
might - y Quinn. __ might - y Quinn. __

Additional lyrics

2. I like to do just like the rest, I like my sugar sweet
But guarding fumes and making haste
It ain't my cup of meat
Ev'rybody's 'neath the trees
Feeding pigeons on a limb
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here
All the pigeons gonna run to him
Come all without, come all within
You'll not see nothing like the mighty Quinn

3. A cat's meow and a cow's moo, I can recite 'em all
Just tell me where it hurts yuh, honey
And I'll tell you who to call
Nobody can get no sleep
There's someone on ev'ryone's toes
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here
Ev'rybody's gonna wanna doze
Come all without, come all within
You'll not see nothing like the mighty Quinn

HALT
TICKET OFFICE
AUST FERR
TICKET OFFICE
540 CYN

YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE

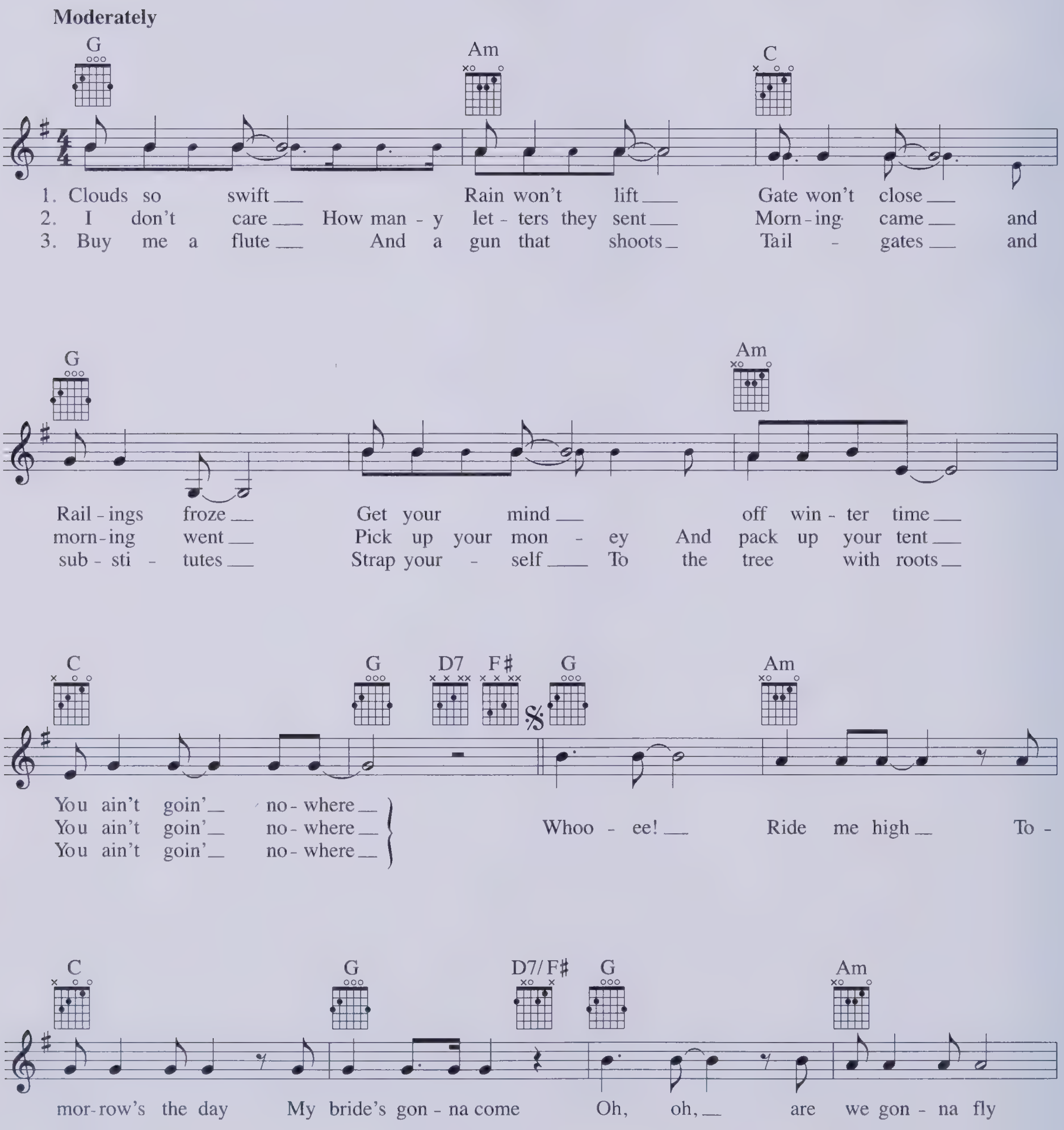
Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits, Vol. 2, 1971

One of the legendary 'Basement Tapes' songs, 'You Ain't Goin' Nowhere' was committed to tape with two very different sets of lyrics. The more conventional of them was covered by The Byrds in 1968, ensuring that the song became a country-rock standard. Dylan returned to the song in 1971, for his *More Greatest Hits* album, but didn't debut it on the road until 1997.

"We were one of the first people to hear his basement tape. That song just jumped out at us. It seemed to fit in perfectly with what we wanted to do when we were cutting that country album *Sweetheart Of The Rodeo* down in Nashville."

Chris Hillman, The Byrds

YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE


Moderately
G
Am
C
1. Clouds so swift ___ Rain won't lift ___ Gate won't close ___
2. I don't care ___ How man - y let - ters they sent ___ Morn - ing came ___ and
3. Buy me a flute ___ And a gun that shoots ___ Tail - gates ___ and
G
Am
Rail - ings froze ___ Get your mind ___ off win - ter time ___
morn - ing went ___ Pick up your mon - ey And pack up your tent ___
sub - sti - tutes ___ Strap your - self ___ To the tree with roots ___
C
G
D7
F♯
G
Am
You ain't goin' ___ no - where ___
You ain't goin' ___ no - where ___
You ain't goin' ___ no - where ___
Whoo - ee! ___ Ride me high ___ To -
C
G
D7/F♯
G
Am
mor - row's the day My bride's gon - na come Oh, oh, ___ are we gon - na fly

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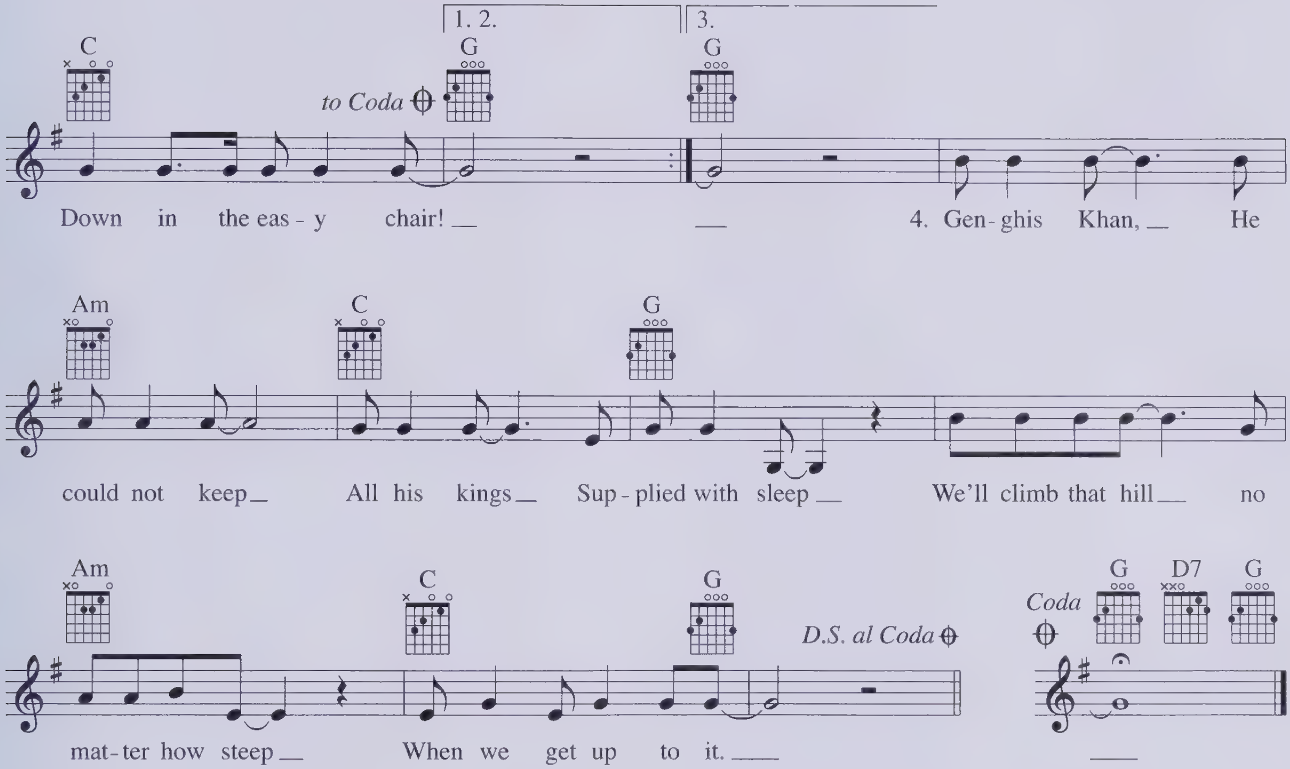

1. 2.
3.
C
to Coda
G
G
Down in the eas - y chair!
4. Gen-ghis Khan, He
Am
C
G
could not keep
All his kings
Sup - plied with sleep
We'll climb that hill no
Am
C
G
D.S. al Coda
Coda
G
D7
G
mat-ter how steep
When we get up to it.

THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE

● *The Basement Tapes*, 1975

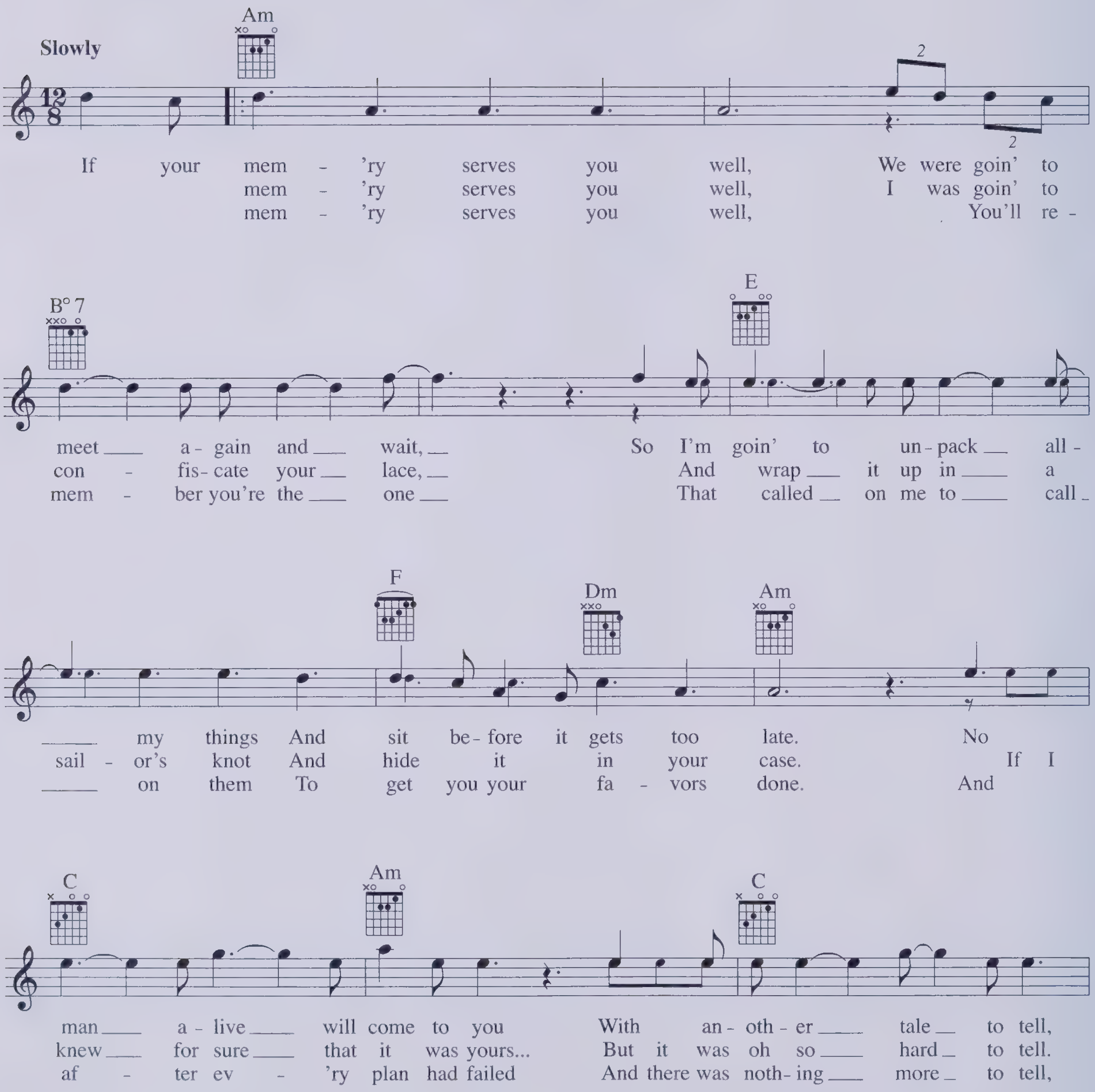
Written in collaboration with Rick Danko during the so-called 'basement tape' sessions of 1967, this song first reached the public via Julie Driscoll's hit cover version the following year. That was followed swiftly by Danko's own rendition with The Band on their debut LP, *Music From Big Pink*. Dylan's own interpretation was only released in 1975, and he didn't perform the song in concert until 1996. Driscoll and Ade Edmondson re-recorded a version of the song as the theme to the BBC sitcom *Absolutely Fabulous*, first aired in 1992.

"I was teaching myself to play piano. Some music I had written on the piano the day before just seemed to fit with Dylan's lyrics. Then Dylan and I wrote the chorus together."

Rick Danko

THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE

With Rick Danko


Slowly
Am
If your mem - 'ry serves you well, We were goin' to
mem - 'ry serves you well, I was goin' to
mem - 'ry serves you well, You'll re -
B° 7
E
meet a - gain and wait, So I'm goin' to un - pack all -
con - fis - cate your lace, And wrap it up in a
mem - ber you're the one That called on me to call
F
Dm
Am
my things And sit be - fore it gets too late. No
sail - or's knot And hide it in your case. If I
on them To get you your fa - vors done. And
C
Am
C
man a - live will come to you With an - oth - er tale to tell,
knew for sure that it was yours... But it was oh so hard to tell.
af - ter ev - 'ry plan had failed And there was noth - ing more to tell,

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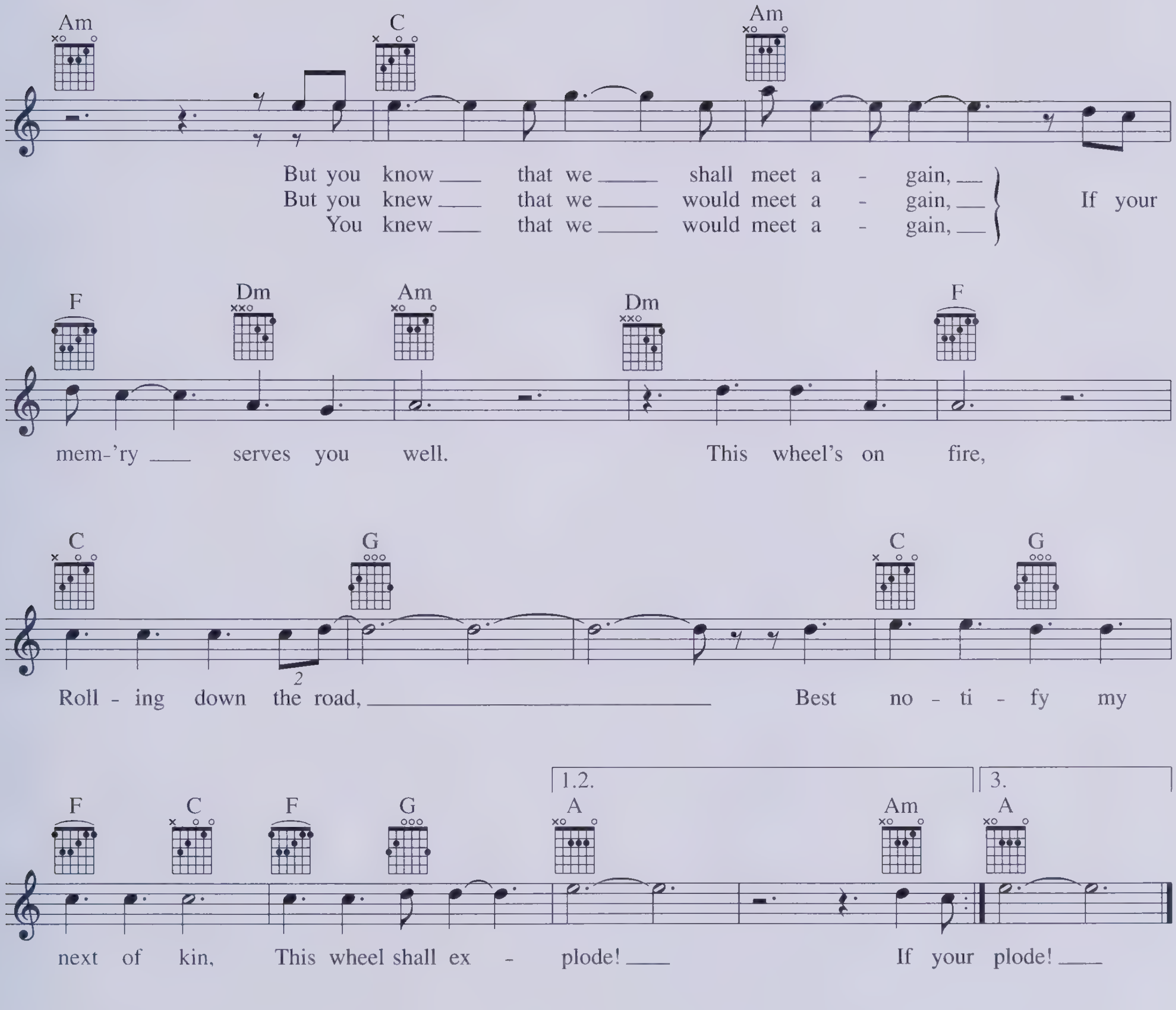

Am
C
Am
But you know that we shall meet a - gain,
But you knew that we would meet a - gain,
You knew that we would meet a - gain,
If your
F
Dm
Am
Dm
F
mem-'ry serves you well.
This wheel's on fire,
C
G
C
G
2
Roll - ing down the road,
Best no - ti - fy my
1.2.
3.
F
C
F
G
A
Am
A
next of kin, This wheel shall ex - plode!
If your plode!

TEARS OF RAGE

The Basement Tapes, 1975

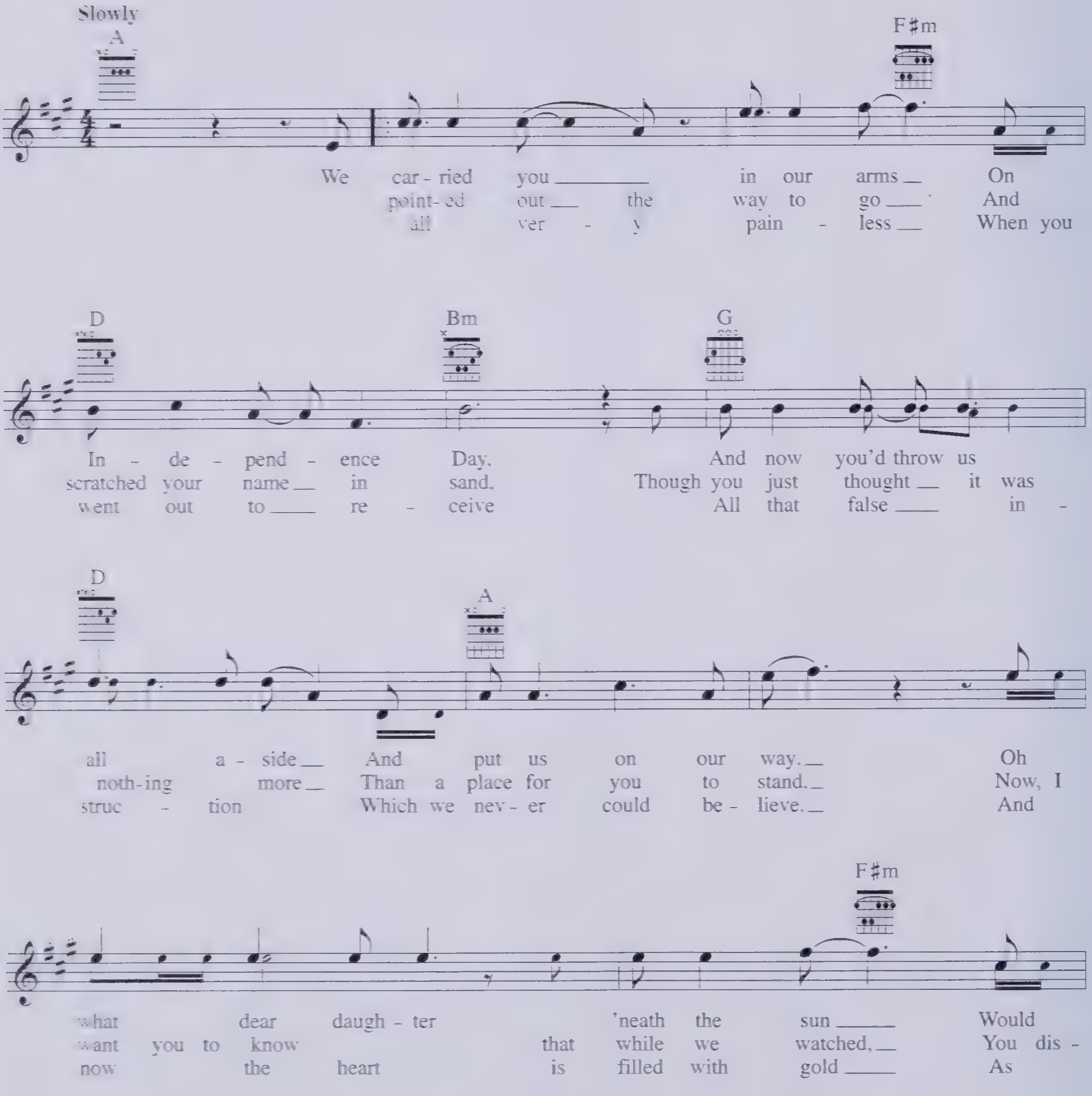
The second major composition co-written with a member of The Band during the 'basement tapes' era, 'Tears Of Rage' provided a memorable opening cut for their 1968 album, *Music From Big Pink*. Appropriately enough, Richard Manuel was the vocalist on that track, as he had written the melody for the song. Dylan's long awaited live premiere of the song finally occurred in 1989.

"Bob came down to the basement with a piece of type-written paper, and said, 'Have you got any music for this?'. I had a couple of musical movements that seemed to fit, so I just elaborated a little bit, because I wasn't sure what the lyrics meant. I couldn't run upstairs and say, 'What's this mean, Bob? "Now the heart is filled with gold as if it was a purse"?'"

Richard Manuel

TEARS OF RAGE

With Richard Manuel


Slowly
A
F♯m
We car - ried you in our arms On
point- ed out the way to go And
all ver - y pain - less When you
D
Bm
G
In - de - pend - ence Day. And now you'd throw us
scratched your name in sand, Though you just thought it was
went out to re - ceive All that false in -
D
A
all a - side And put us on our way. Oh
noth-ing more Than a place for you to stand. Now, I
struc - tion Which we nev - er could be - lieve. And
F♯m
what dear daugh - ter 'neath the sun Would
want you to know that while we watched, You dis -
now the heart is filled with gold As

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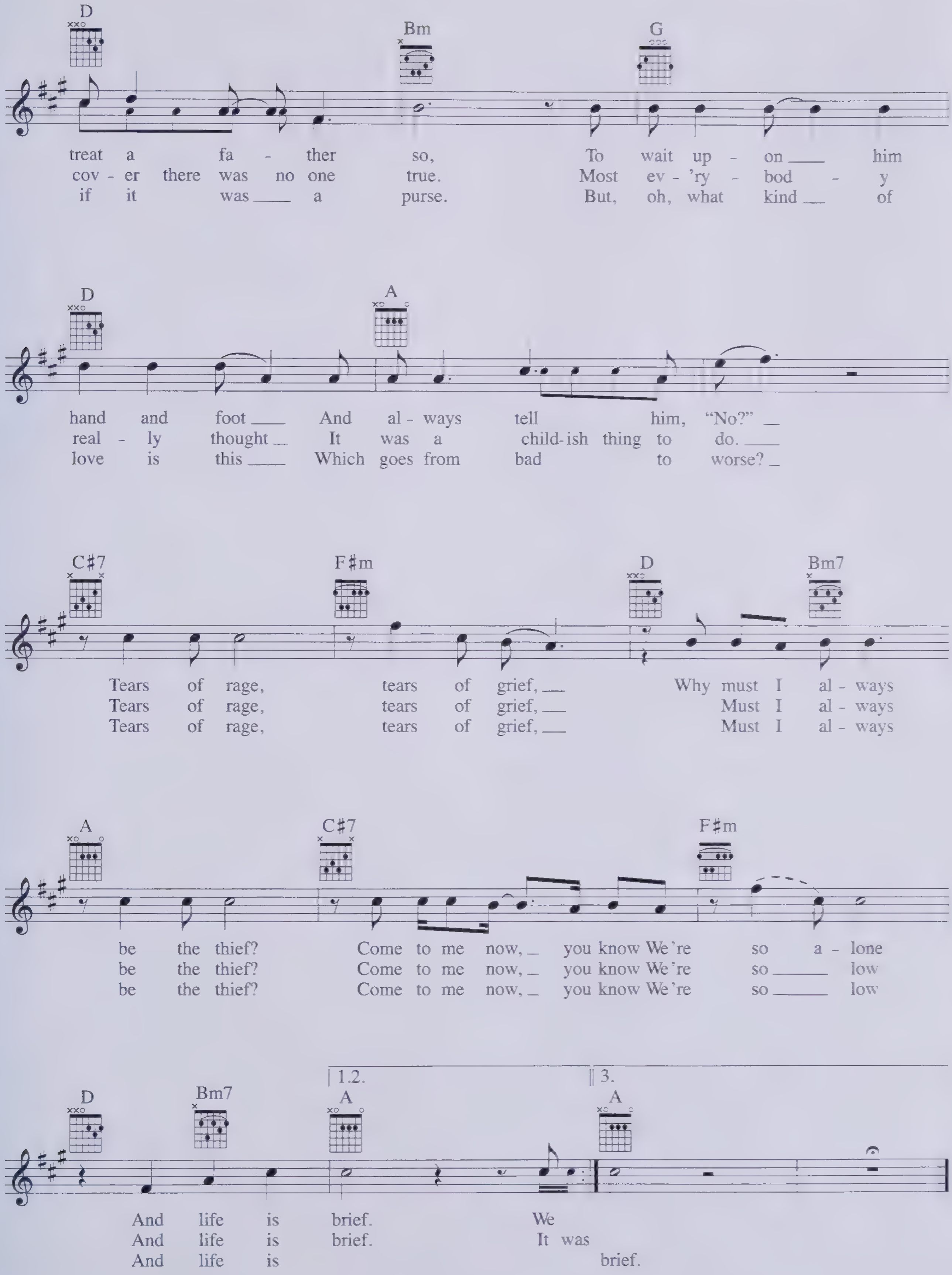

D
Bm
G
treat a fa - ther so, To wait up - on him
cov - er there was no one true. Most ev - 'ry - bod - y
if it was a purse. But, oh, what kind of
D
A
hand and foot And al - ways tell him, "No?"
real - ly thought It was a child-ish thing to do.
love is this Which goes from bad to worse?
C♯7
F♯m
D
Bm7
Tears of rage, tears of grief, Why must I al - ways
Tears of rage, tears of grief, Must I al - ways
Tears of rage, tears of grief, Must I al - ways
A
C♯7
F♯m
be the thief? Come to me now, you know We're so a - lone
be the thief? Come to me now, you know We're so low
be the thief? Come to me now, you know We're so low
D
Bm7
1.2.
A
3.
A
And life is brief. We
And life is brief. It was
And life is brief.

I DREAMED I SAW ST. AUGUSTINE

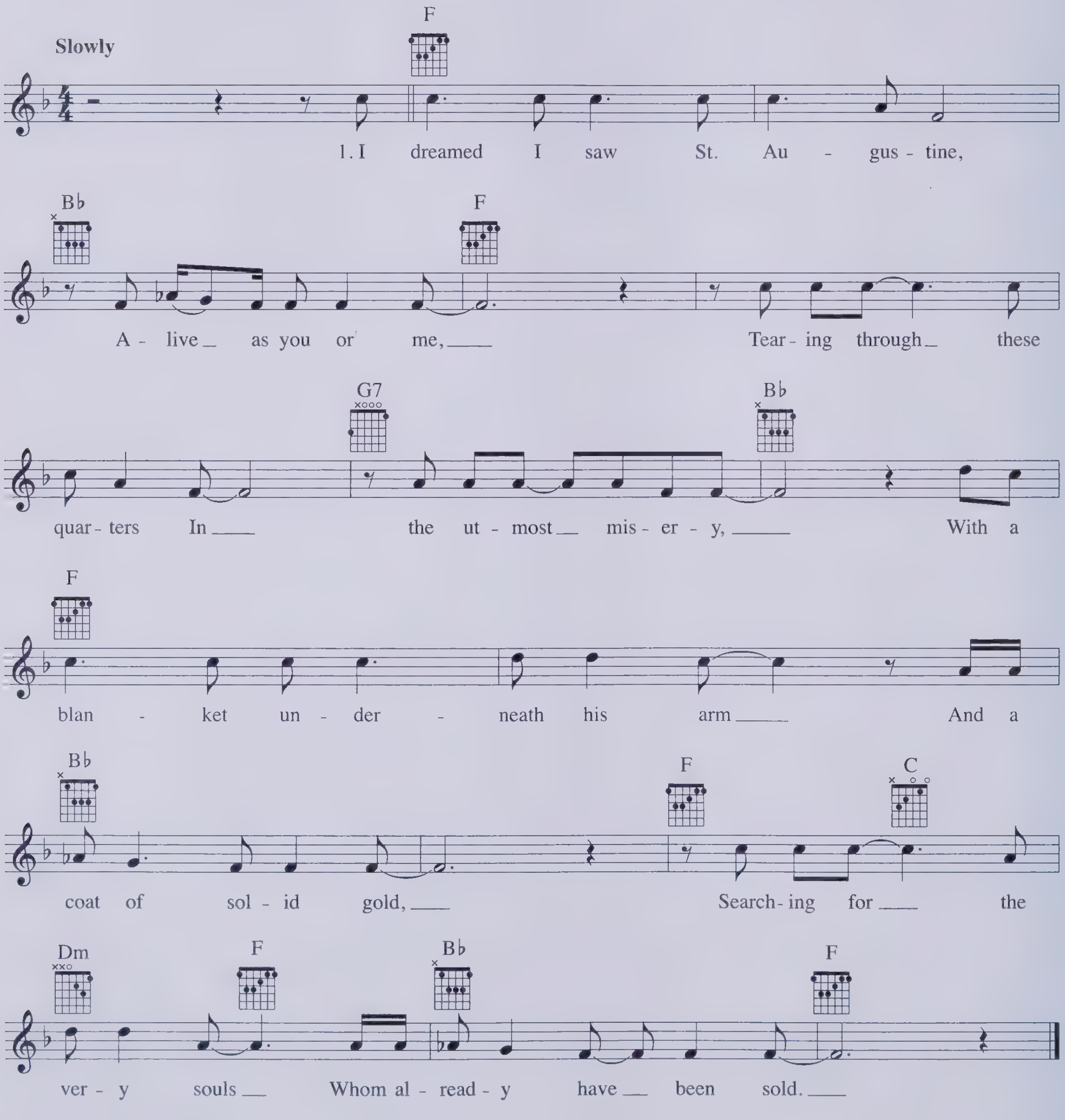
● *John Wesley Harding*, 1967

With sparse accompaniment from bassist Charlie McCoy and drummer Kenny Buttrey, Dylan recorded this enigmatic song for the *John Wesley Harding* album in October 1967. He performed it with The Band at the 1969 Isle of Wight festival, shortly after his old friend Joan Baez included it on her album of Dylan covers, *Any Day Now*.

"*John Wesley Harding* was a fearful album – just dealing with fear, dealing with the devil in a fearful way, almost. All I wanted to do was to get the words right. It was courageous to do it."

Bob Dylan, 1978

I DREAMED I SAW ST. AUGUSTINE


Slowly
F
1. I dreamed I saw St. Au - gus - tine,
B♭
F
A - live _ as you or me, ____
Tear - ing through _ these
G7
B♭
quar - ters In ____ the ut - most _ mis - er - y, _____ With a
F
blan - ket un - der - neath his arm _____ And a
B♭
F
C
coat of sol - id gold, ____ Search - ing for ____ the
Dm
F
B♭
F
ver - y souls __ Whom al - read - y have __ been sold. ____

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Additional lyrics

2. "Arise, arise," he cried so loud
In a voice without restraint
"Come out, ye gifted kings and queens
And hear my sad complaint
No martyr is among ye now
Whom you can call your own
So go on your way accordingly
But know you're not alone"

3. I dreamed I saw St. Augustine
Alive with fiery breath
And I dreamed I was amongst the ones
That put him out to death
Oh, I awoke in anger
So alone and terrified
I put my fingers against the glass
And bowed my head and cried

ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER

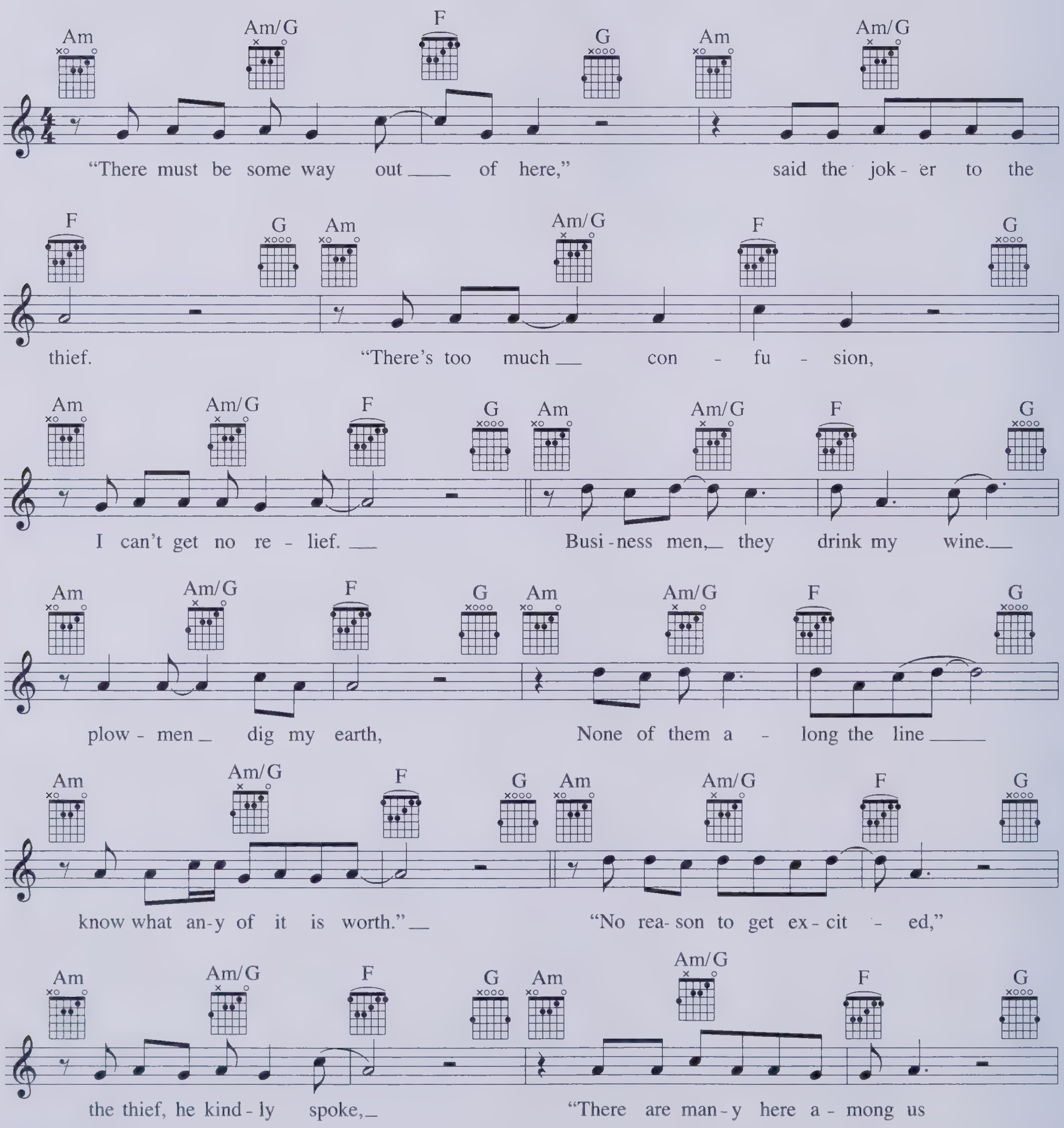
John Wesley Harding, 1967

First issued on Dylan's *John Wesley Harding* album in December 1967, 'All Along The Watchtower' later became a rock anthem in the hands of Jimi Hendrix. Dylan's original recording was a gentler affair, cut in Nashville with a small band of the city's top sessionmen. He later reprised the song on his live albums *Before The Flood* and *Dylan & The Dead*.

"These songs on the *John Wesley Harding* album lack the traditional sense of time. 'All Along The Watchtower' opens up in a slightly different way, in a stranger way, because we have the cycle of events working in a rather reverse order."

Bob Dylan, 1968

ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER


Am Am/G F G Am Am/G
"There must be some way out of here," said the jok - er to the
F G Am Am/G F G
thief. "There's too much con - fu - sion,
Am Am/G F G Am Am/G F G
I can't get no re - lief. Busi - ness men, they drink my wine.
Am Am/G F G Am Am/G F G
plow - men dig my earth, None of them a - long the line
Am Am/G F G Am Am/G F G
know what an - y of it is worth." "No rea - son to get ex - cit - ed,"
Am Am/G F G Am Am/G F G
the thief, he kind - ly spoke, "There are man - y here a - mong us

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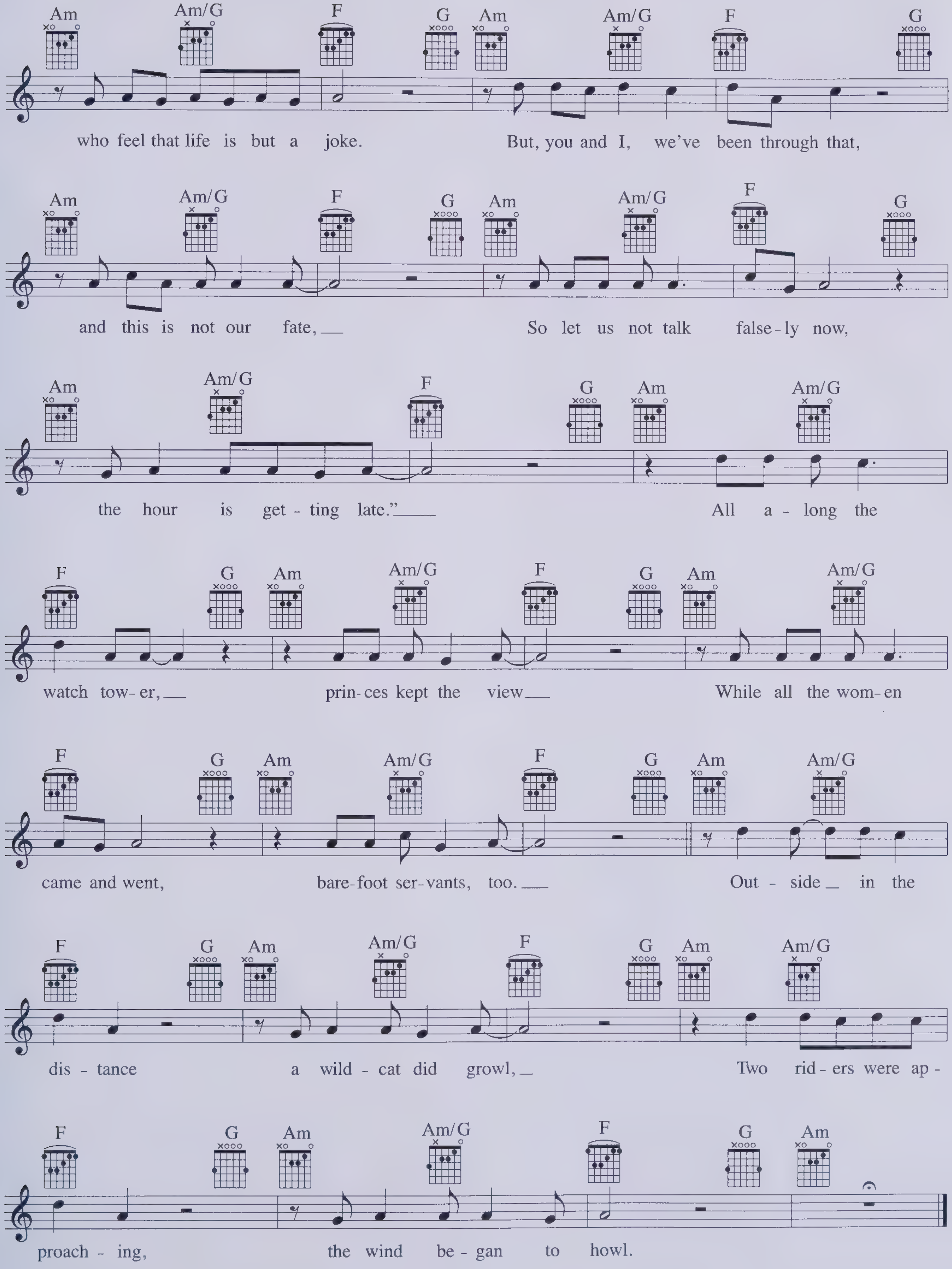

Am Am/G F G Am Am/G F G
who feel that life is but a joke. But, you and I, we've been through that,
Am Am/G F G Am Am/G F G
and this is not our fate, So let us not talk false-ly now,
Am Am/G F G Am Am/G
the hour is get-ting late." All a-long the
F G Am Am/G F G Am Am/G
watch tow-er, prin-ces kept the view While all the wom-en
F G Am Am/G F G Am Am/G
came and went, bare-foot ser-vants, too. Out-side in the
F G Am Am/G F G Am Am/G
dis-tance a wild-cat did growl, Two rid-ers were ap-
F G Am Am/G F G Am
proach-ing, the wind be-gan to howl.

DRIFTER'S ESCAPE

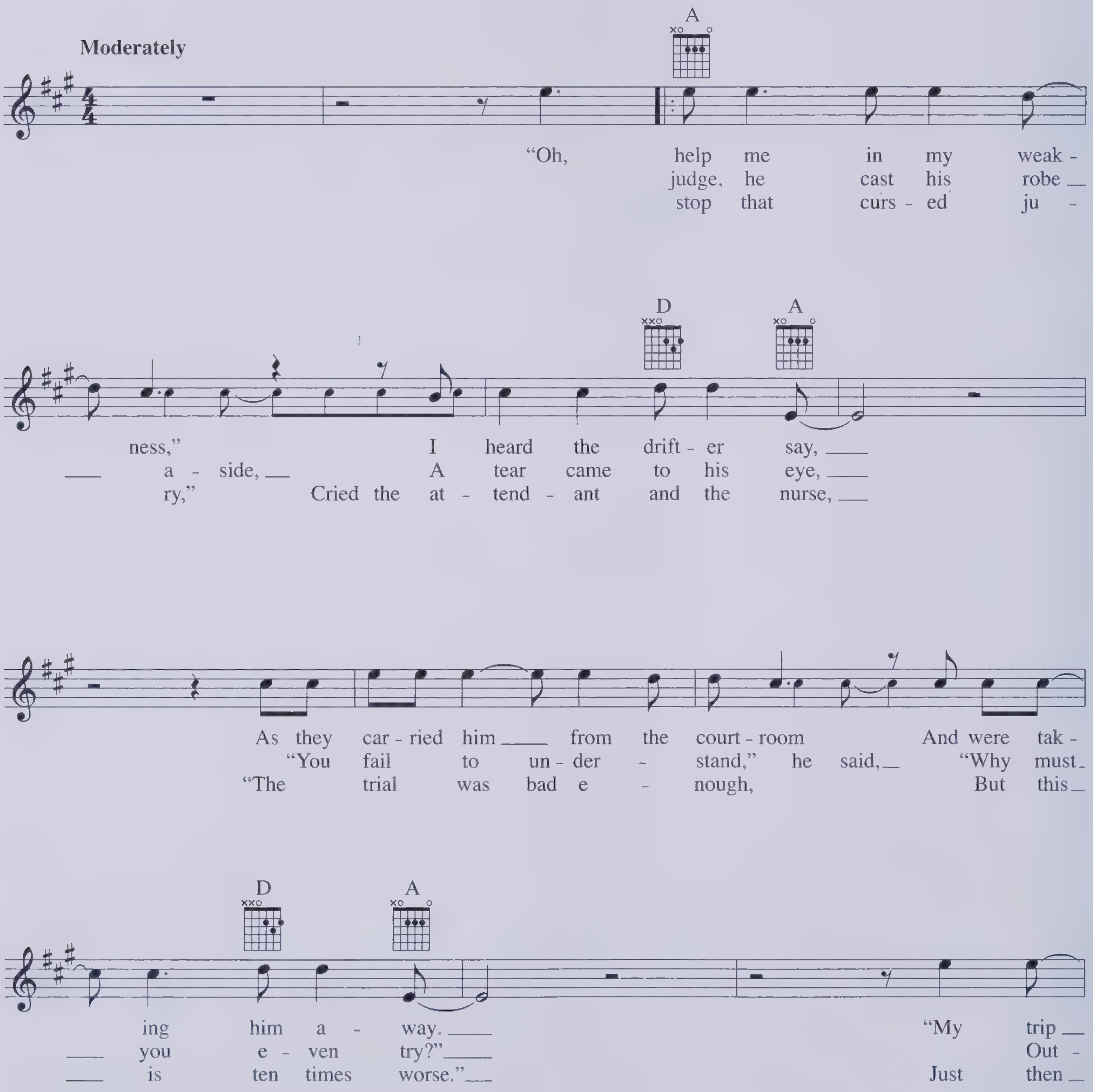
John Wesley Harding, 1967

Debuted in acoustic form on the *John Wesley Harding* album in 1967, 'Drifter's Escape' re-emerged in Dylan's live repertoire in the early 1990s as a muscular rock tune. Like 'All Along The Watchtower', it was a favourite of Jimi Hendrix, whose recording of the song was released soon after his death.

"A song has to be of a certain quality for me to sing and put on a record. One aspect it has to have is that it doesn't repeat itself."

Bob Dylan, 1968

DRIFTER'S ESCAPE


Moderately
A
"Oh, help me in my weak -
judge, he cast his robe
stop that curs - ed ju -
ness," I heard the drift - er say,
a - side, A tear came to his eye,
ry," Cried the at - tend - ant and the nurse,
D
A
As they car - ried him from the court - room And were tak -
"You fail to un - der - stand," he said, "Why must
"The trial was bad e - nough, But this
ing him a - way. "My trip
you e - ven try?" Out -
is ten times worse." Just then
D
A

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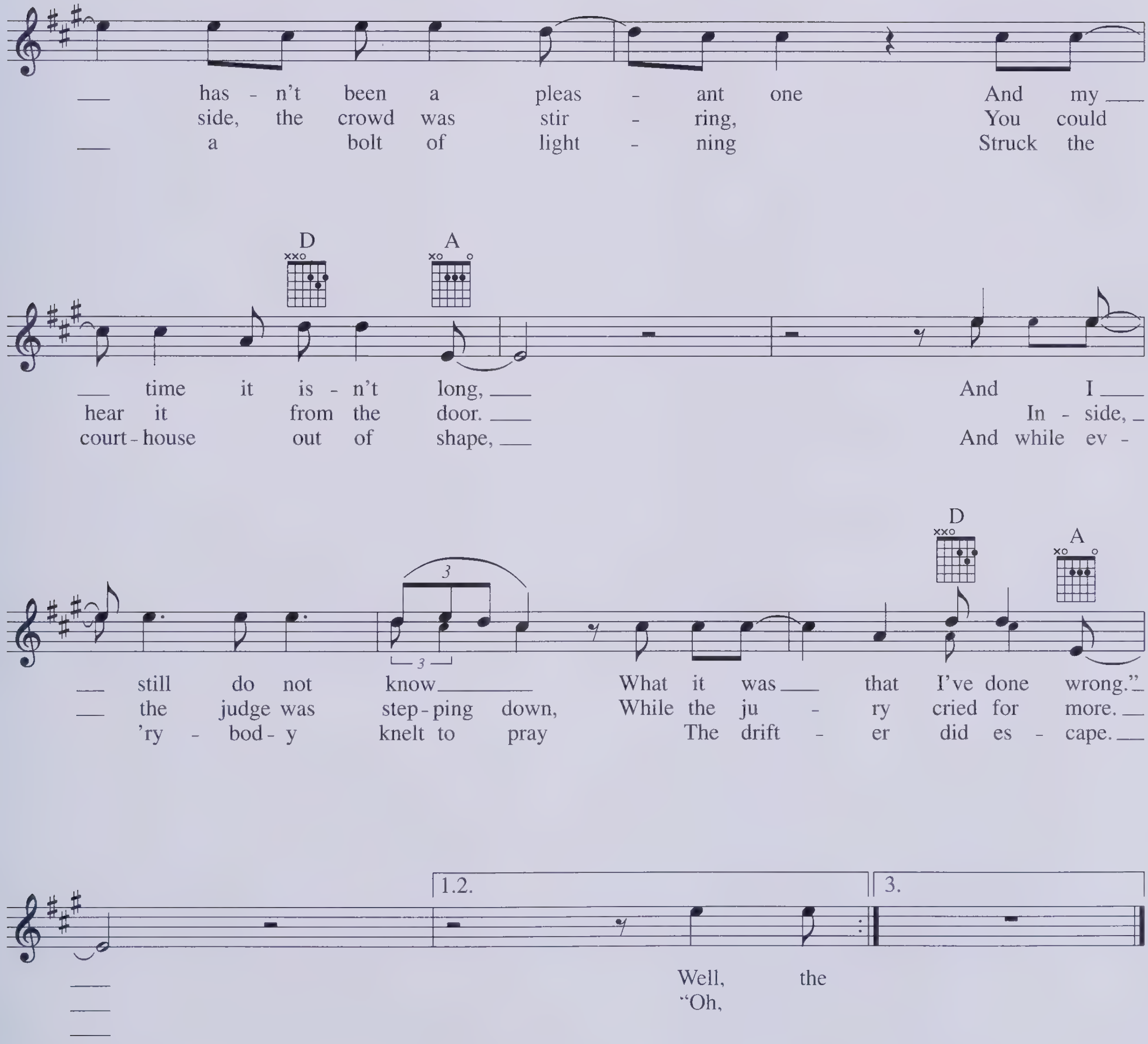

has - n't been a pleas - ant one And my
side, the crowd was stir - ring, You could
a bolt of light - ning Struck the
D
A
time it is - n't long,
And I
hear it from the door.
In - side,
court - house out of shape,
And while ev -
D
A
still do not know
What it was that I've done wrong."
the judge was step - ping down,
While the ju - ry cried for more.
'ry - bod - y knelt to pray
The drift - er did es - cape.
1.2.
3.
Well, the
"Oh,

I PITY THE POOR IMMIGRANT

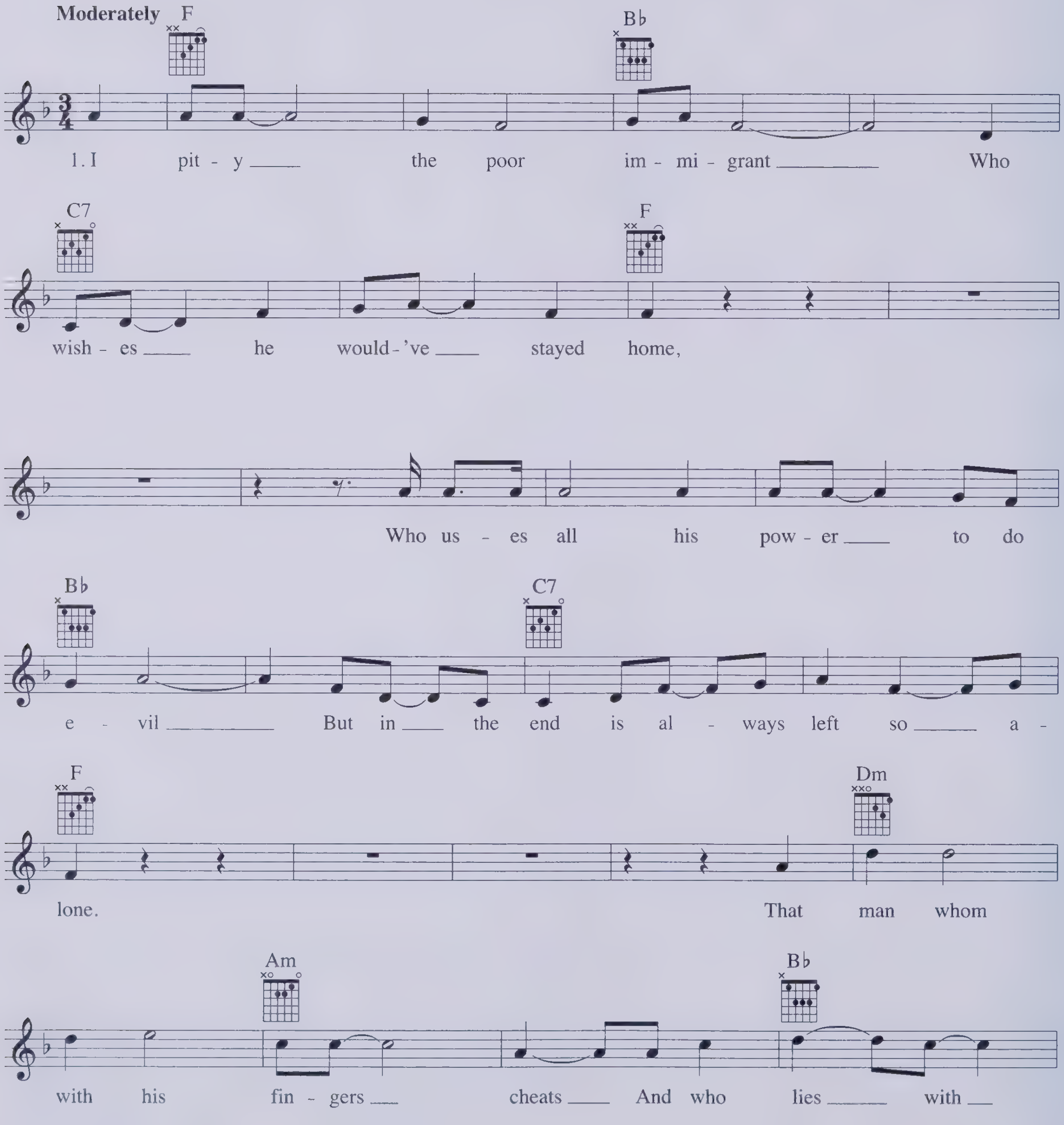
John Wesley Harding, 1967

Dylan introduced this poignant tune as a tender acoustic ballad on 1967's *John Wesley Harding*. In 1976, he performed it in public for the first time in seven years with Joan Baez and the Rolling Thunder Revue, in a vibrant rock arrangement – a stunning demonstration of his unerring ability to recreate his own material in unexpected ways.

"Before I wrote *John Wesley Harding*, I discovered something about all those earlier songs I had written. I discovered that when I used words like 'he' and 'it' and 'they', I was really talking about nobody but me. I went into *John Wesley Harding* with that knowledge in my head."

Bob Dylan, 1970

I PITY THE POOR IMMIGRANT


Moderately
F
B♭
1. I pit - y the poor im - mi - grant Who
C7
F
wish - es he would - 've stayed home,
Who us - es all his pow - er to do
B♭
C7
e - vil But in the end is al - ways left so a -
F
Dm
lone. That man whom
Am
B♭
with his fin - gers cheats And who lies with

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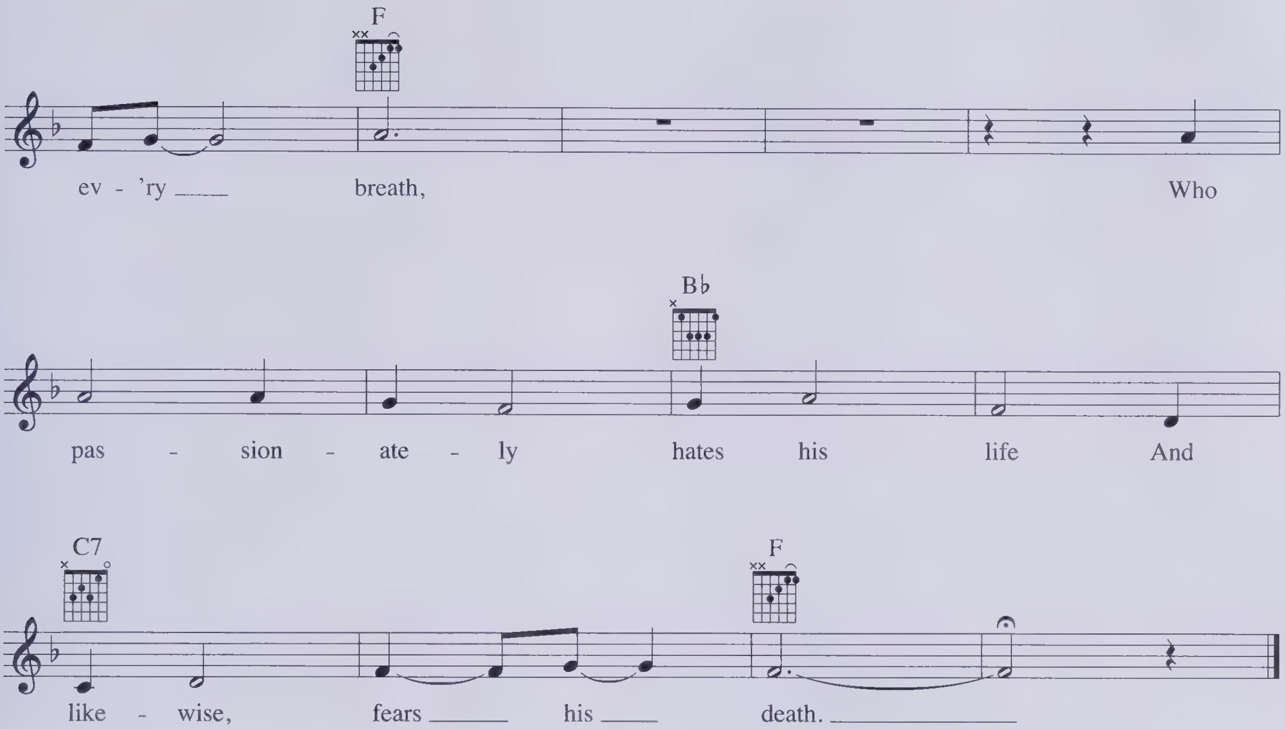

F
ev - 'ry breath,
Who
B♭
pas - sion - ate - ly hates his life And
C7
F
like - wise, fears his death.

Additional lyrics

2. I pity the poor immigrant
Whose strength is spent in vain
Whose heaven is like Ironsides
Whose tears are like rain
Who eats but is not satisfied
Who hears but does not see
Who falls in love with wealth itself
And turns his back on me

3. I pity the poor immigrant
Who tramples through the mud
Who fills his mouth with laughing
And who builds his town with blood
Whose visions in the final end
Must shatter like the glass
I pity the poor immigrant
When his gladness comes to pass

I'LL BE YOUR BABY TONIGHT

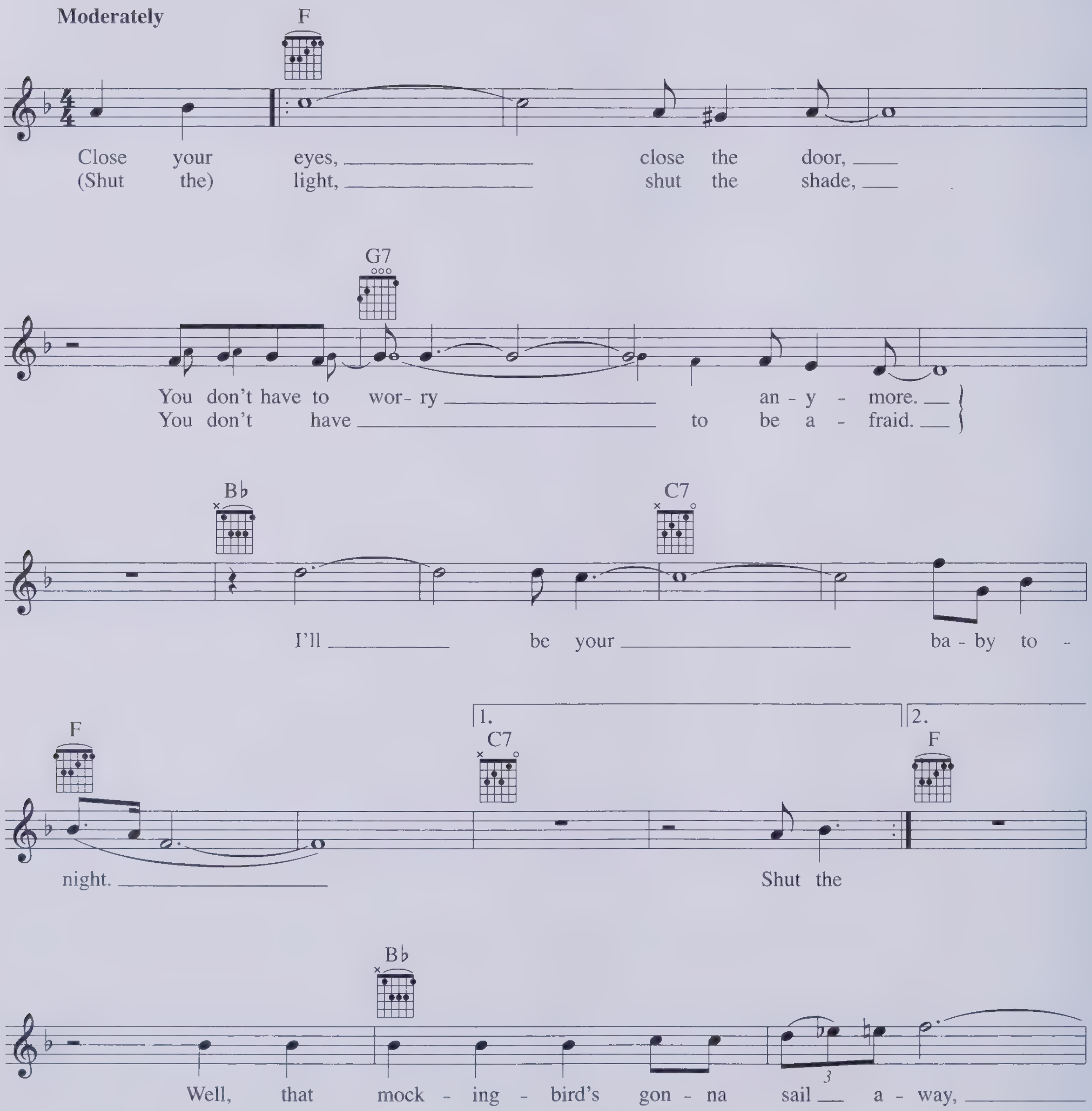
John Wesley Harding, 1967

With Pete Drake's pedal steel adding an authentic Nashville flavour, 'I'll Be Your Baby Tonight' looked ahead to Dylan's country adventures to come when it was featured as the final track on 1967's *John Wesley Harding* album. He first performed it in concert at the Isle of Wight festival in August 1969.

"Maybe it was tongue-in-cheek, I don't know. It's just a simple song, a simple sentiment. I'd like to think it was written from a place where there is no struggle, but I'm probably wrong… sometimes you may be burning up inside but still do something that seems so cool and calm and collected."

Bob Dylan, 1985

I'LL BE YOUR BABY TONIGHT


Moderately
F
Close your eyes, close the door,
(Shut the) light, shut the shade,
G7
You don't have to wor - ry an - y - more.
You don't have to be a - fraid.
B♭
C7
I'll be your ba - by to -
F
1.
C7
2.
F
night.
Shut the
B♭
Well, that mock - ing - bird's gon - na sail a - way,
3

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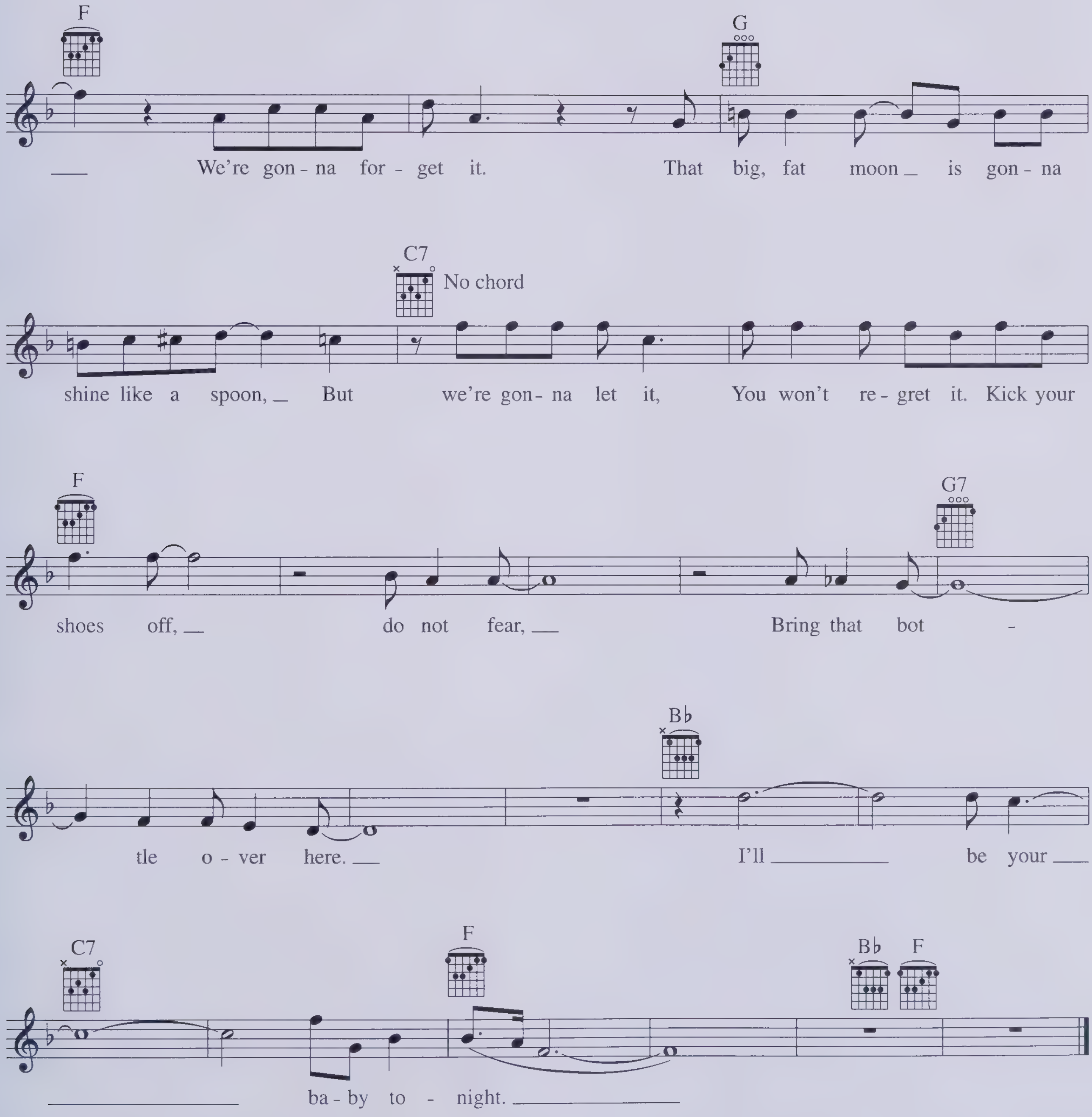

F
G
We're gon - na for - get it. That big, fat moon is gon - na
C7
No chord
shine like a spoon, But we're gon - na let it, You won't re - gret it. Kick your
F
G7
shoes off, do not fear, Bring that bot -
B♭
tle o - ver here. I'll be your
C7
F
B♭
F
ba - by to - night.

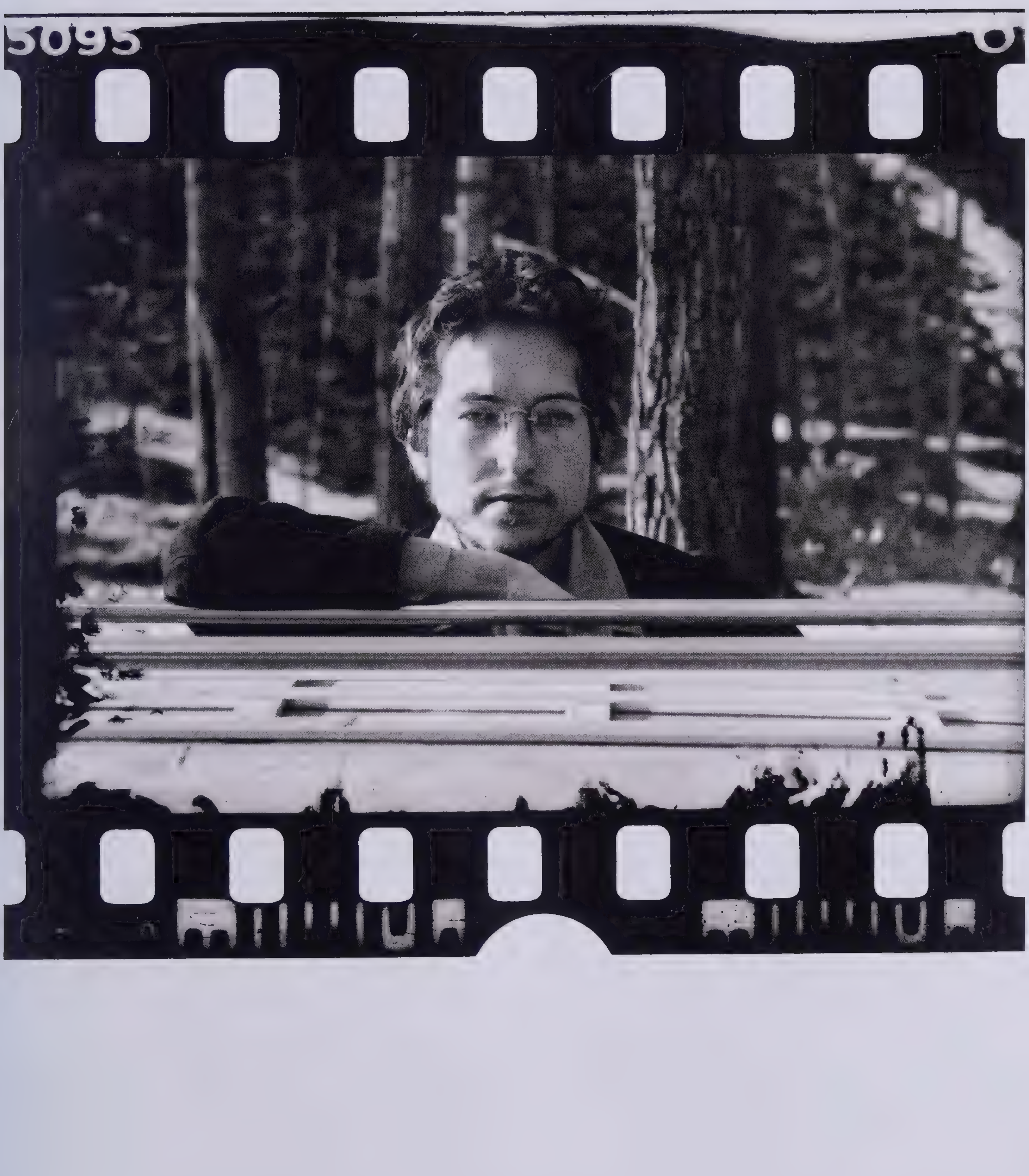
DEAR LANDLORD

John Wesley Harding, 1967

'Dear Landlord' was the last song recorded for the *John Wesley Harding* album in November 1967. Charlie McCoy, Kenny Buttrey and Pete Drake provided the understated accompaniment. Joe Cocker transformed the song with an uptempo R&B arrangement for his 1969 cover version. Dylan finally debuted the song on stage during a concert in 1992.

"'Dear Landlord' was really just the first line. I woke up one morning with the words on my mind. Then I just figured, what else can I put to it?"

Bob Dylan, 1985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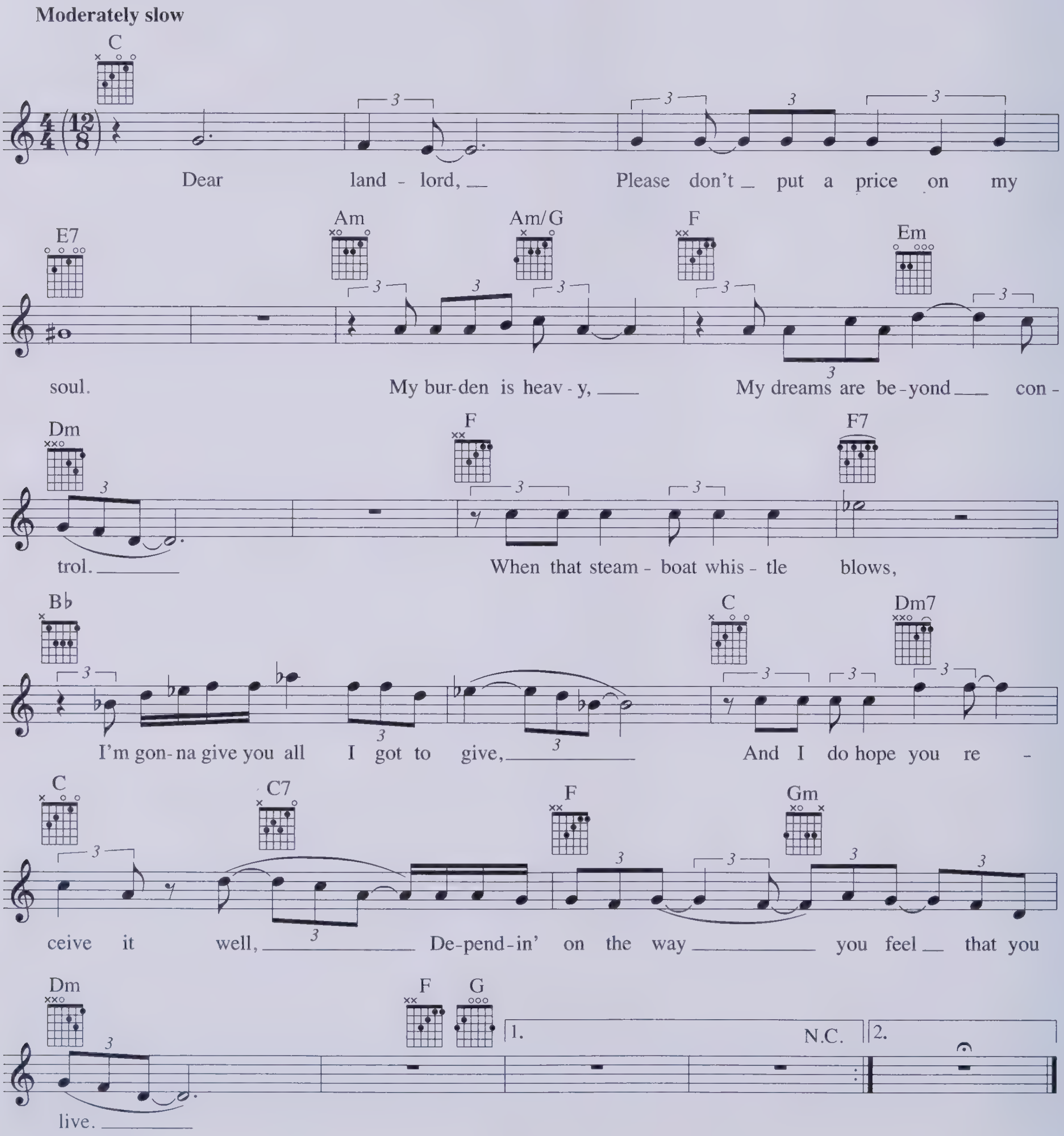
DEAR LANDLORD


Moderately slow
C
Dear land - lord, Please don't put a price on my
E7
soul.
Am
Am/G
F
Em
My bur-den is heav - y, My dreams are be-yond con -
Dm
trol.
F
F7
When that steam - boat whis - tle blows,
B♭
I'm gon-na give you all I got to give,
C
Dm7
And I do hope you re -
C
C7
ceive it well, De-pend-in' on the way you feel that you
F
Gm
Dm
live.
F
G
1.
N.C.
2.

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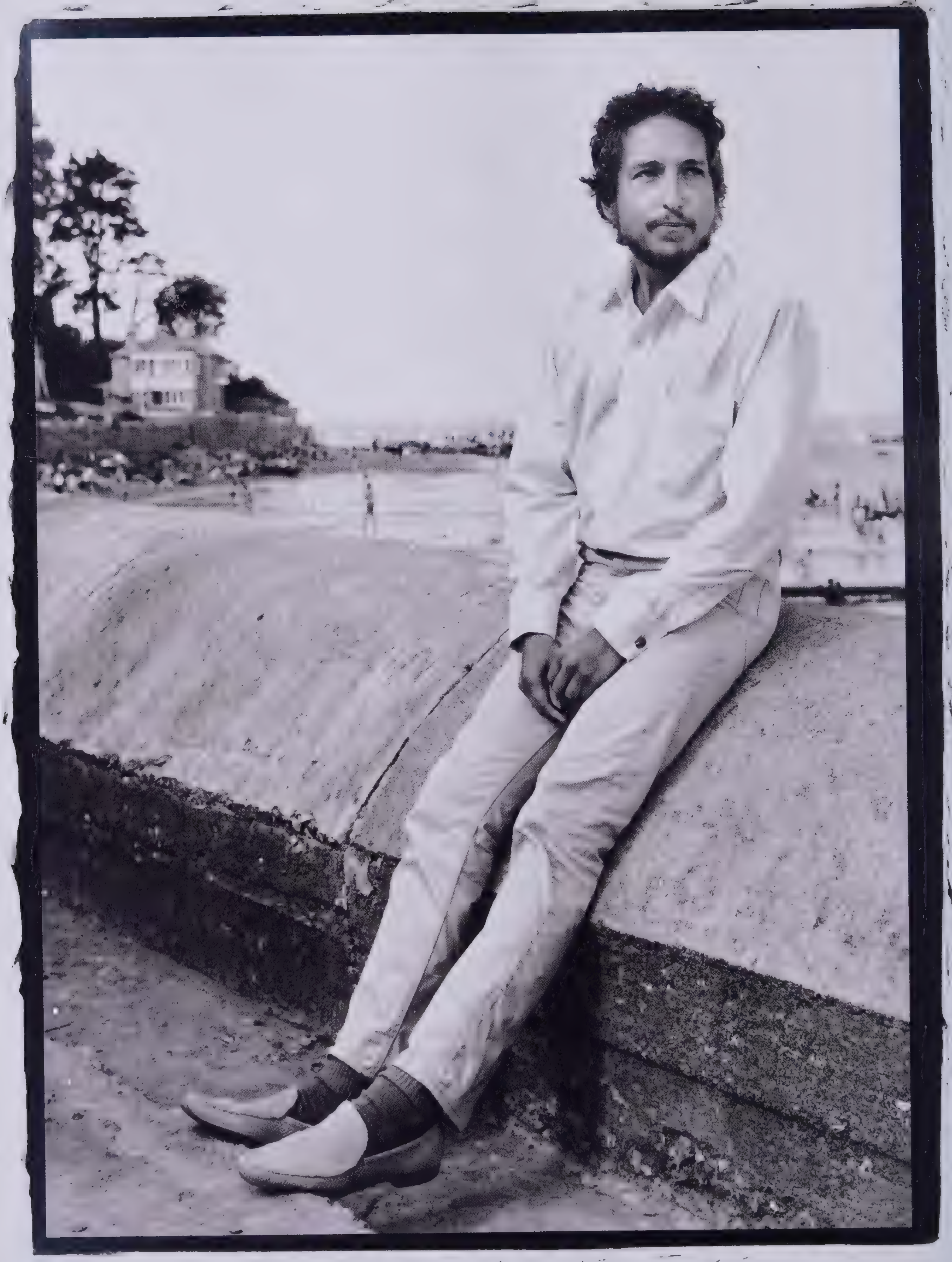
Additional lyrics

2. Dear landlord
Please heed these words that I speak
I know you've suffered much
But in this you are not so unique
All of us, at times, we might work too hard
To have it too fast and too much
And anyone can fill his life up
With things he can see but he just cannot touch

3. Dear landlord
Please don't dismiss my case
I'm not about to argue
I'm not about to move to no other place
Now, each of us has his own special gift
And you know this was meant to be true
And if you don't underestimate me
I won't underestimate you

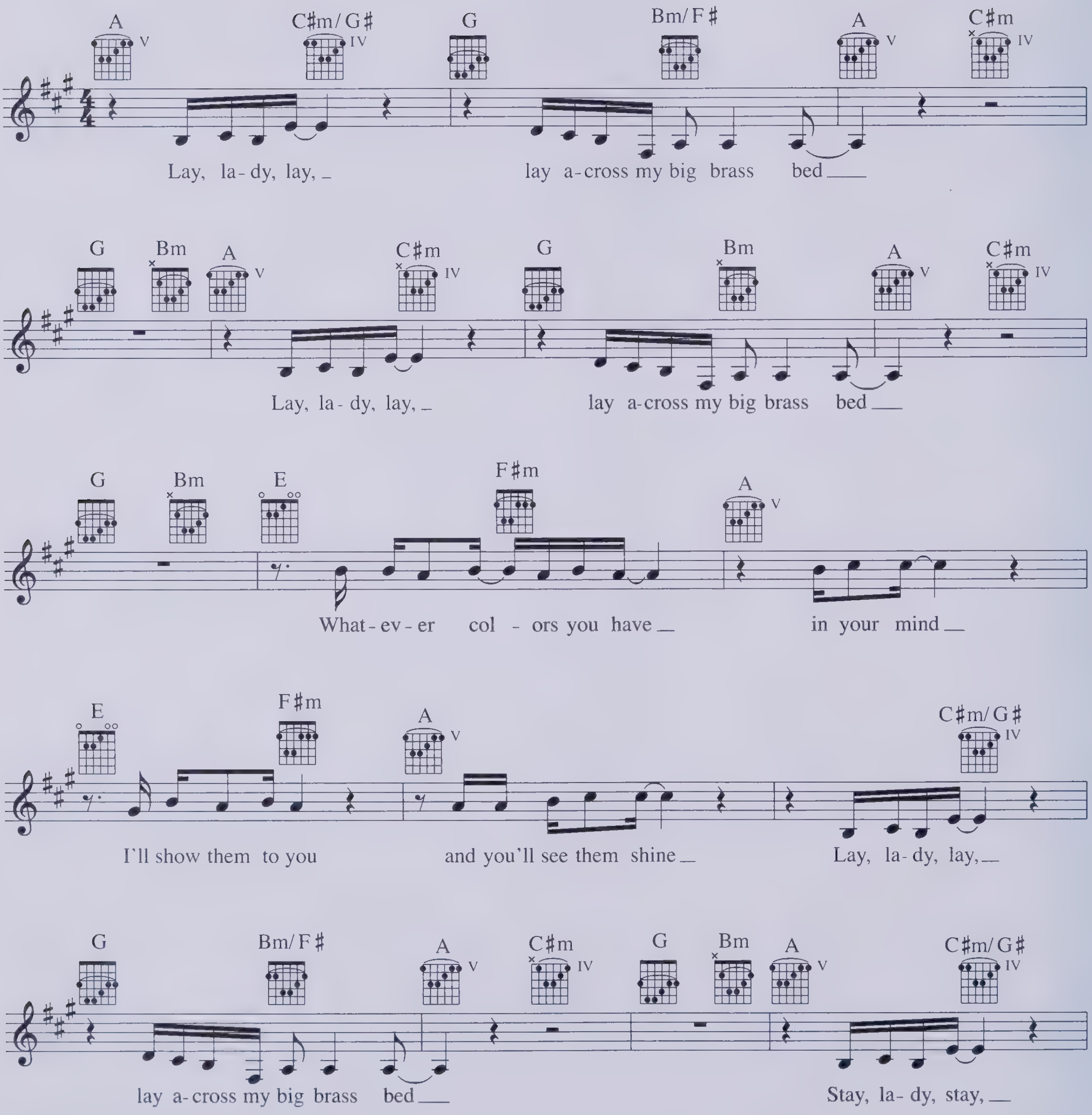


LAY, LADY, LAY

Nashville Skyline, 1969

Arguably the most popular song on Dylan's *Nashville Skyline* album, 'Lay Lady Lay' became a hit single in 1969, reaching the Top 10 in the UK and US. The familiar arrangement and lyrics were transformed by Dylan in 1976 for his performances with the Rolling Thunder Revue, as documented on the live album *Hard Rain*. Since then, the song has re-entered his live repertoire in more conventional form.

LAY, LADY, LAY


A
C♯m/G♯
G
Bm/F♯
A
C♯m
Lay, la-dy, lay, lay a-cross my big brass bed
G
Bm
A
C♯m
G
Bm
A
C♯m
Lay, la-dy, lay, lay a-cross my big brass bed
G
Bm
E
F♯m
A
What-ev-er col-ors you have in your mind
E
F♯m
A
C♯m/G♯
I'll show them to you and you'll see them shine Lay, la-dy, lay,
G
Bm/F♯
A
C♯m
G
Bm
A
C♯m/G♯
lay a-cross my big brass bed Stay, la-dy, stay,

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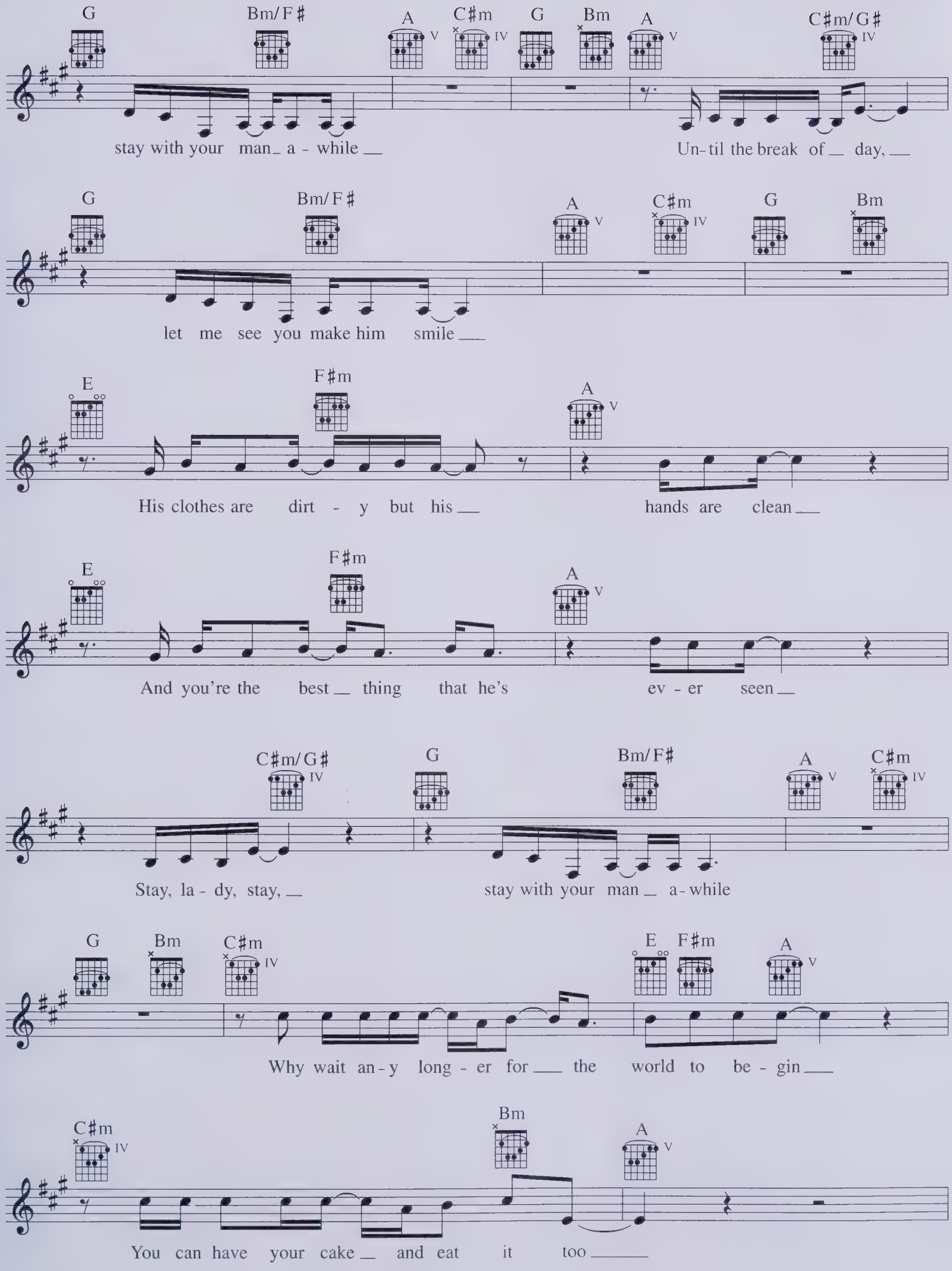
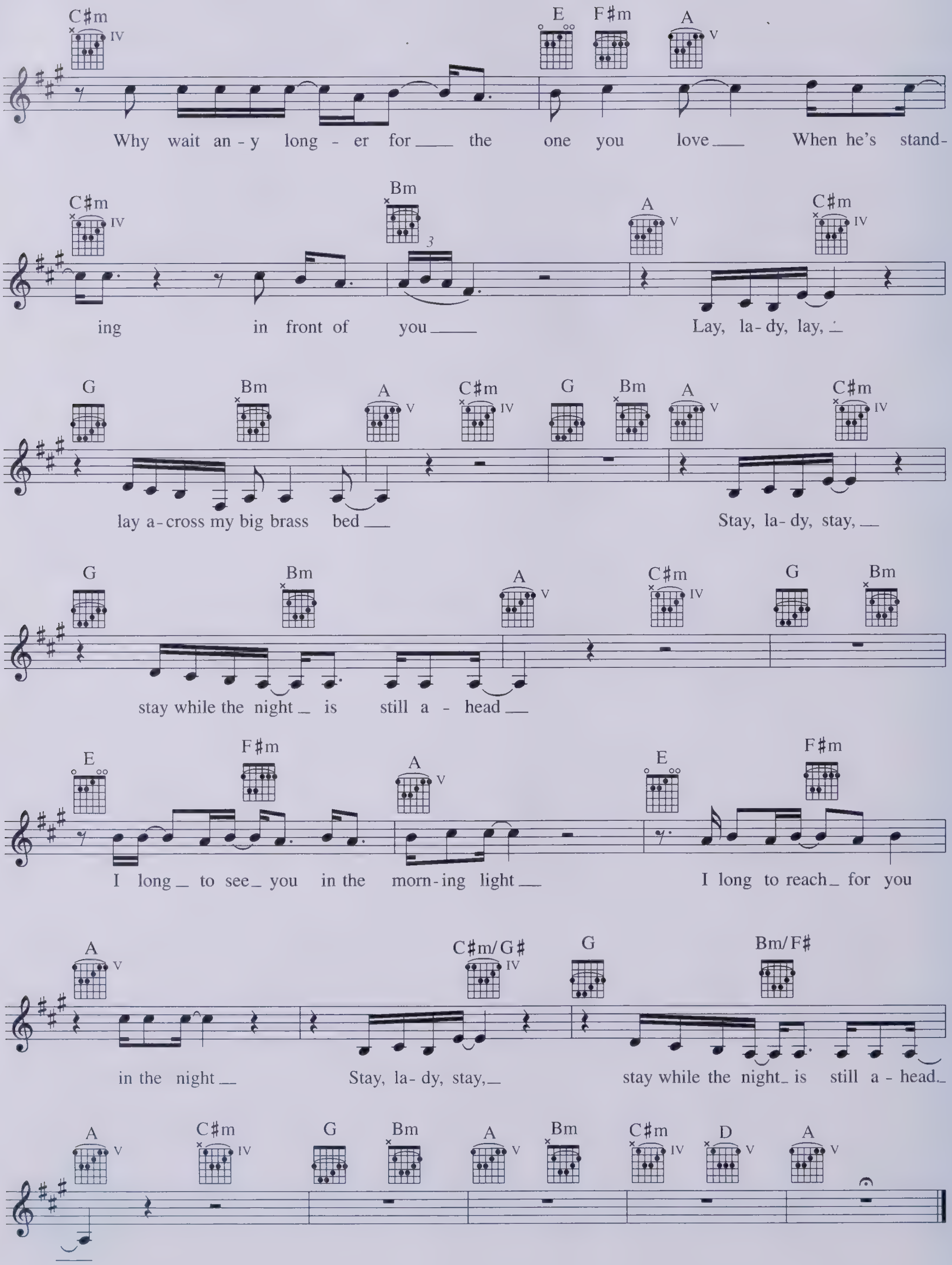

G
Bm/F♯
A
V
C♯m
IV
G
Bm
A
V
C♯m/G♯
IV
stay with your man_ a - while __
Un-til the break of __ day, __
G
Bm/F♯
A
V
C♯m
IV
G
Bm
let me see you make him smile ___
E
F♯m
A
V
His clothes are dirt - y but his __
hands are clean ___
E
F♯m
A
V
And you're the best __ thing that he's
ev - er seen __
C♯m/G♯
IV
G
Bm/F♯
A
V
C♯m
IV
Stay, la - dy, stay, __
stay with your man __ a-while
G
Bm
C♯m
IV
E
F♯m
A
V
Why wait an-y long - er for ___ the world to be - gin ___
C♯m
IV
Bm
A
V
You can have your cake __ and eat it too ______


C♯m IV
E
F♯m
A V
Why wait an - y long - er for the one you love When he's stand-
C♯m IV
Bm
A V
C♯m IV
ing in front of you
3
Lay, la- dy, lay,
G
Bm
A V
C♯m IV
G
Bm
A V
C♯m IV
lay a- cross my big brass bed
Stay, la- dy, stay,
G
Bm
A V
C♯m IV
G
Bm
stay while the night is still a - head
E
F♯m
A V
E
F♯m
I long to see you in the morn- ing light
I long to reach for you
A V
C♯m/G♯ IV
G
Bm/F♯
in the night
Stay, la- dy, stay,
stay while the night is still a - head.
A V
C♯m IV
G
Bm
A V
Bm
C♯m IV
D V
A V

"*Nashville Skyline* is a very important album. He was getting away, getting back to his roots. His ballads are the finest things. What about 'Lay, Lady, Lay'? Could anyone else cover that?"

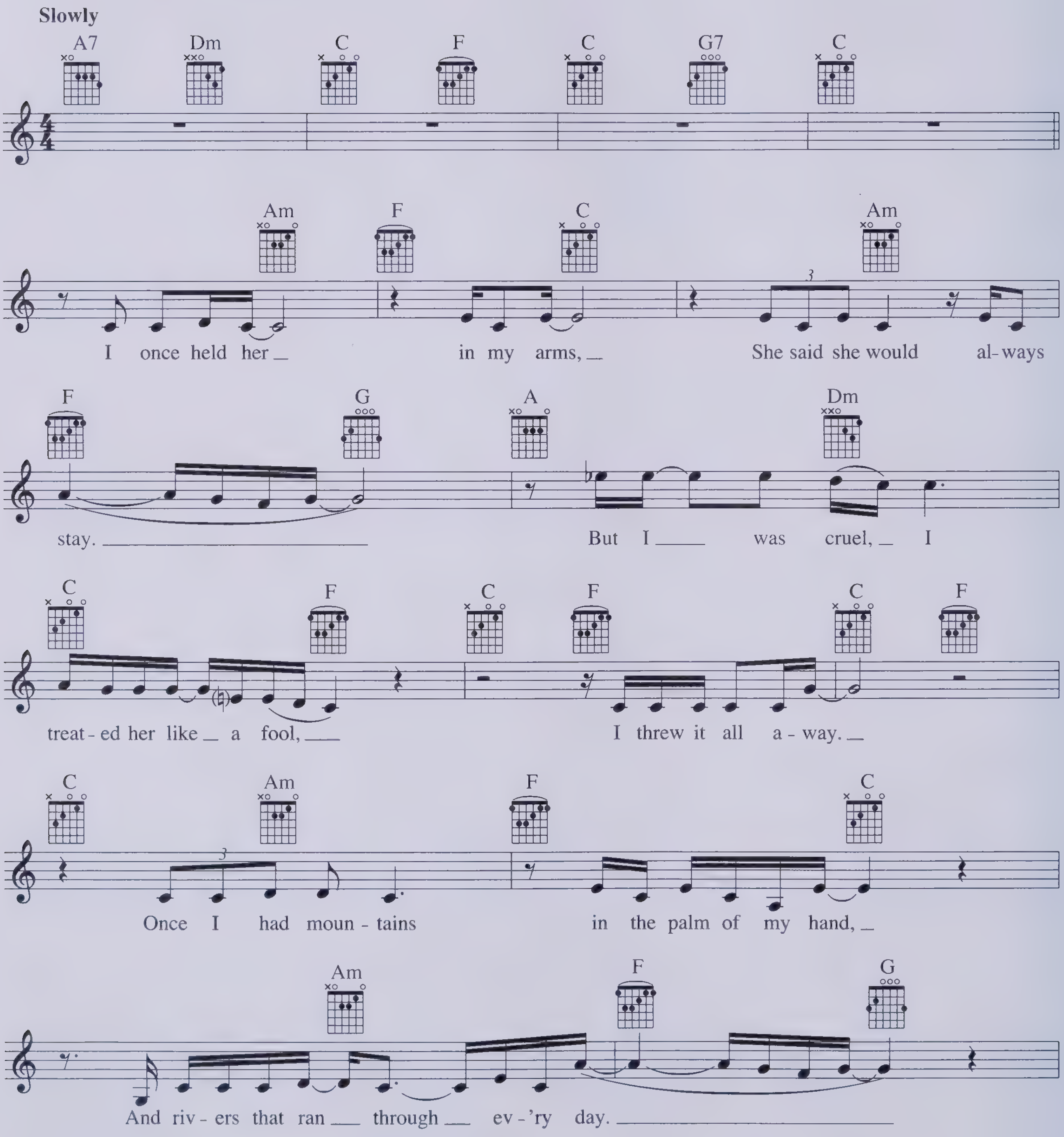
Eric Clapton

I THREW IT ALL AWAY

Nashville Skyline, 1969

Simple and deeply moving, 'I Threw It All Away' epitomised the easy grace of Dylan's 1969 venture into the heart of country music, *Nashville Skyline*. He performed the song that year on TV's *Johnny Cash Show*, and at the Isle of Wight festival. Seven years later, the song took on a much darker hue when it was included on the *Hard Rain* live album.

I THREW IT ALL AWAY


Slowly
A7 Dm C F C G7 C
Am F C Am
I once held her in my arms, She said she would always
F G A Dm
stay. But I was cruel, I
C F C F C F
treat-ed her like a fool, I threw it all a-way.
C Am F C
Once I had moun-tains in the palm of my hand,
Am F G
And riv-ers that ran through ev-'ry day.

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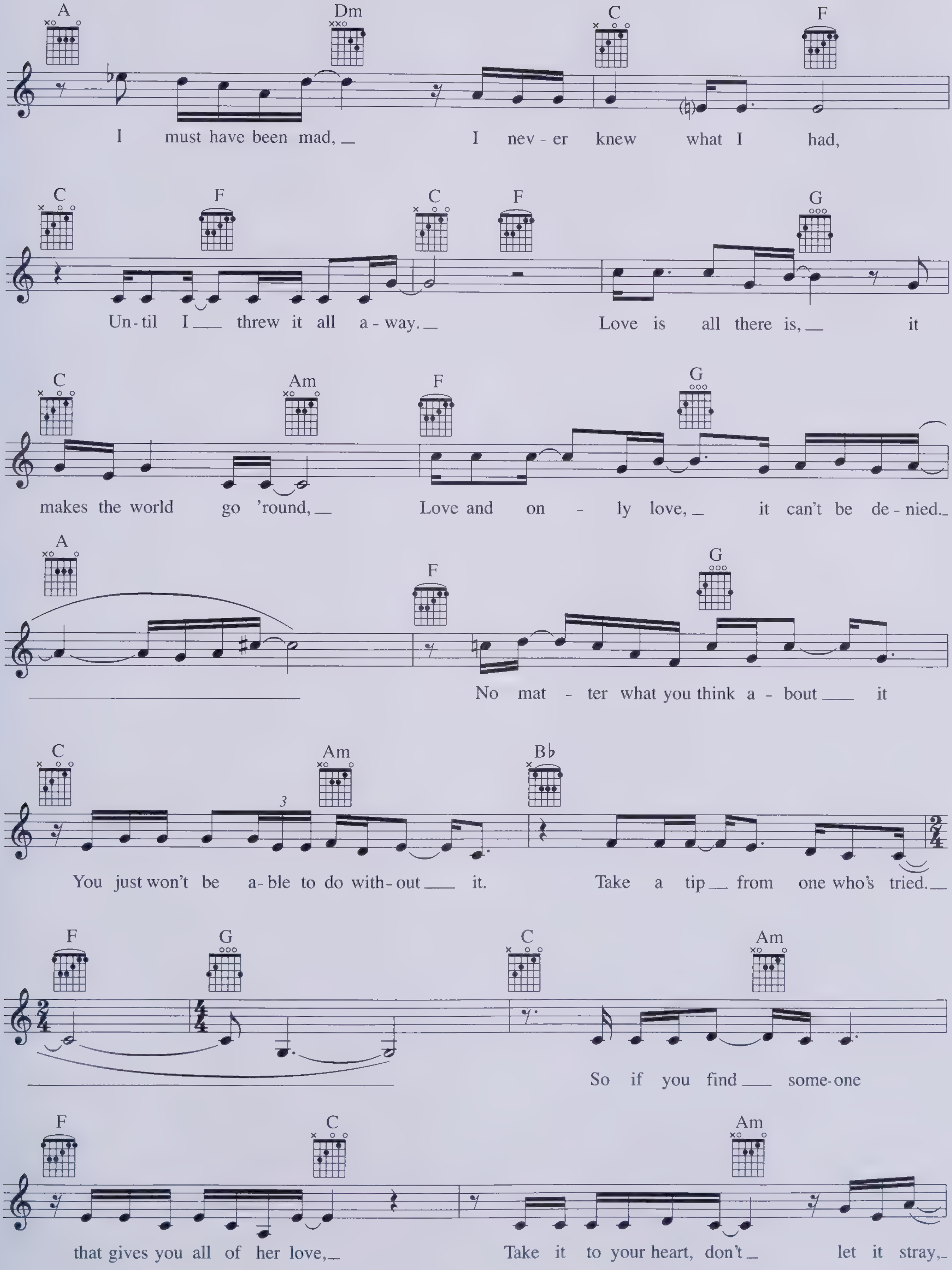
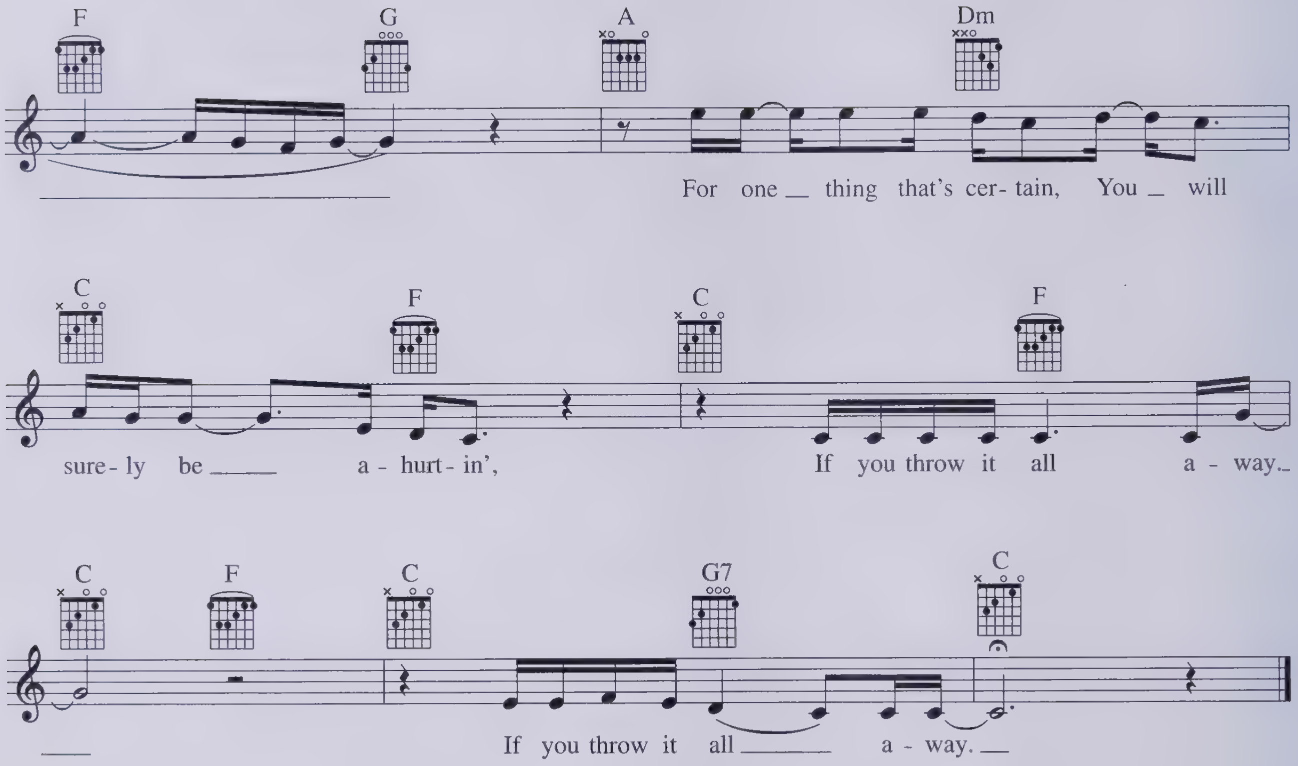

A Dm C F
I must have been mad, I nev - er knew what I had,
C F C F G
Un - til I threw it all a - way. Love is all there is, it
C Am F G
makes the world go 'round, Love and on - ly love, it can't be de - nied.
A F G
No mat - ter what you think a - bout it
C Am B♭
You just won't be a - ble to do with - out it. Take a tip from one who's tried.
F G C Am
So if you find some - one
F C Am
that gives you all of her love, Take it to your heart, don't let it stray,


F G A Dm
For one thing that's cer- tain, You will
C F C F
sure- ly be a - hurt - in', If you throw it all a - way.
C F C G7 C
If you throw it all a - way.

"It's a song that we can all connect with. We all regret past relationships, which we've messed up. It's easy to sing that song."

Rob Snarski, The Blackeyed Susans

STUDIOS

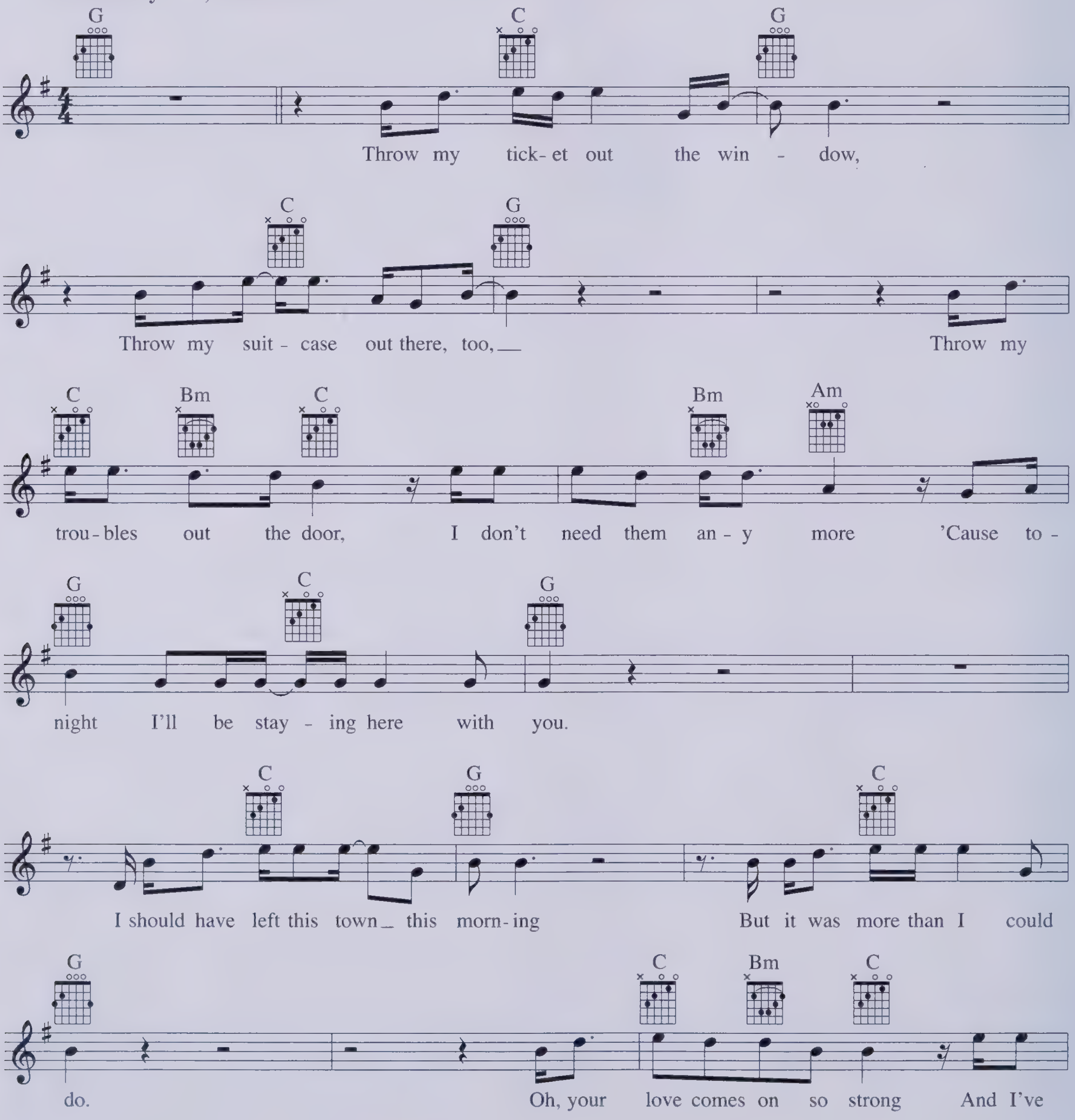
TONIGHT I'LL BE STAYING HERE WITH YOU

Nashville Skyline, 1969

'Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You' was written at the Ramada Hotel in Nashville during the sessions for the *Nashville Skyline* album in February 1969. A minor hit single later that year, it entered the live arena (albeit in radically revised form) in 1975. Cher and Jeff Beck are among the other artists to have covered the song.

TONIGHT I'LL BE STAYING HERE WITH YOU

Moderately slow, with a beat


G C G
Throw my tick-et out the win - dow,
C G
Throw my suit - case out there, too, __ Throw my
C Bm C Bm Am
trou-bles out the door, I don't need them an - y more 'Cause to -
G C G
night I'll be stay - ing here with you.
C G C
I should have left this town _ this morn-ing But it was more than I could
G C Bm C
do. Oh, your love comes on so strong And I've

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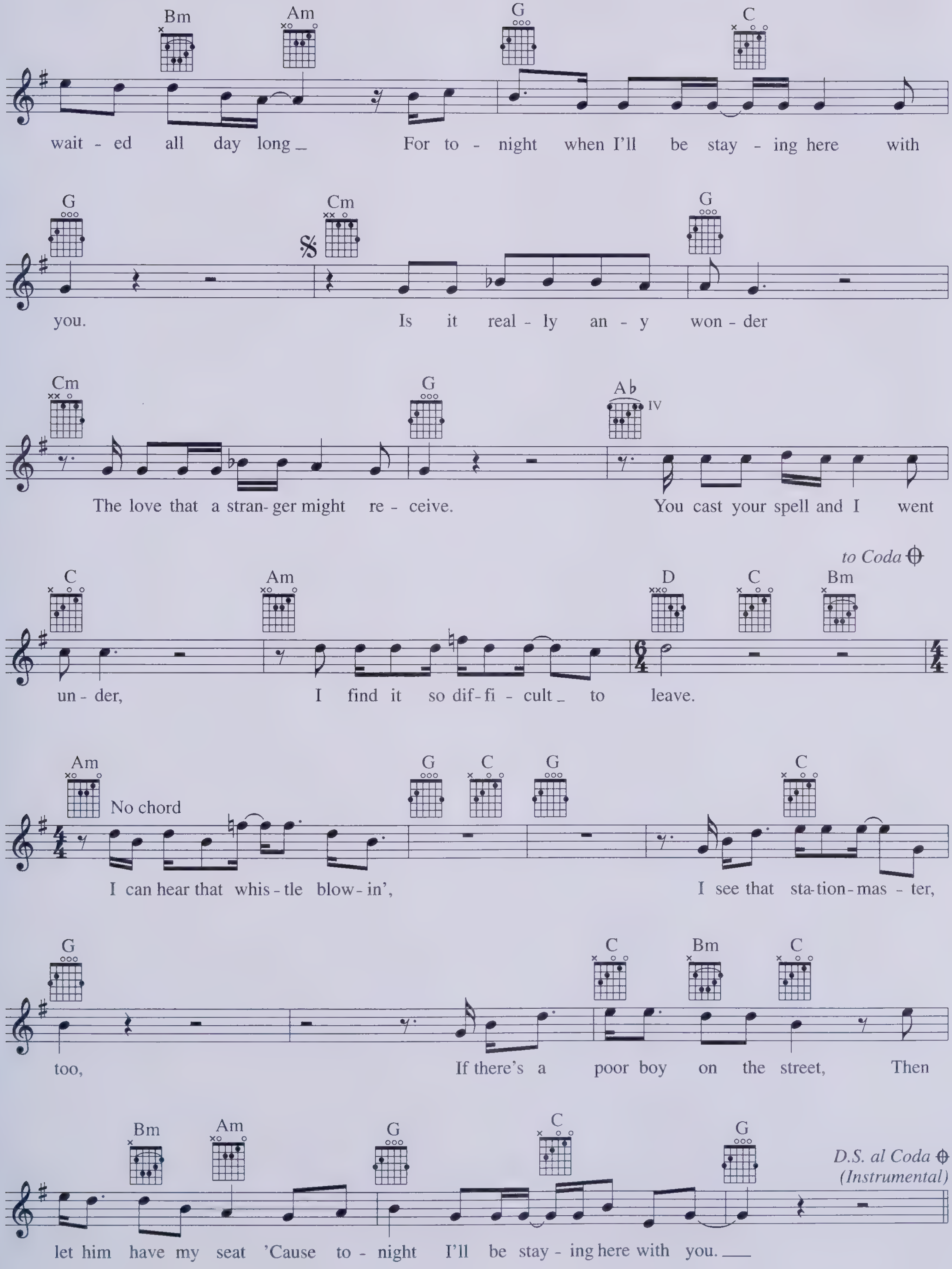
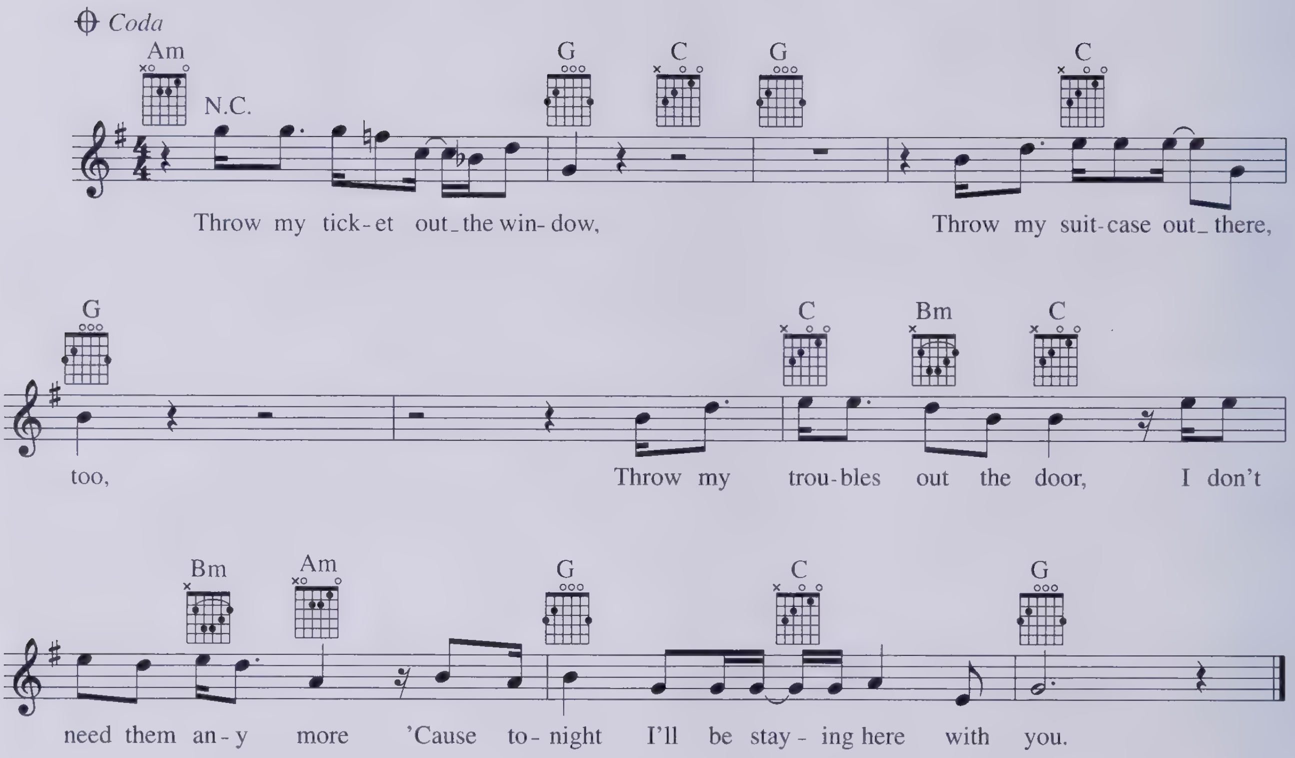
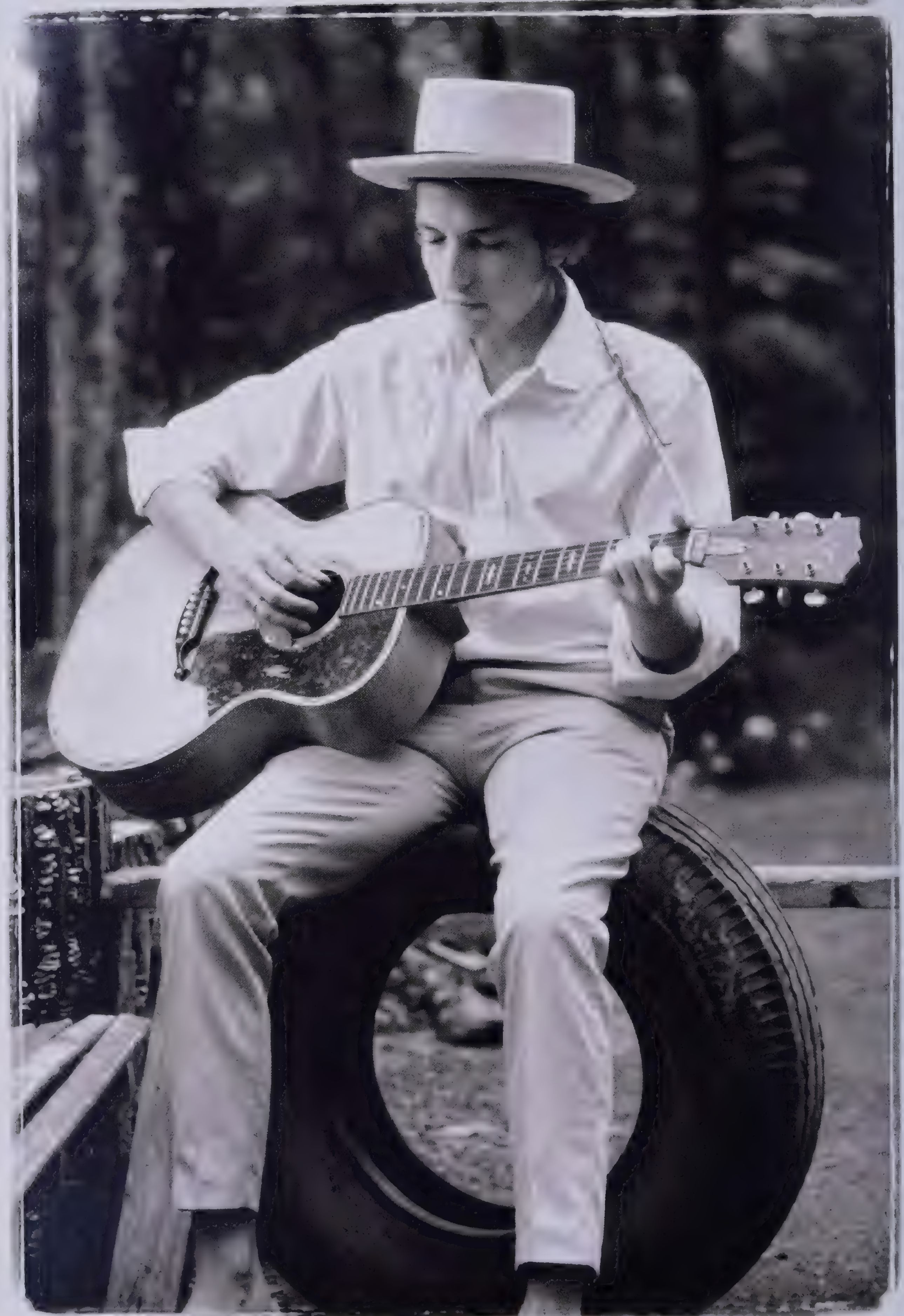

Bm
Am
G
C
wait - ed all day long _ For to - night when I'll be stay - ing here with
G
Cm
G
you. Is it real - ly an - y won - der
Cm
G
A♭ IV
The love that a stran- ger might re - ceive. You cast your spell and I went
to Coda
C
Am
D
C
Bm
un - der, I find it so dif - fi - cult _ to leave.
Am
No chord
G
C
G
C
I can hear that whis - tle blow - in', I see that sta - tion - mas - ter,
G
C
Bm
C
too, If there's a poor boy on the street, Then
Bm
Am
G
C
G
D.S. al Coda
(Instrumental)
let him have my seat 'Cause to - night I'll be stay - ing here with you. ___


Coda
Am
N.C.
G
C
G
C
Throw my tick-et out_the win-dow,
Throw my suit-case out_there,
G
C
Bm
C
too,
Throw my trou-bles out the door,
I don't
Bm
Am
G
C
G
need them an-y more 'Cause to-night I'll be stay-ing here with you.

"That was a song which Bob wrote actually during the sessions, I seem to remember. One morning, he just came in with it, and we cut it right away. It was a beautiful song, very simple, but it cut right to the heart."

Charlie McCoy, bassist on Nashville Skyline



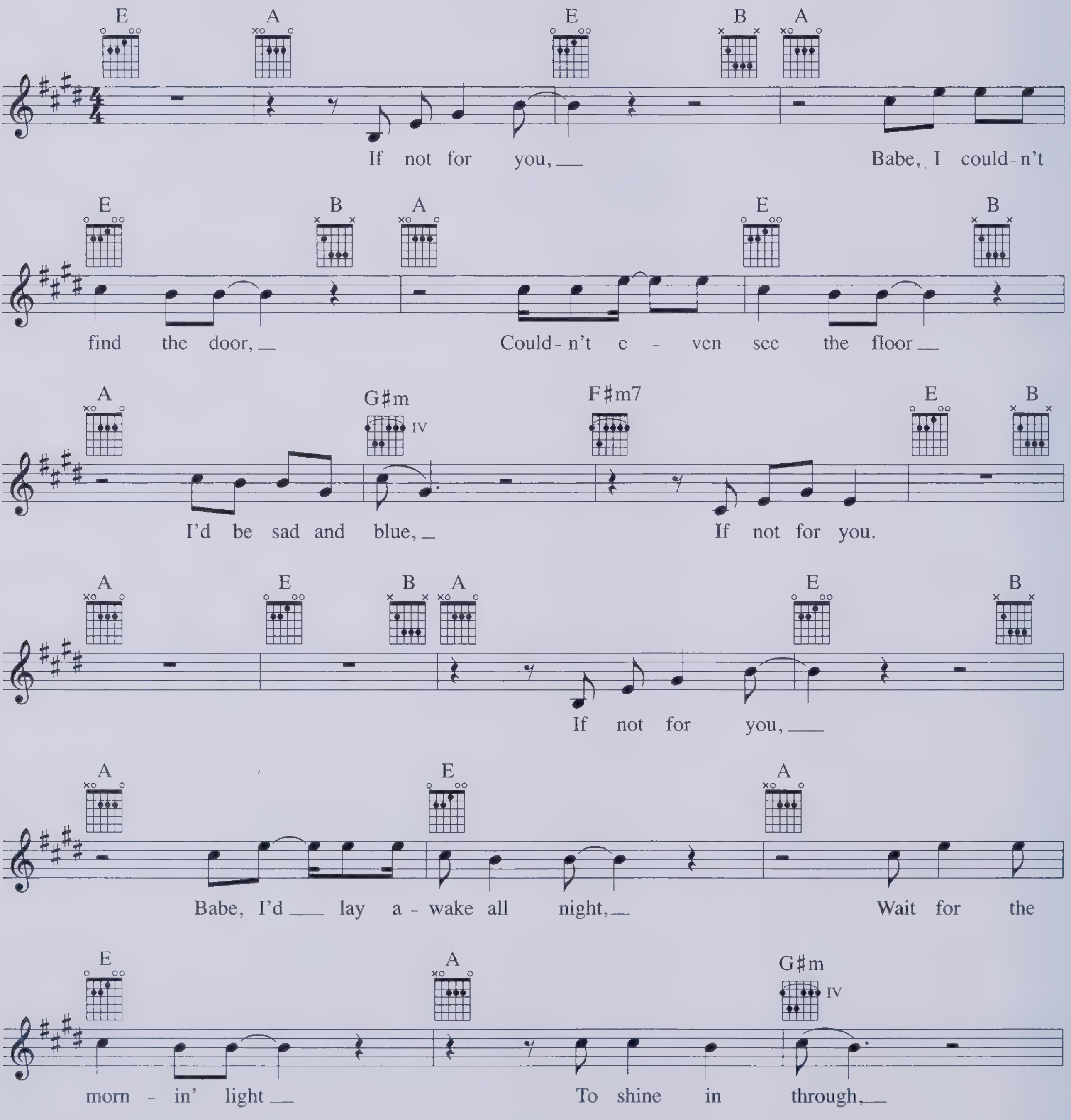
IF NOT FOR YOU

New Morning, 1970

This gentle country tune was recorded in the company of George Harrison during the 1970 sessions for the *New Morning* album. Harrison subsequently covered the song on *All Things Must Pass*, and his arrangement was utilised by Olivia Newton-John on her 1971 hit single. But it was only in 1992 that Dylan added the song to his own live repertoire.

IF NOT FOR YOU

Moderately bright


E A E B A
If not for you, Babe, I could-n't
E B A E B
find the door, Could-n't e - ven see the floor
A G♯m IV F♯m7 E B
I'd be sad and blue, If not for you.
A E B A E B
If not for you,
A E A
Babe, I'd lay a - wake all night, Wait for the
E A G♯m IV
morn - in' light To shine in through,

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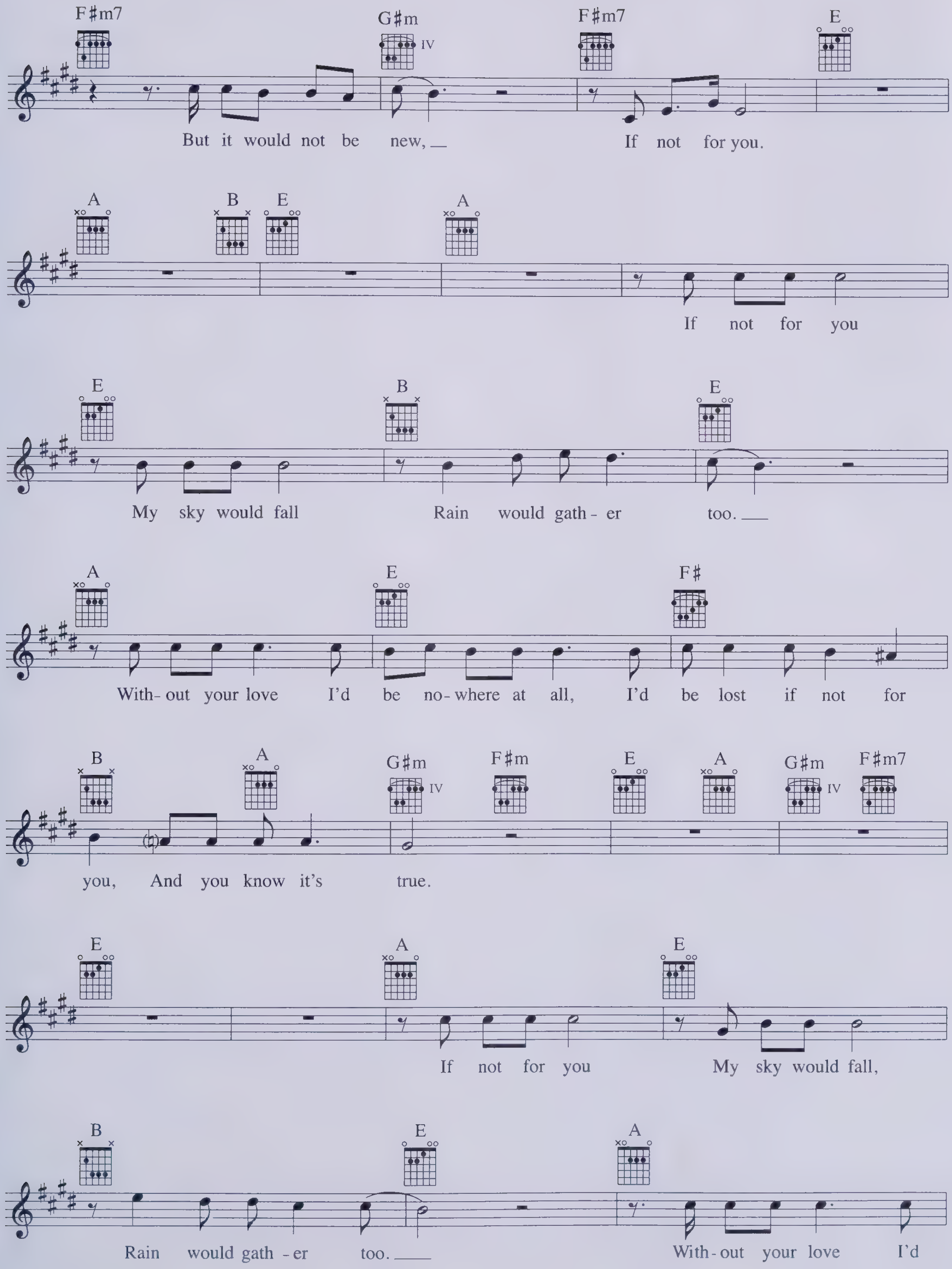
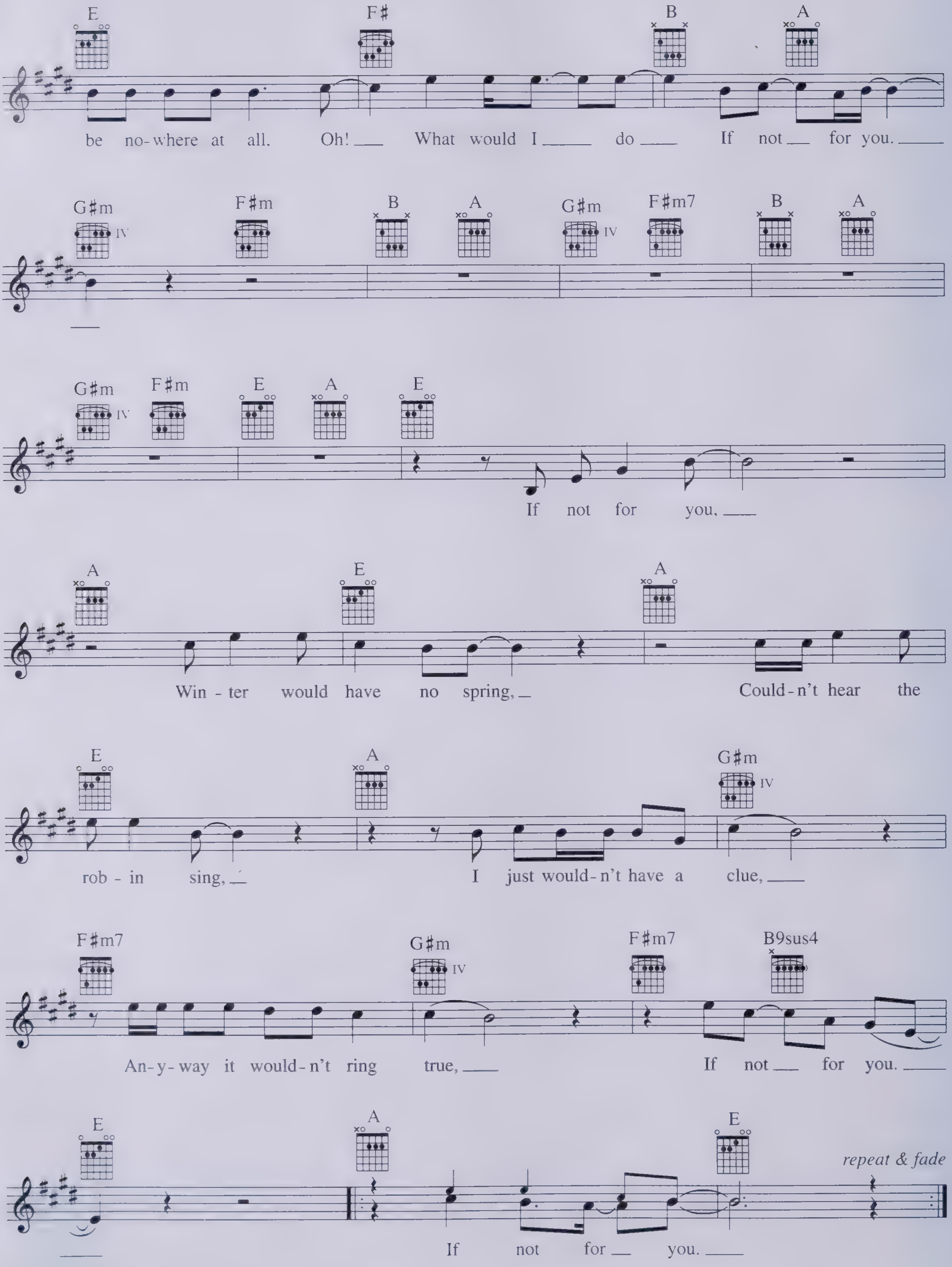

F♯m7 G♯m IV F♯m7 E
But it would not be new, __ If not for you.
A B E A
If not for you
E B E
My sky would fall Rain would gath - er too. __
A E F♯
With- out your love I'd be no- where at all, I'd be lost if not for
B A G♯m IV F♯m E A G♯m IV F♯m7
you, And you know it's true.
E A E
If not for you My sky would fall,
B E A
Rain would gath - er too. __ With- out your love I'd


E F♯ B A
be no-where at all. Oh! What would I do If not for you.
G♯m IV F♯m B A G♯m IV F♯m7 B A
G♯m IV F♯m E A E
If not for you,
A E A
Win - ter would have no spring, Could-n't hear the
E A G♯m IV
rob - in sing, I just would-n't have a clue,
F♯m7 G♯m IV F♯m7 B9sus4
An-y-way it would-n't ring true, If not for you.
E A E
If not for you.

repeat & fade

"I wrote the song thinking
about my wife. It seemed
simple enough, sort of Tex-Mex.
But I would never explore all the
possibilities of instrumentation
in the studio, add parts and so
forth, or change the beat around,
so it came off kind of folky."

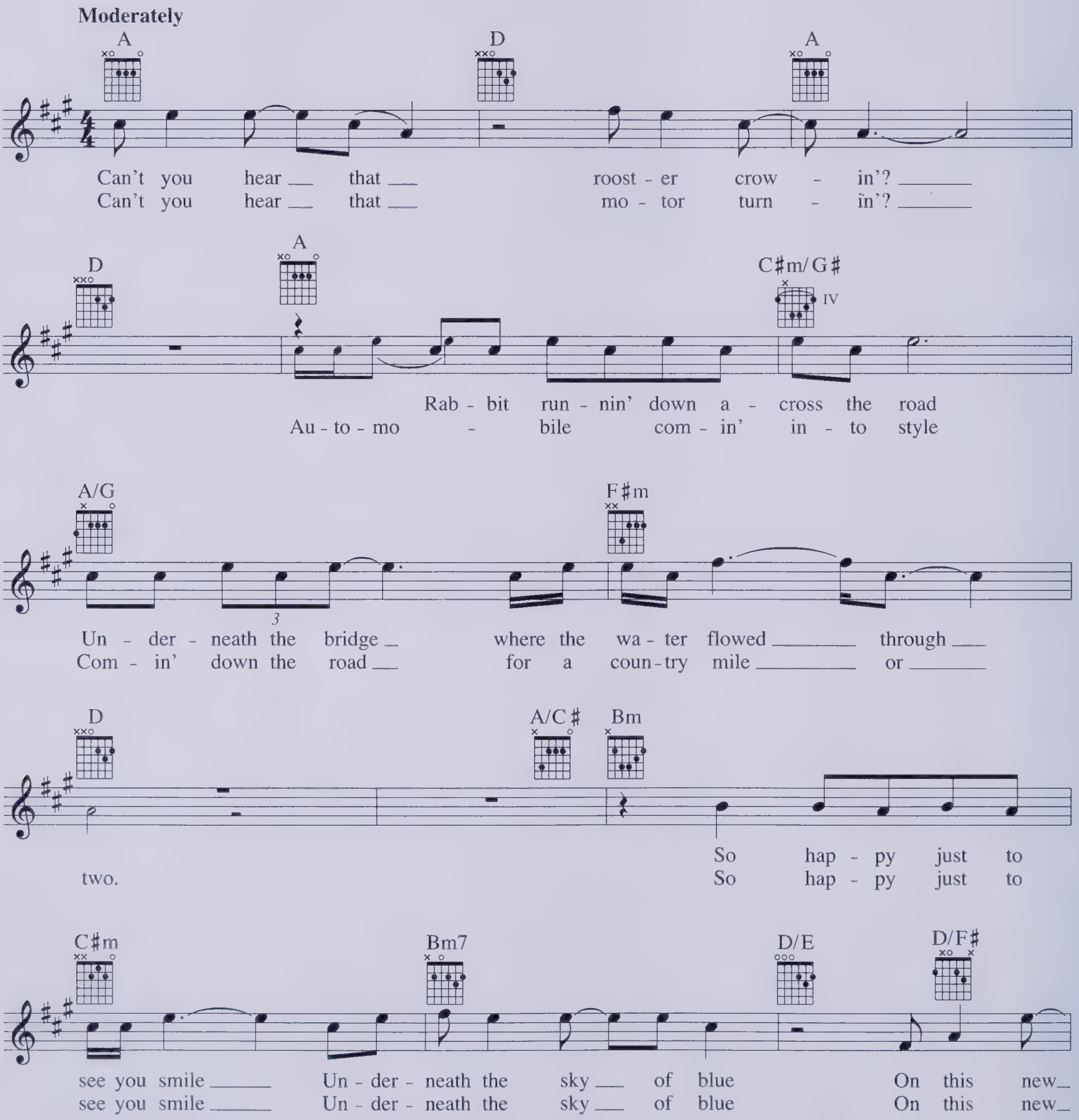
Bob Dylan, 1985

NEW MORNING

New Morning, 1970

Recorded in June 1970, 'New Morning' became the title track of a Bob Dylan album four months later. But the song had to wait more than 20 years for a debut live performance. The original studio take featured some of America's top session musicians, including Al Kooper, Russ Kunkel, Charlie Daniels and Ron Cornelius.

NEW MORNING


Moderately
A
D
A
Can't you hear that rooster crowin'?
Can't you hear that motor turnin'?
D
A
C♯m/G♯
IV
Rabbit runnin' down across the road
Automobile comin' into style
A/G
F♯m
3
Underneath the bridge where the water flowed through
Comin' down the road for a country mile or two.
D
A/C♯
Bm
So happy just to
So happy just to
C♯m
Bm7
D/E
D/F♯
see you smile Underneath the sky of blue On this new
see you smile Underneath the sky of blue On this new

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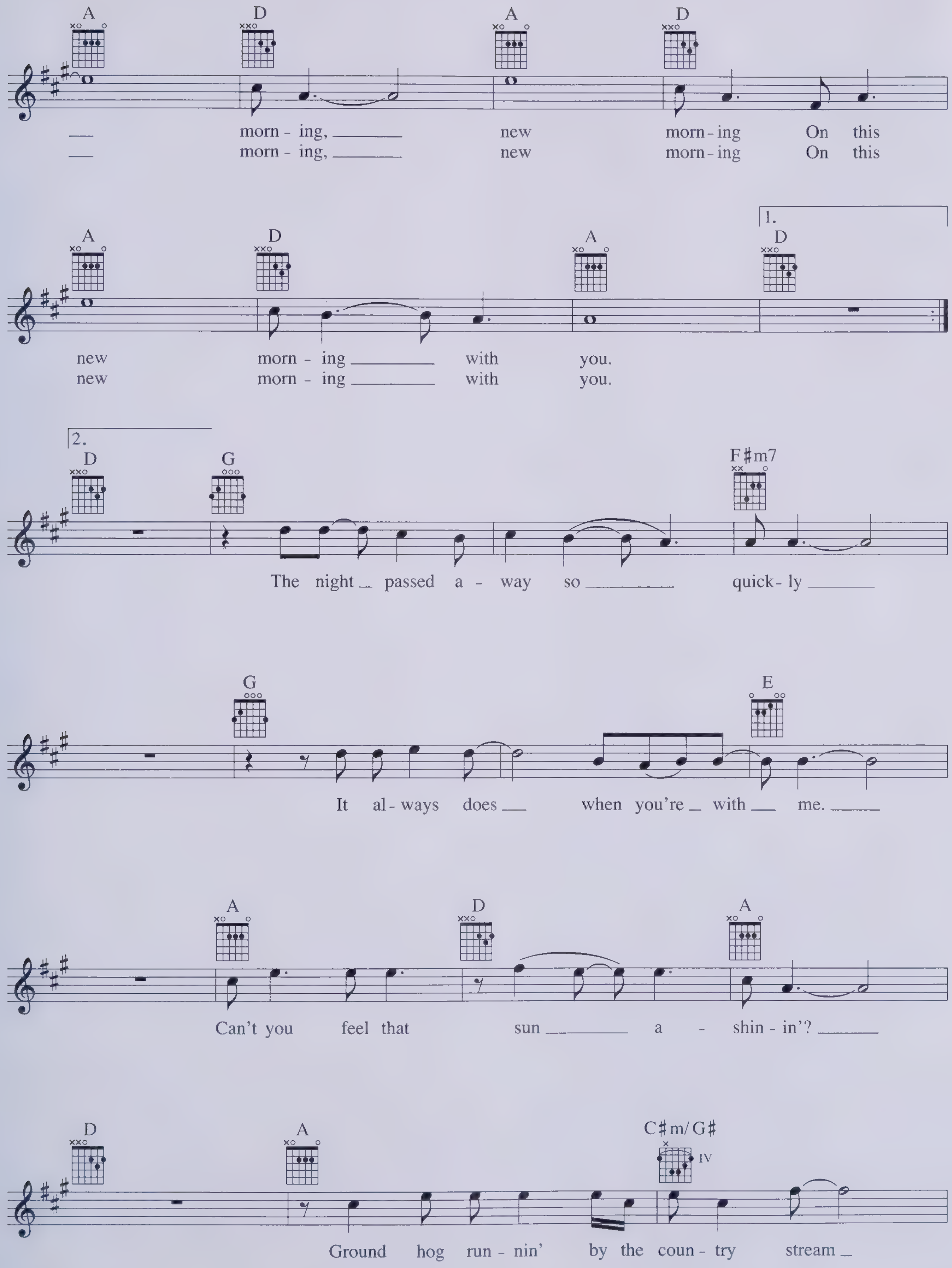
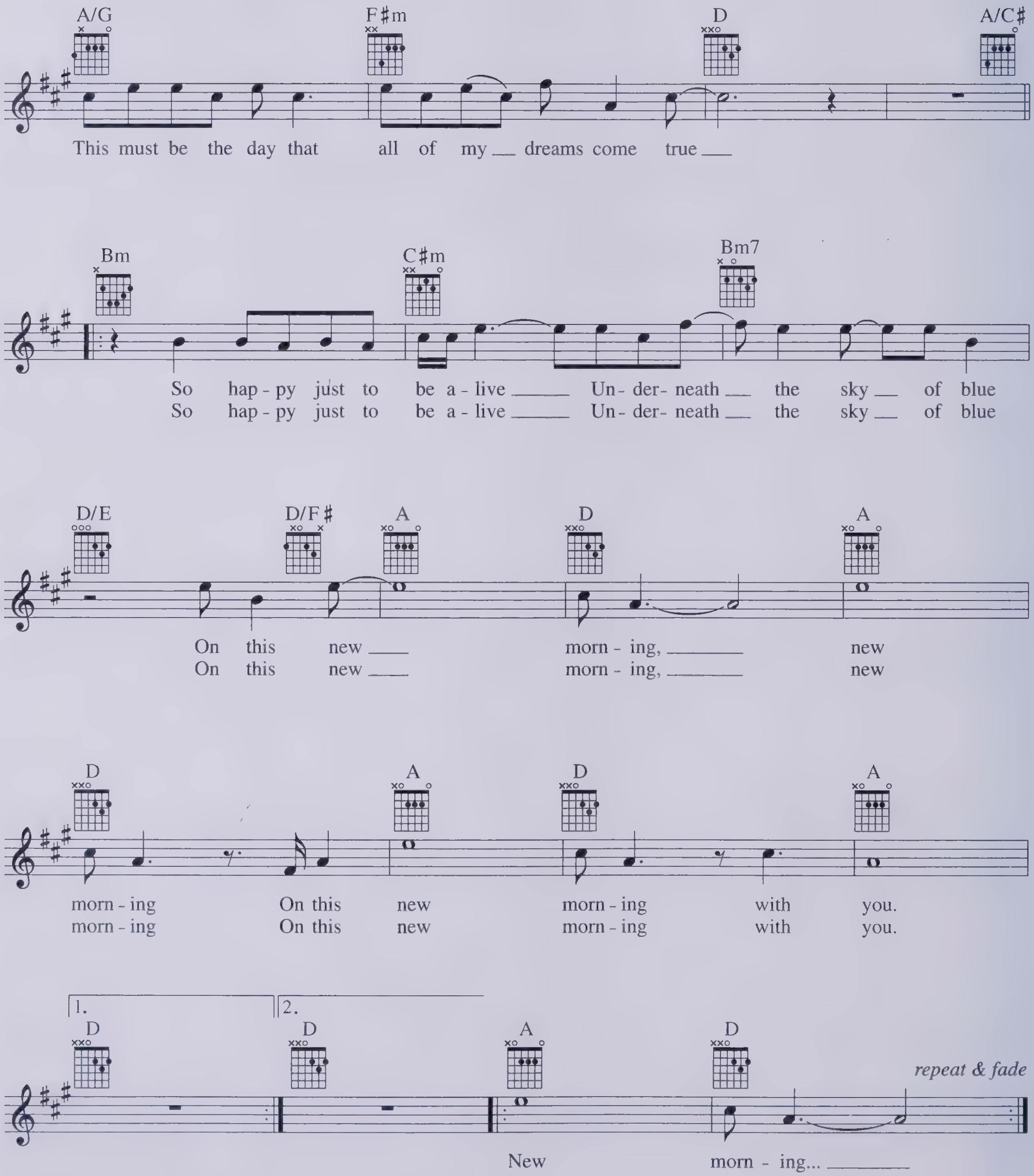

A D A D
morn - ing, new morn - ing On this
morn - ing, new morn - ing On this
A D A 1. D
new morn - ing with you.
new morn - ing with you.
2. D G F♯m7
The night passed a - way so quick - ly
G E
It al - ways does when you're with me.
A D A
Can't you feel that sun a - shin - in'?
D A C♯m/G♯ IV
Ground hog run - nin' by the coun - try stream


A/G
F♯m
D
A/C♯
This must be the day that all of my dreams come true
Bm
C♯m
Bm7
So happy just to be alive Underneath the sky of blue
So happy just to be alive Underneath the sky of blue
D/E
D/F♯
A
D
A
On this new morning, new
On this new morning, new
D
A
D
A
morning On this new morning with you.
morning On this new morning with you.
1.
2.
D
D
A
D
repeat & fade
New morning...

"A Broadway producer got hold of me. He wanted me to write the songs for an Archibald MacLeish play, called *The Devil and Daniel Webster*. Seemed like an interesting idea, so I recorded some stuff based on what he was doing, and I recorded 'New Morning'."

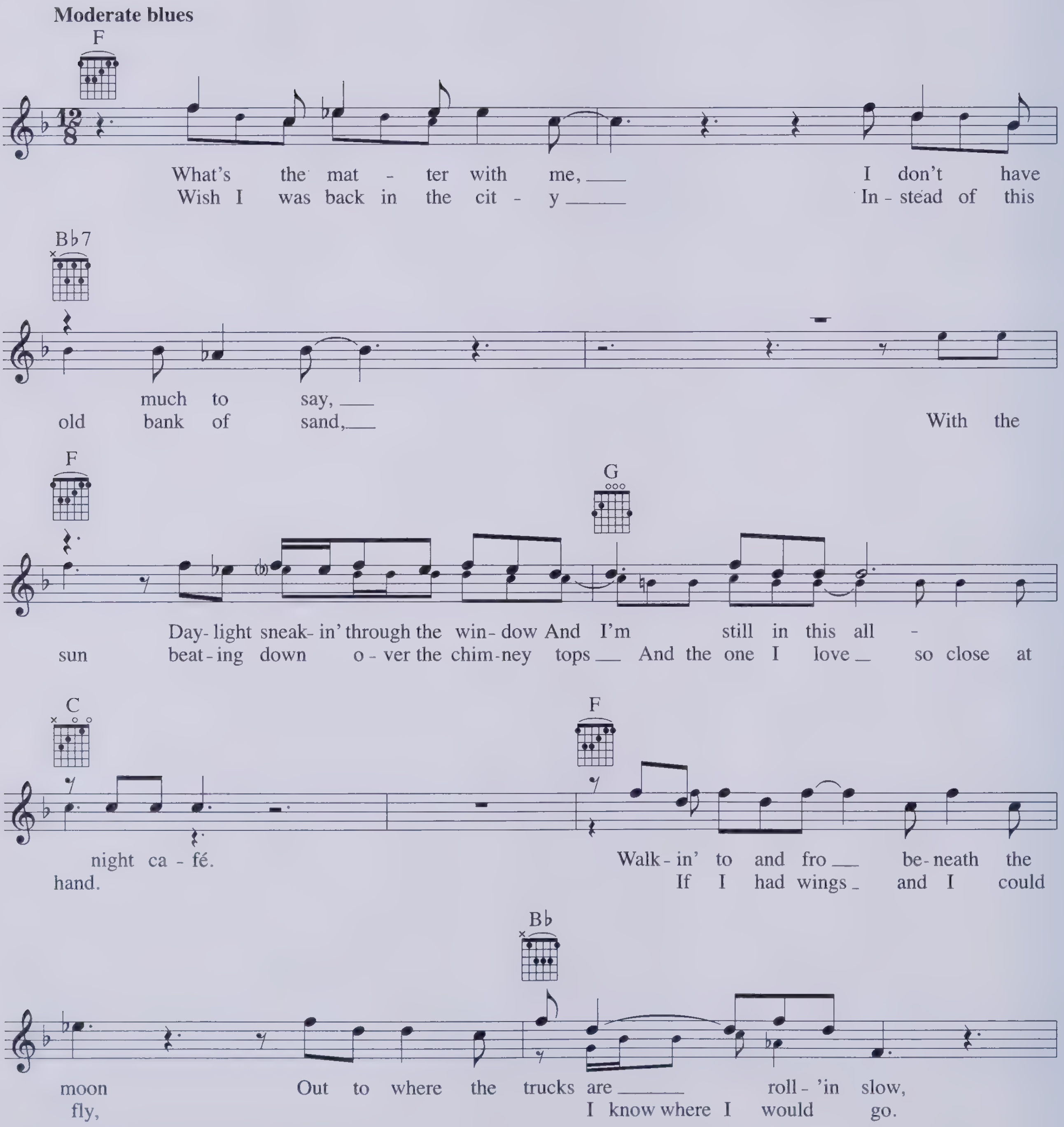
Bob Dylan, 1985

WATCHING THE RIVER FLOW

Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits, Vol. 2, 1971

One of two songs cut during some experimental 1971 sessions with Leon Russell and his band, 'Watching The River Flow' was issued as a single that summer, reaching the UK Top 30. It also appeared on the *More Greatest Hits* compilation at the end of that year. Dylan first performed the song in public in 1978, and it remains in his live repertoire to this day.

WATCHING THE RIVER FLOW


Moderate blues
F
What's the mat - ter with me, I don't have
Wish I was back in the cit - y In - stead of this
B♭7
much to say,
old bank of sand, With the
F
G
Day - light sneak - in' through the win - dow And I'm still in this all -
sun beat - ing down o - ver the chim - ney tops And the one I love so close at
C
F
night ca - fé. Walk - in' to and fro be - neath the
hand. If I had wings and I could
B♭
moon Out to where the trucks are roll - 'in slow,
fly, I know where I would go.

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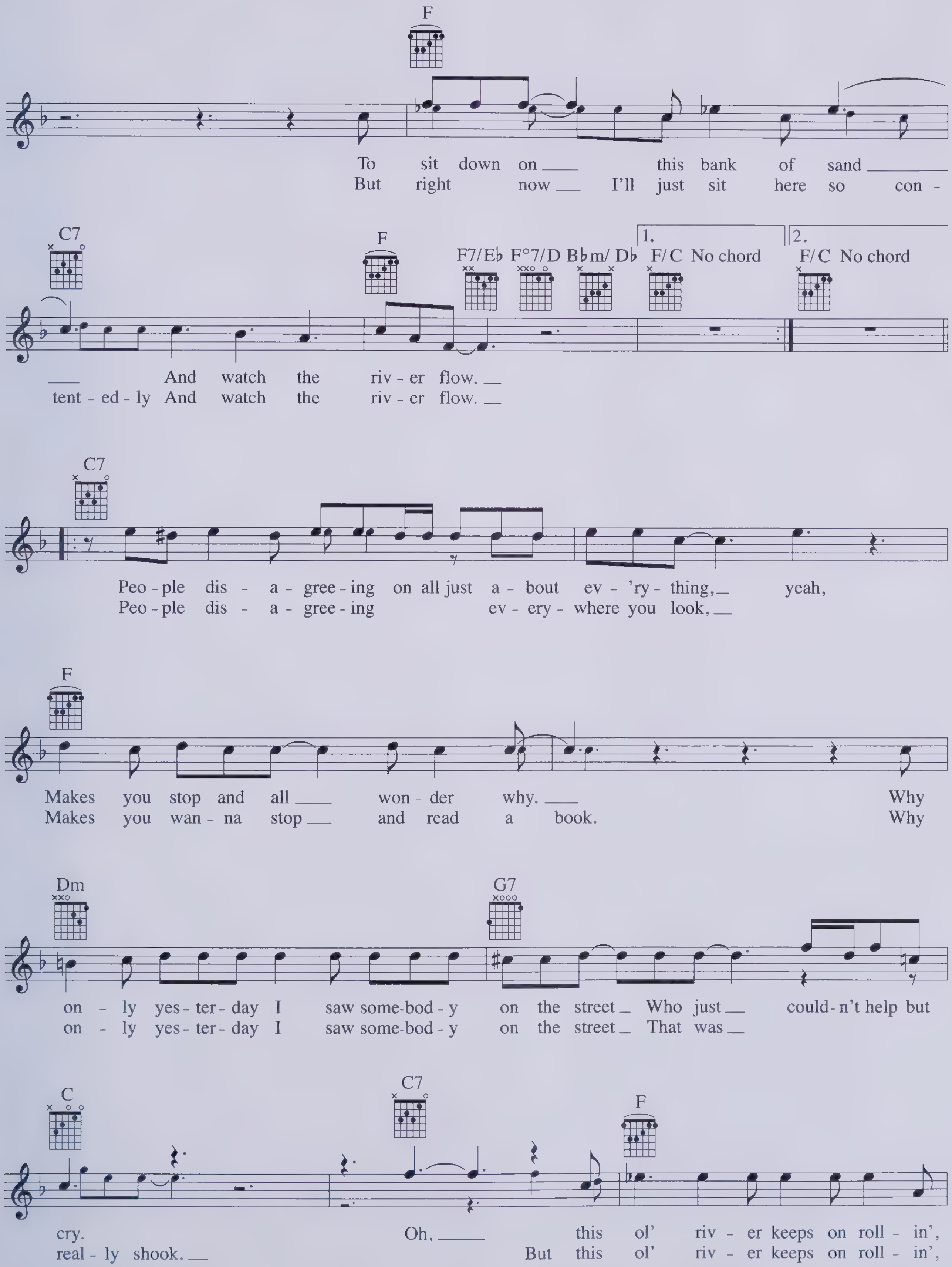
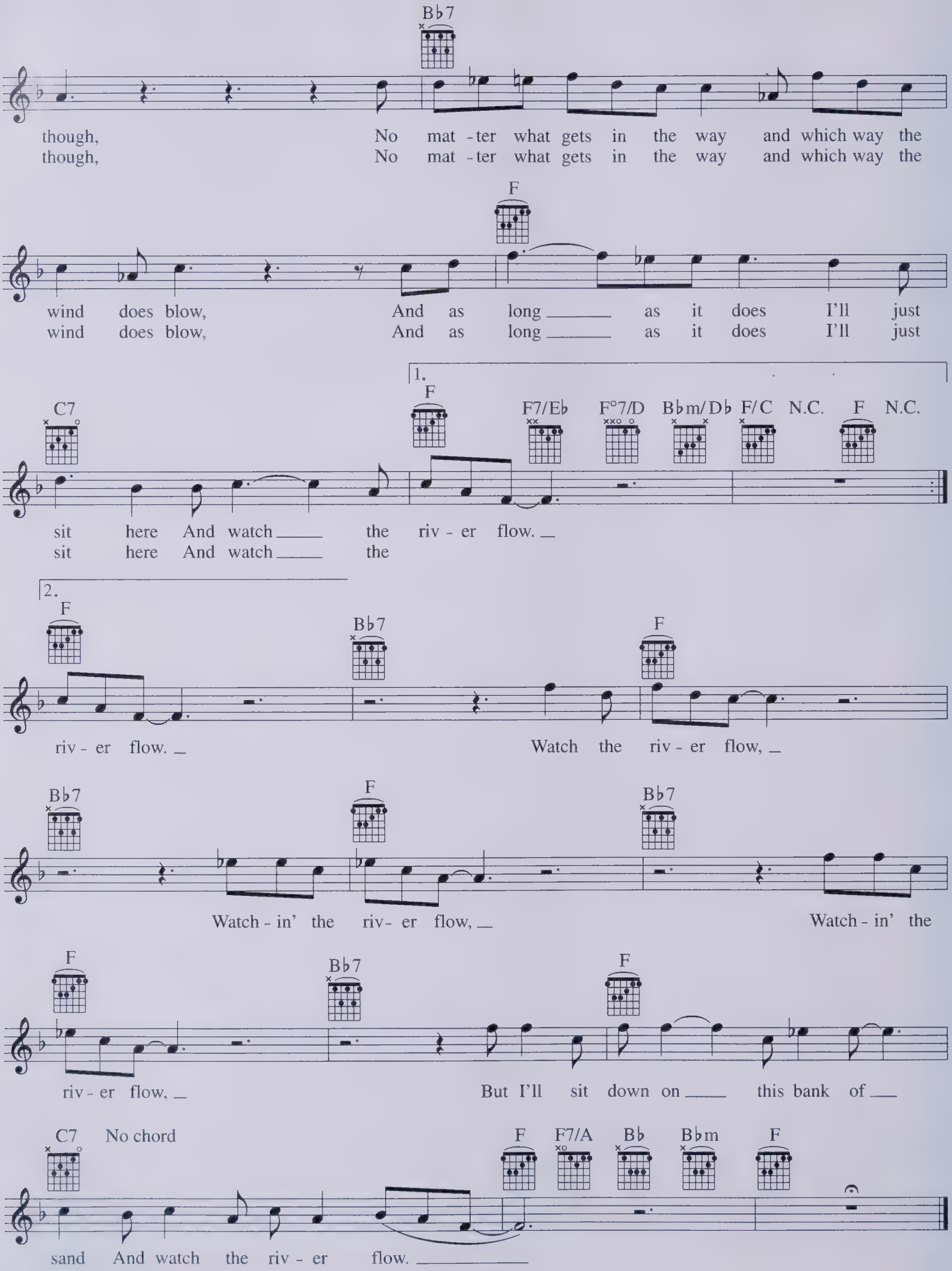

F
To sit down on ___ this bank of sand ___
But right now ___ I'll just sit here so con -
C7
F
F7/E♭
F°7/D
B♭m/ D♭
1.
F/C
No chord
2.
F/C
No chord
___ And watch the riv - er flow. ___
tent - ed - ly And watch the riv - er flow. ___
C7
Peo - ple dis - a - gree - ing on all just a - bout ev - 'ry - thing, ___ yeah,
Peo - ple dis - a - gree - ing ev - ery - where you look, ___
F
Makes you stop and all ___ won - der why. ___ Why
Makes you wan - na stop ___ and read a book. Why
Dm
G7
on - ly yes - ter - day I saw some - bod - y on the street ___ Who just ___ could - n't help but
on - ly yes - ter - day I saw some - bod - y on the street ___ That was ___
C
C7
F
cry. Oh, ___ this ol' riv - er keeps on roll - in',
real - ly shook. ___ But this ol' riv - er keeps on roll - in',


B♭7
though, No mat - ter what gets in the way and which way the
though, No mat - ter what gets in the way and which way the
F
wind does blow, And as long as it does I'll just
wind does blow, And as long as it does I'll just
C7
1.
F
F7/E♭
F°7/D
B♭m/D♭
F/C
N.C.
F
N.C.
sit here And watch the riv - er flow.
sit here And watch the
2.
F
B♭7
F
riv - er flow. Watch the riv - er flow,
B♭7
F
B♭7
Watch - in' the riv - er flow, Watch - in' the
F
B♭7
F
riv - er flow, But I'll sit down on this bank of
C7
No chord
F
F7/A
B♭
B♭m
F
sand And watch the riv - er flow.

> "We had this bet, that he could write a song right there and then. So I played him this track we had cut with my band, and then I watched him do it. He walked back and forth around the studio, and all these words started coming out."
>
> Leon Russell

WHEN I PAINT MY MASTERPIECE

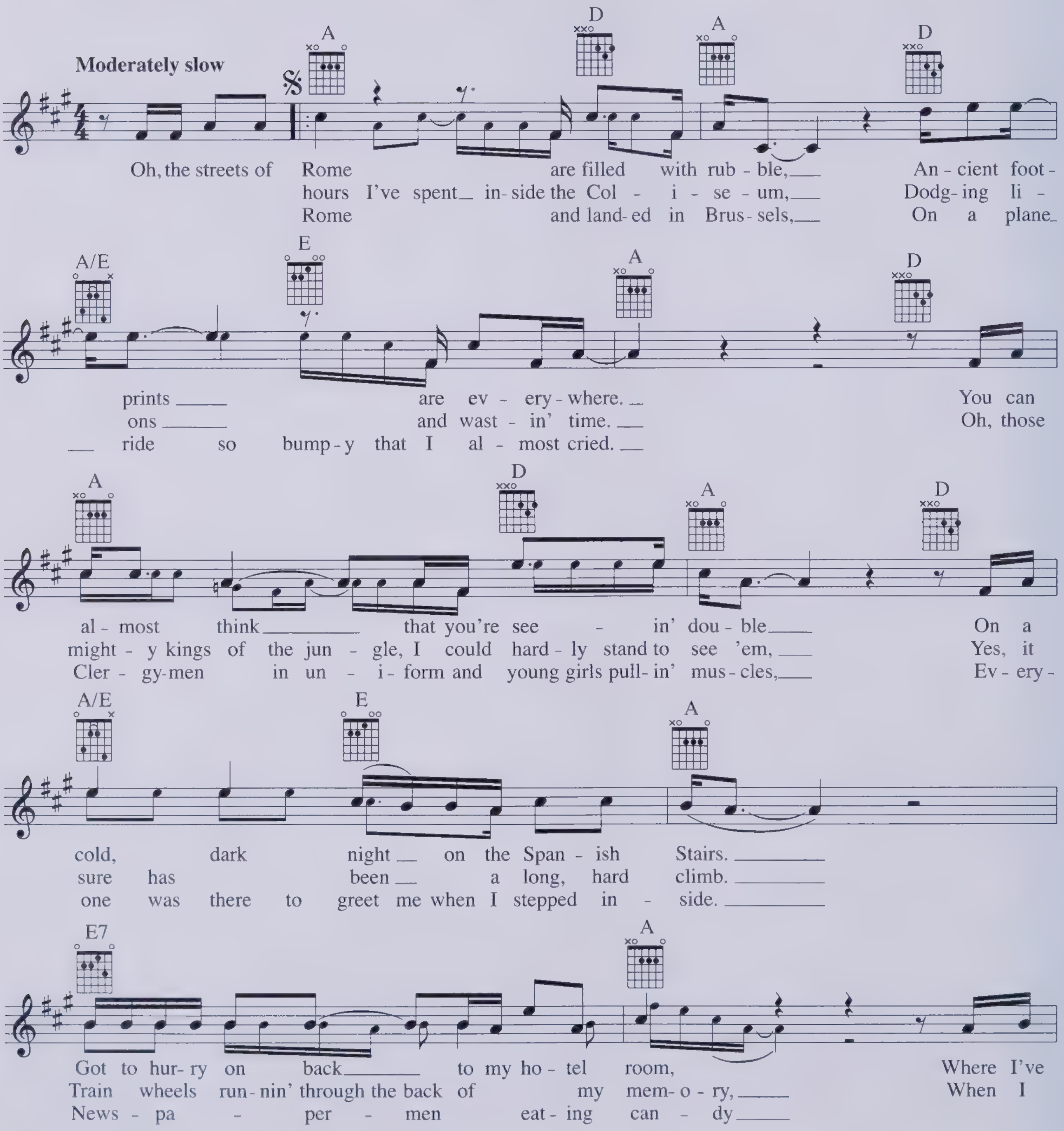
Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits, Vol. 2, 1971

Like 'Watching The River Flow', 'When I Paint My Masterpiece' was the product of a brief bout of recording with keyboardist/producer Leon Russell and his band. It was soon covered by The Band for their 1971 album *Cahoots*, and Dylan performed it with them at the end of that year. It later became his standard opening song during the 1975 Rolling Thunder Revue concerts.

"That was another song which he wrote with me there in the studio, watching him at work. That's where the chorus line came from – 'you'll be there with me when I paint my masterpiece'. And that was exactly where I was."

Leon Russell

WHEN I PAINT MY MASTERPIECE


Moderately slow
A
D
A
D
Oh, the streets of Rome are filled with rub - ble, An - cient foot -
hours I've spent in - side the Col - i - se - um, Dodg - ing li -
Rome and land - ed in Brus - sels, On a plane
A/E
E
A
D
prints are ev - ery - where. You can
ons and wast - in' time. Oh, those
ride so bump - y that I al - most cried.
A
D
A
D
al - most think that you're see - in' dou - ble On a
might - y kings of the jun - gle, I could hard - ly stand to see 'em, Yes, it
Cler - gy - men in un - i - form and young girls pull - in' mus - cles, Ev - ery -
A/E
E
A
cold, dark night on the Span - ish Stairs.
sure has been a long, hard climb.
one was there to greet me when I stepped in - side.
E7
A
Got to hur - ry on back to my ho - tel room, Where I've
Train wheels run - nin' through the back of my mem - o - ry, When I
News - pa - per - men eat - ing can - dy

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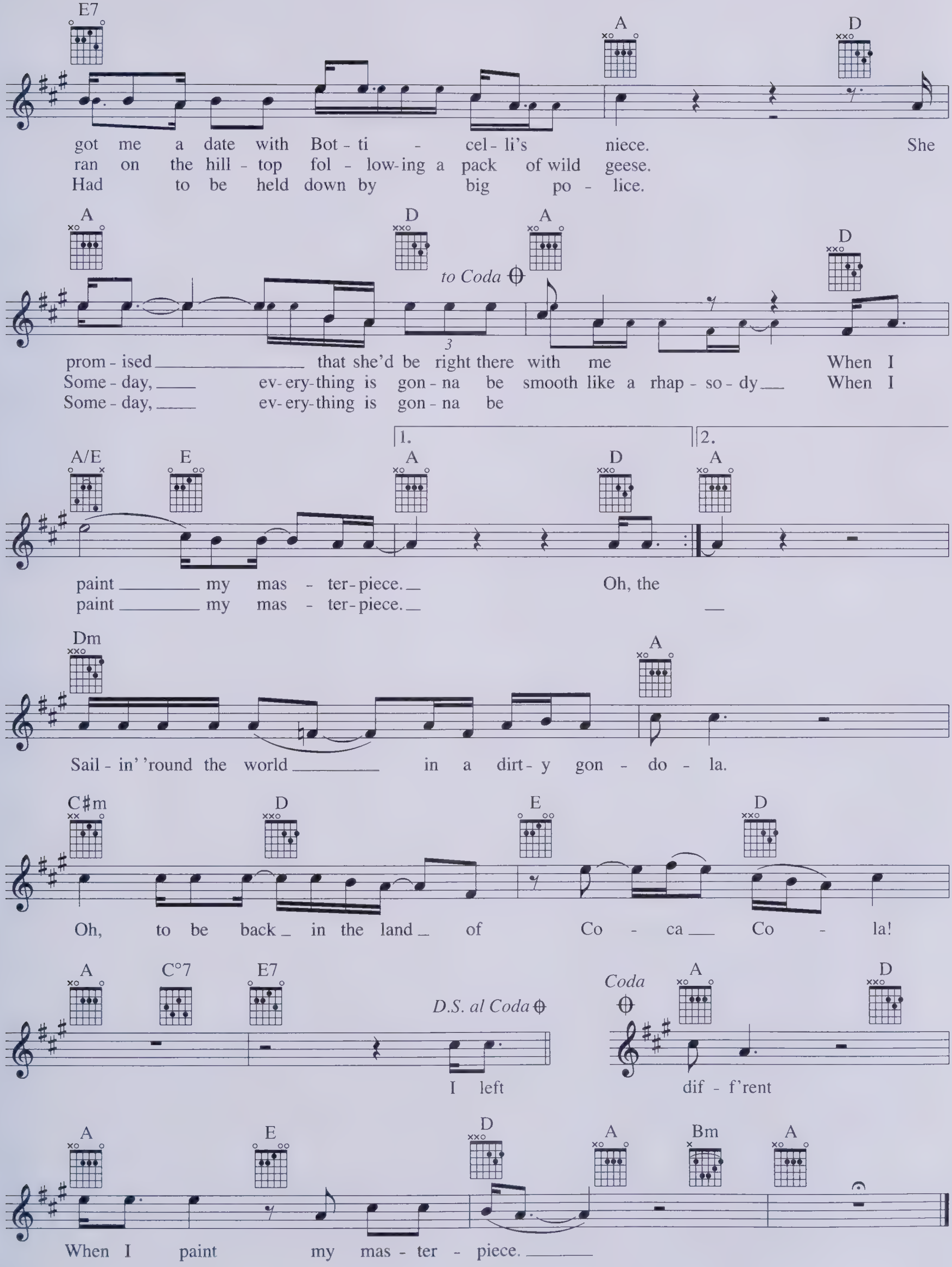
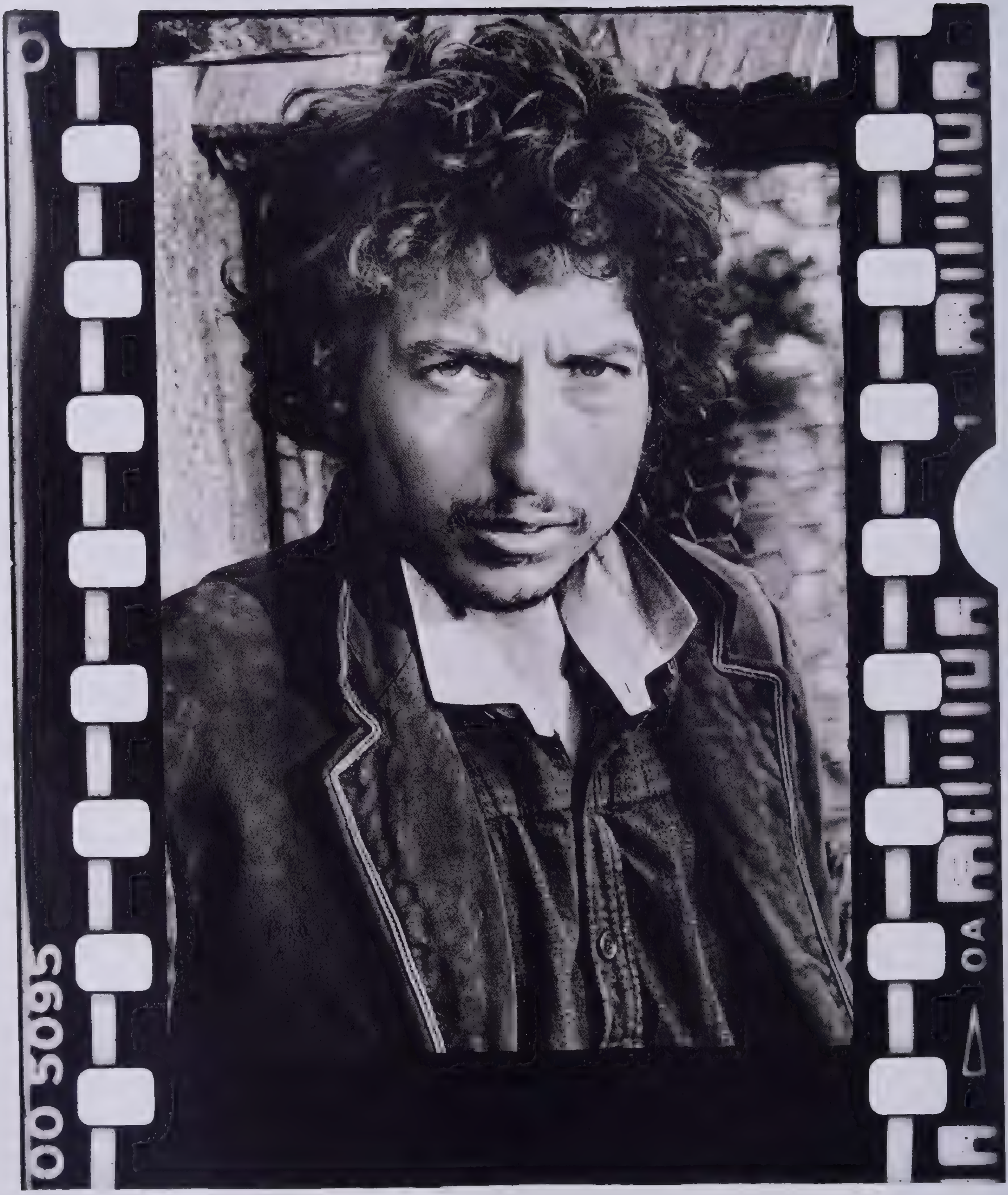

E7
A
D
got me a date with Bot - ti - cel - li's niece. She
ran on the hill - top fol - low-ing a pack of wild geese.
Had to be held down by big po - lice.
A
D
A
to Coda
D
3
prom - ised that she'd be right there with me When I
Some - day, ev-ery-thing is gon - na be smooth like a rhap - so - dy When I
Some - day, ev-ery-thing is gon - na be
1.
2.
A/E
E
A
D
A
paint my mas - ter - piece. Oh, the
paint my mas - ter - piece.
Dm
A
Sail - in' 'round the world in a dirt - y gon - do - la.
C♯m
D
E
D
Oh, to be back in the land of Co - ca Co - la!
A
C°7
E7
D.S. al Coda
I left
Coda
A
D
dif - f'rent
A
E
D
A
Bm
A
When I paint my mas - ter - piece.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OA

KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

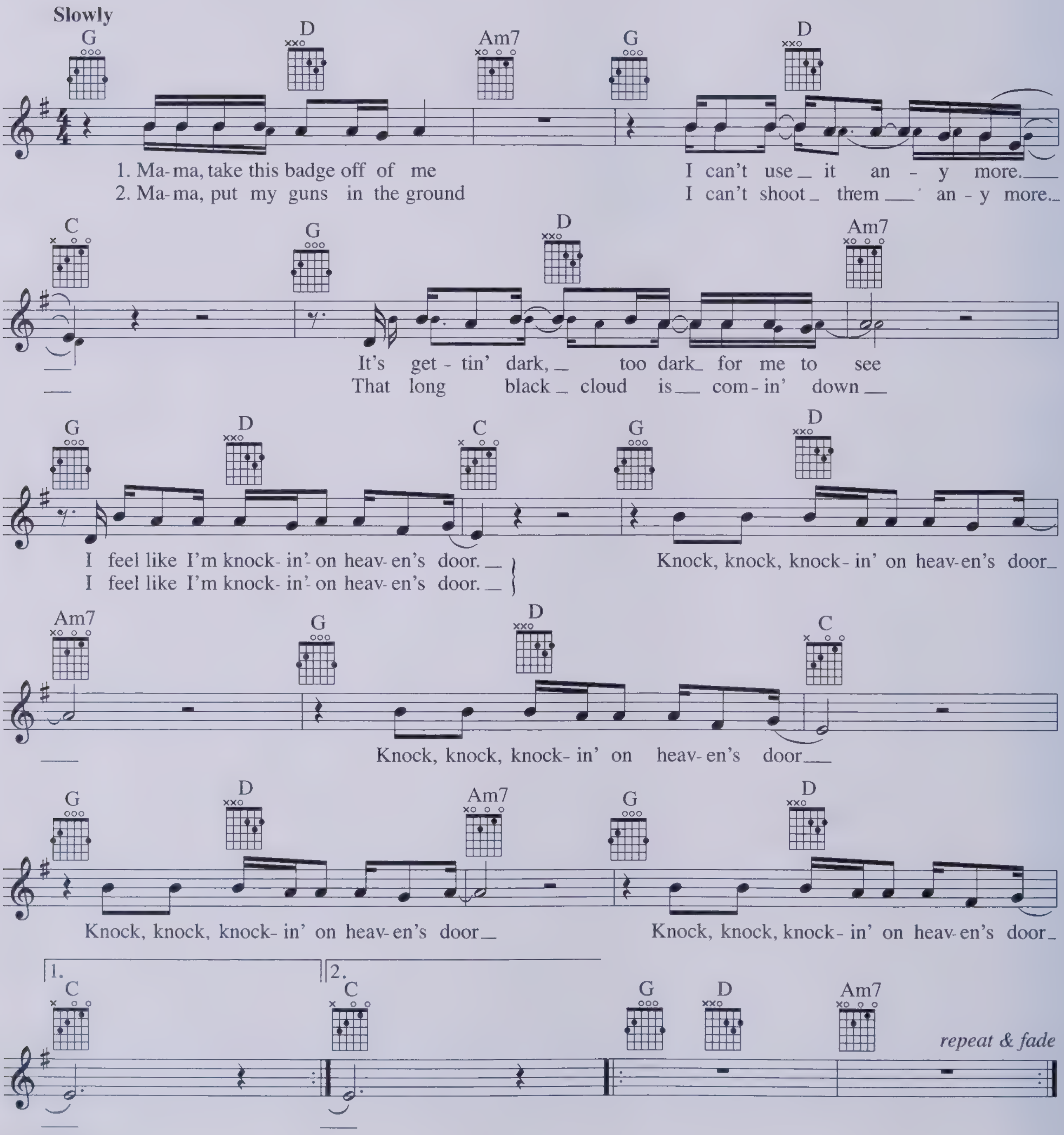
Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid, 1973

In November 1972, Bob Dylan travelled to Mexico to begin filming a role in Sam Peckinpah's movie, *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*. Contracted to provide the soundtrack music for the film, Dylan cut this heart-stoppingly poignant ballad in February 1973. It became a major hit single later that year, and has returned to the charts on several occasions since then, via covers by artists such as Eric Clapton and Guns 'N' Roses.

"It's such a great song, a very spiritual song."

Eric Clapton

KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR


Slowly
G
D
Am7
G
D
1. Ma-ma, take this badge off of me
2. Ma-ma, put my guns in the ground
I can't use it an - y more.
I can't shoot them an - y more.
C
G
D
Am7
It's get-tin' dark, too dark for me to see
That long black cloud is com-in' down
G
D
C
G
D
I feel like I'm knock-in' on heav-en's door.
I feel like I'm knock-in' on heav-en's door.
Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav-en's door
Am7
G
D
C
Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav-en's door
G
D
Am7
G
D
Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav-en's door
Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav-en's door
1.
C
2.
C
G
D
Am7
repeat & fade

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"'Knockin' On Heaven's Door' is an extraordinary thing."

Allen Ginsberg

FOREVER YOUNG

Planet Waves, 1974

The anthemic 'Forever Young' was recorded in both acoustic and electric arrangements during the November 1973 sessions for the *Planet Waves* album. Unable to decide which version to include on the record, Dylan opted to use them both. An early demo recording of the song subsequently emerged on the *Biograph* compilation, while live performances can be found on *The Last Waltz* and *Bob Dylan At Budokan*.

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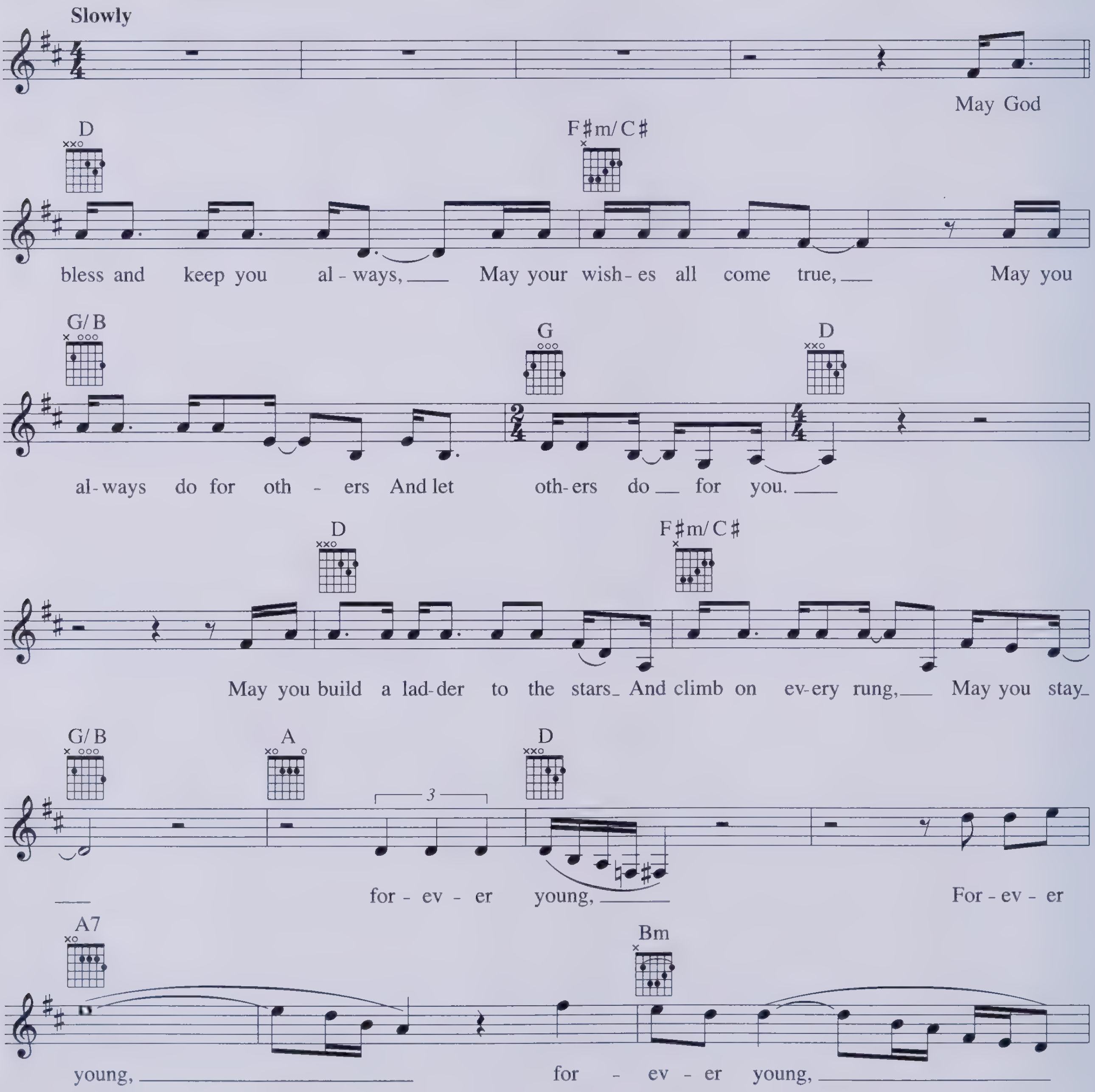
FOREVER YOUNG


Slowly
May God
D
F♯m/C♯
bless and keep you al - ways, May your wish - es all come true, May you
G/B
G
D
al - ways do for oth - ers And let oth - ers do for you.
D
F♯m/C♯
May you build a lad - der to the stars And climb on ev - ery rung, May you stay
G/B
A
D
3
for - ev - er young, For - ev - er
A7
Bm
young, for - ev - er young,

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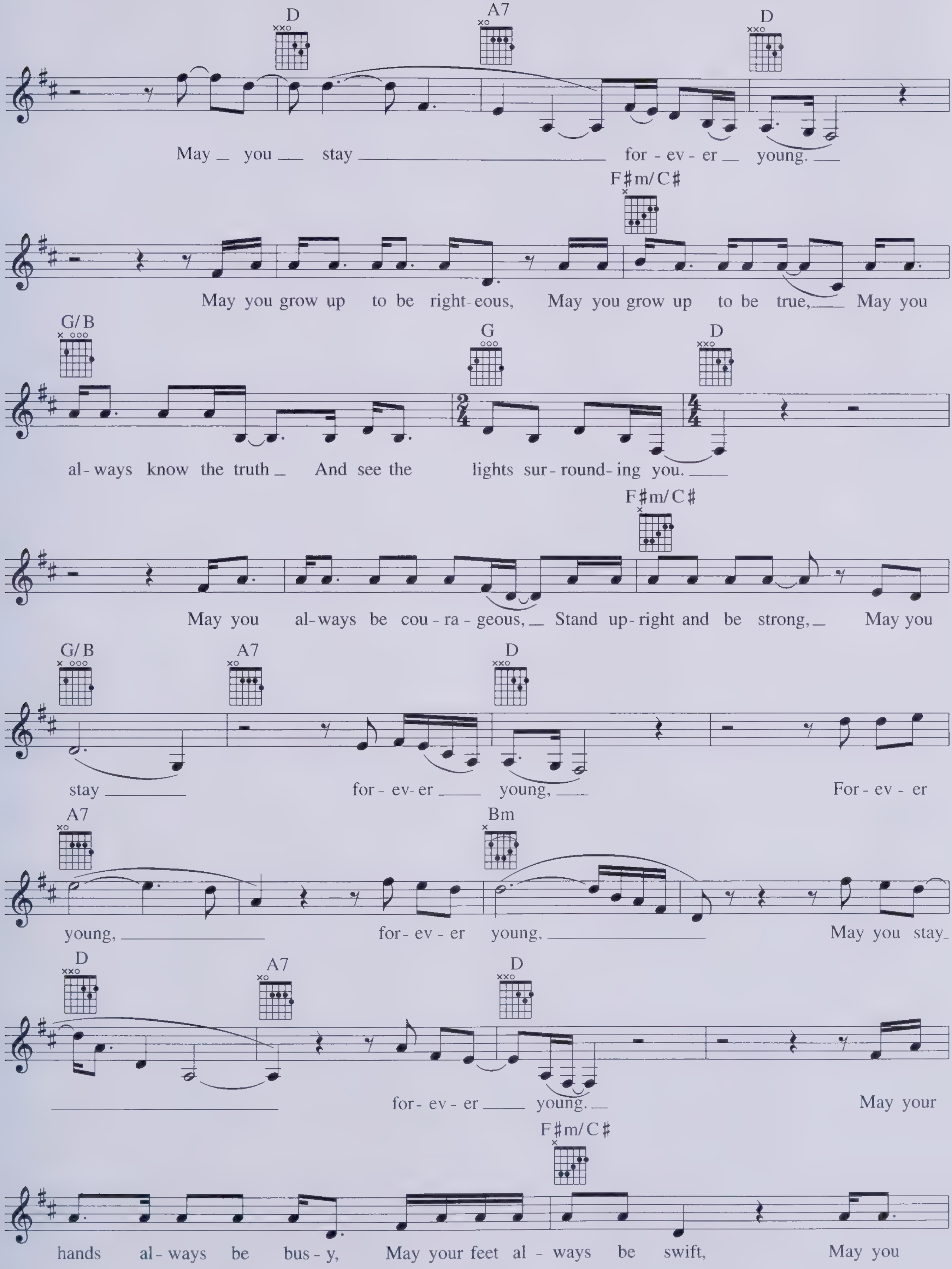
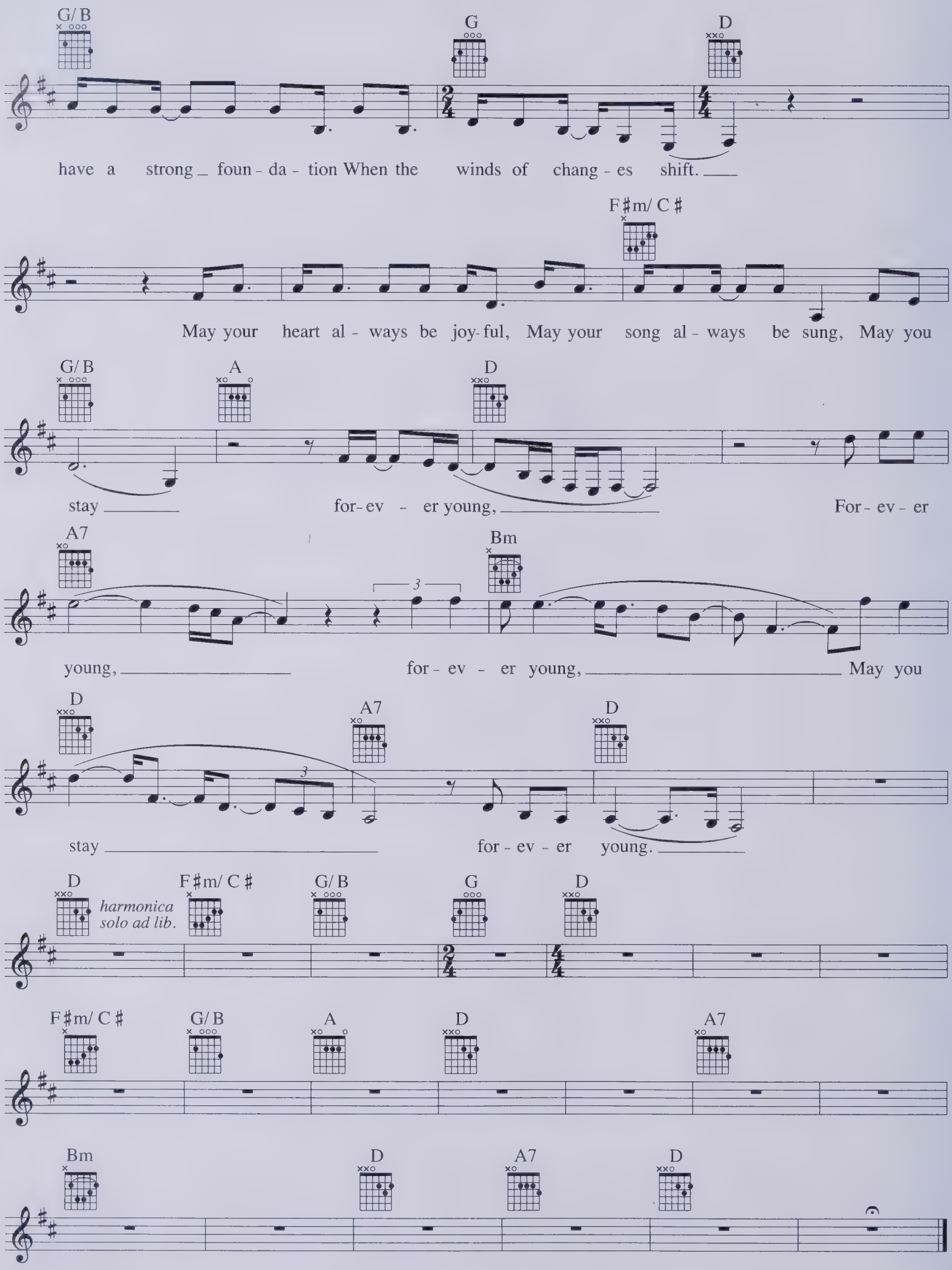

D
A7
D
May you stay forever young.
F♯m/C♯
May you grow up to be righteous, May you grow up to be true, May you
G/B
G
D
always know the truth And see the lights surrounding you.
F♯m/C♯
May you always be courageous, Stand upright and be strong, May you
G/B
A7
D
stay forever young, Forever
A7
Bm
young, forever young, May you stay
D
A7
D
forever young.
May your
F♯m/C♯
hands always be busy, May your feet always be swift, May you


G/B
G
D
have a strong _ foun - da - tion When the winds of chang - es shift. ___
F♯m/ C♯
May your heart al - ways be joy - ful, May your song al - ways be sung, May you
G/ B
A
D
stay ________ for - ev - er young, ________________ For - ev - er
A7
Bm
3
young, ________________ for - ev - er young, ________________________ May you
D
A7
D
3
stay __________________________ for - ev - er young. ________
D
harmonica solo ad lib.
F♯m/ C♯
G/ B
G
D
F♯m/ C♯
G/ B
A
D
A7
Bm
D
A7
D

> “‘Forever Young’ is a beautiful song. I’ve heard that sung round campfires, by people not recognizing it was Dylan, and when I told them, they’d say, ‘Oh my God, that beautiful old favourite is Dylan?’.”
>
> Allen Ginsberg

TANGLED UP IN BLUE

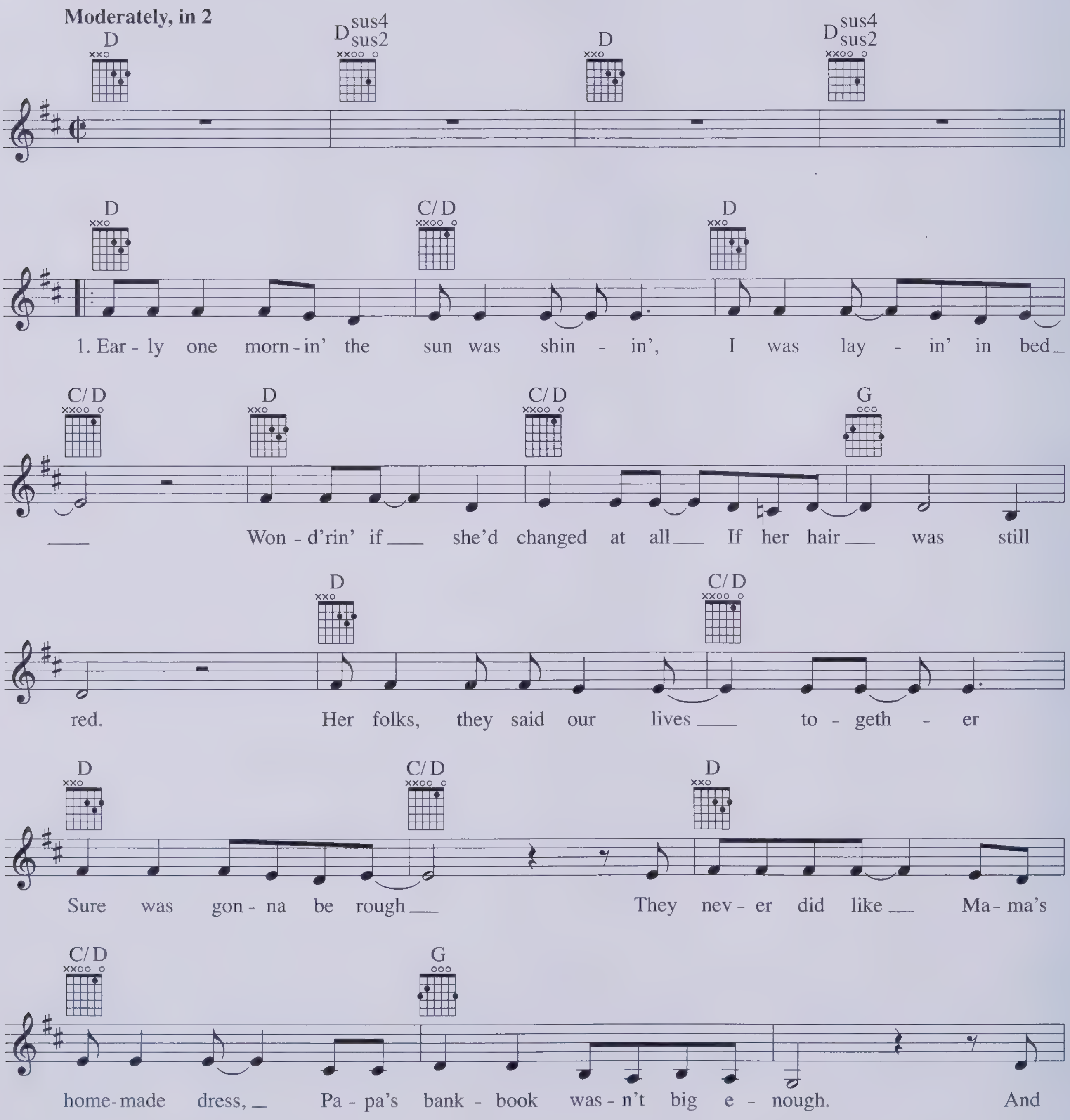
Blood On The Tracks, 1975

Two starkly different readings of this remarkable song were taped for the *Blood On The Tracks* album. But Dylan still wasn't satisfied, rewriting the song for the stage and later announcing that it was the version captured on the 1984 album *Real Live* that represented the song's definitive incarnation. He has performed 'Tangled Up In Blue' at hundreds of concerts since then, often adjusting the lyrics along the way.

"That's one of the top ten songs of the 20th century."

Richard Thompson

TANGLED UP IN BLUE


Moderately, in 2
D
Dsus4 sus2
D
Dsus4 sus2
D
C/D
D
1. Ear - ly one morn - in' the sun was shin - in', I was lay - in' in bed
C/D
D
C/D
G
Won - d'rin' if she'd changed at all If her hair was still
red.
D
C/D
Her folks, they said our lives to - geth - er
D
C/D
D
Sure was gon - na be rough They nev - er did like Ma - ma's
C/D
G
home-made dress, Pa - pa's bank - book was - n't big e - nough. And

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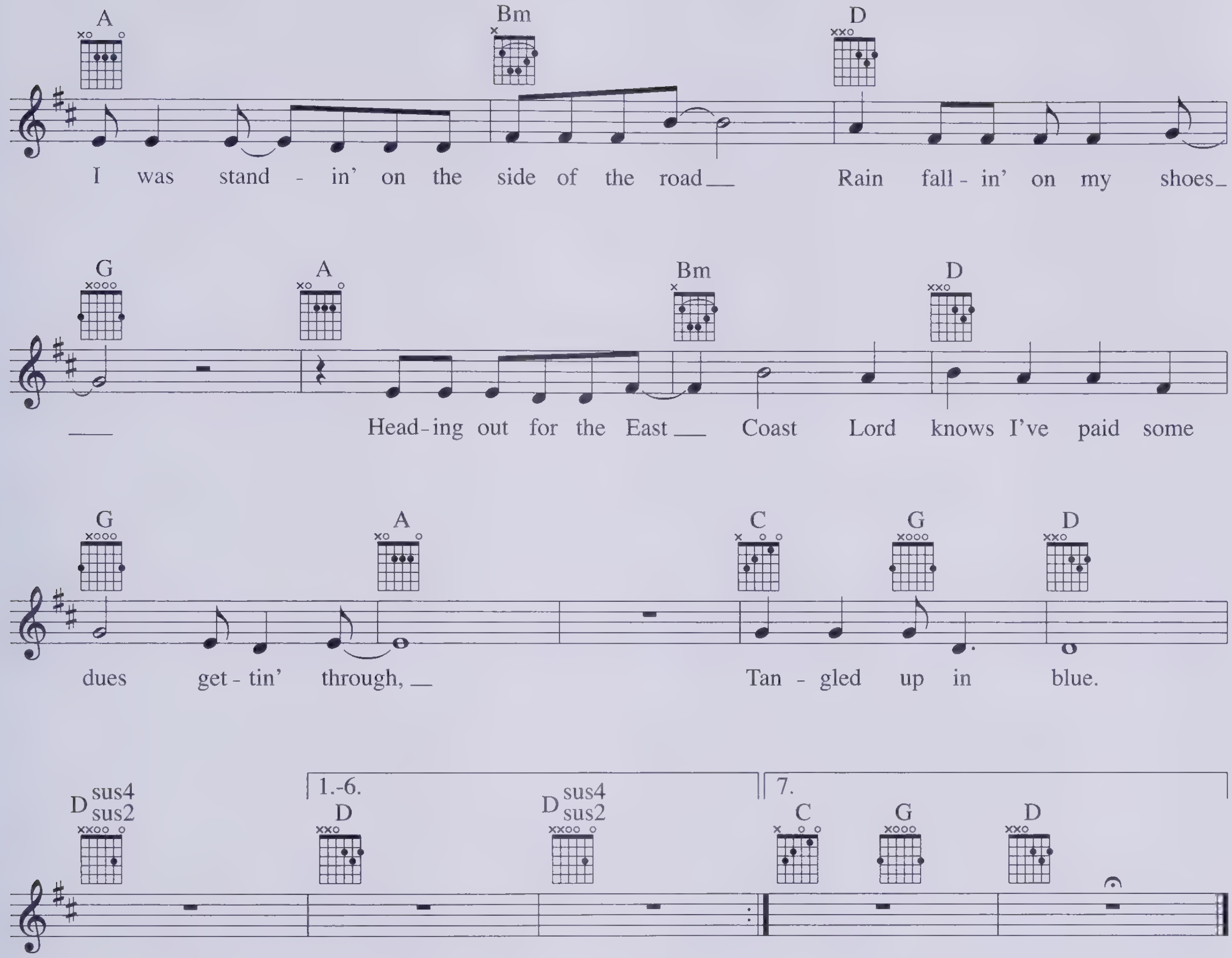

A
Bm
D
I was stand - in' on the side of the road
Rain fall - in' on my shoes
G
A
Bm
D
Head - ing out for the East Coast Lord knows I've paid some
G
A
C
G
D
dues get - tin' through,
Tan - gled up in blue.
D sus4 sus2
1.-6.
D
D sus4 sus2
7.
C
G
D

Additional lyrics

2. She was married when we first met
Soon to be divorced
I helped her out of a jam, I guess
But I used a little too much force
We drove that car as far as we could
Abandoned it out West
Split up on a dark sad night
Both agreeing it was best
She turned around to look at me
As I was walkin' away
I heard her say over my shoulder
"We'll meet again someday on the avenue"
Tangled up in blue

3. I had a job in the great north woods
Working as a cook for a spell
But I never did like it all that much
And one day the ax just fell
So I drifted down to New Orleans
Where I happened to be employed
Workin' for a while on a fishin' boat
Right outside of Delacroix
But all the while I was alone
The past was close behind
I seen a lot of women
But she never escaped my mind, and I just grew
Tangled up in blue

4. She was workin' in a topless place
And I stopped in for a beer
I just kept lookin' at the side of her face
In the spotlight so clear
And later on as the crowd thinned out
I's just about to do the same
She was standing there in back of my chair
Said to me, "Don't I know your name?"
I muttered somethin' underneath my breath
She studied the lines on my face
I must admit I felt a little uneasy
When she bent down to tie the laces of my shoe
Tangled up in blue

5. She lit a burner on the stove and offered me a pipe
"I thought you'd never say hello," she said
"You look like the silent type"
Then she opened up a book of poems
And handed it to me
Written by an Italian poet
From the thirteenth century
And every one of them words rang true
And glowed like burnin' coal
Pourin' off of every page
Like it was written in my soul from me to you
Tangled up in blue

6. I lived with them on Montague Street
In a basement down the stairs
There was music in the cafés at night
And revolution in the air
Then he started into dealing with slaves
And something inside of him died
She had to sell everything she owned
And froze up inside
And when finally the bottom fell out
I became withdrawn
The only thing I knew how to do
Was to keep on keepin' on like a bird that flew
Tangled up in blue

7. So now I'm goin' back again
I got to get to her somehow
All the people we used to know
They're an illusion to me now
Some are mathematicians
Some are carpenter's wives
Don't know how it all got started
I don't know what they're doin' with their lives
But me, I'm still on the road
Headin' for another joint
We always did feel the same
We just saw it from a different point of view
Tangled up in blue

"I was trying to do something that I didn't think had ever been done before – in terms of trying to tell a story and be a present character in it without it being some kind of fake, sappy, attempted tearjerker. I was trying to be somebody in the present time while conjuring up a lot of past images."

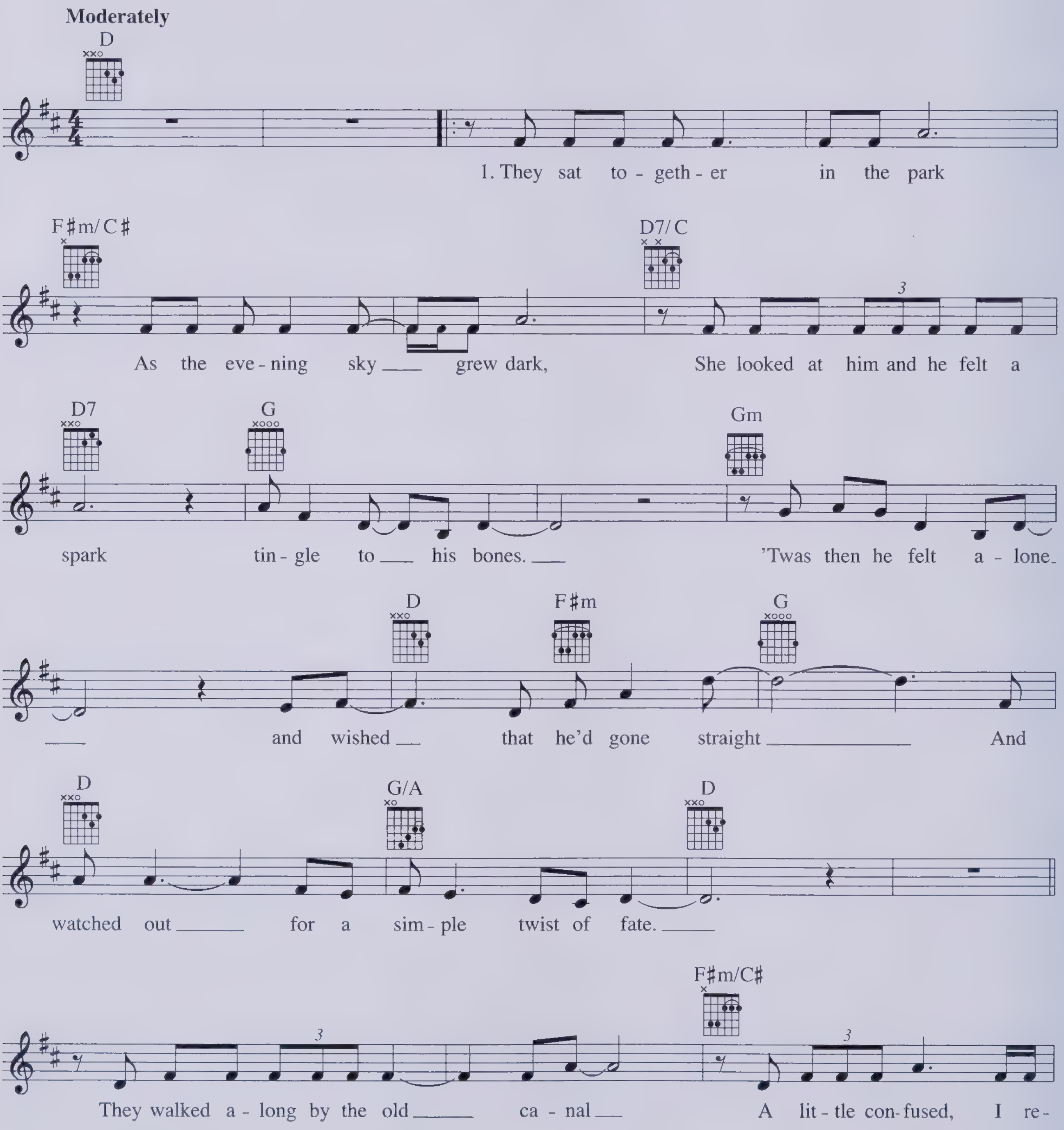
Bob Dylan, 1985

SIMPLE TWIST OF FATE

Blood On The Tracks, 1975

'Simple Twist Of Fate' was one of the ten superb songs that emerged from the 1974 recording sessions for the *Blood On The Tracks* album. Dylan subsequently rewrote many of the lyrics for a TV performance in honour of veteran producer John Hammond in September 1975. Joan Baez famously covered the song that year, devoting one verse to an impersonation of the song's composer.

SIMPLE TWIST OF FATE


Moderately
D
1. They sat to - geth - er in the park
F♯m/C♯
D7/C
As the eve - ning sky ___ grew dark, She looked at him and he felt a
D7
G
Gm
spark tin - gle to ___ his bones. ___ 'Twas then he felt a - lone
D
F♯m
G
___ and wished ___ that he'd gone straight ___ And
D
G/A
D
watched out ___ for a sim - ple twist of fate. ___
F♯m/C♯
They walked a - long by the old ___ ca - nal ___ A lit - tle con - fused, I re -
3

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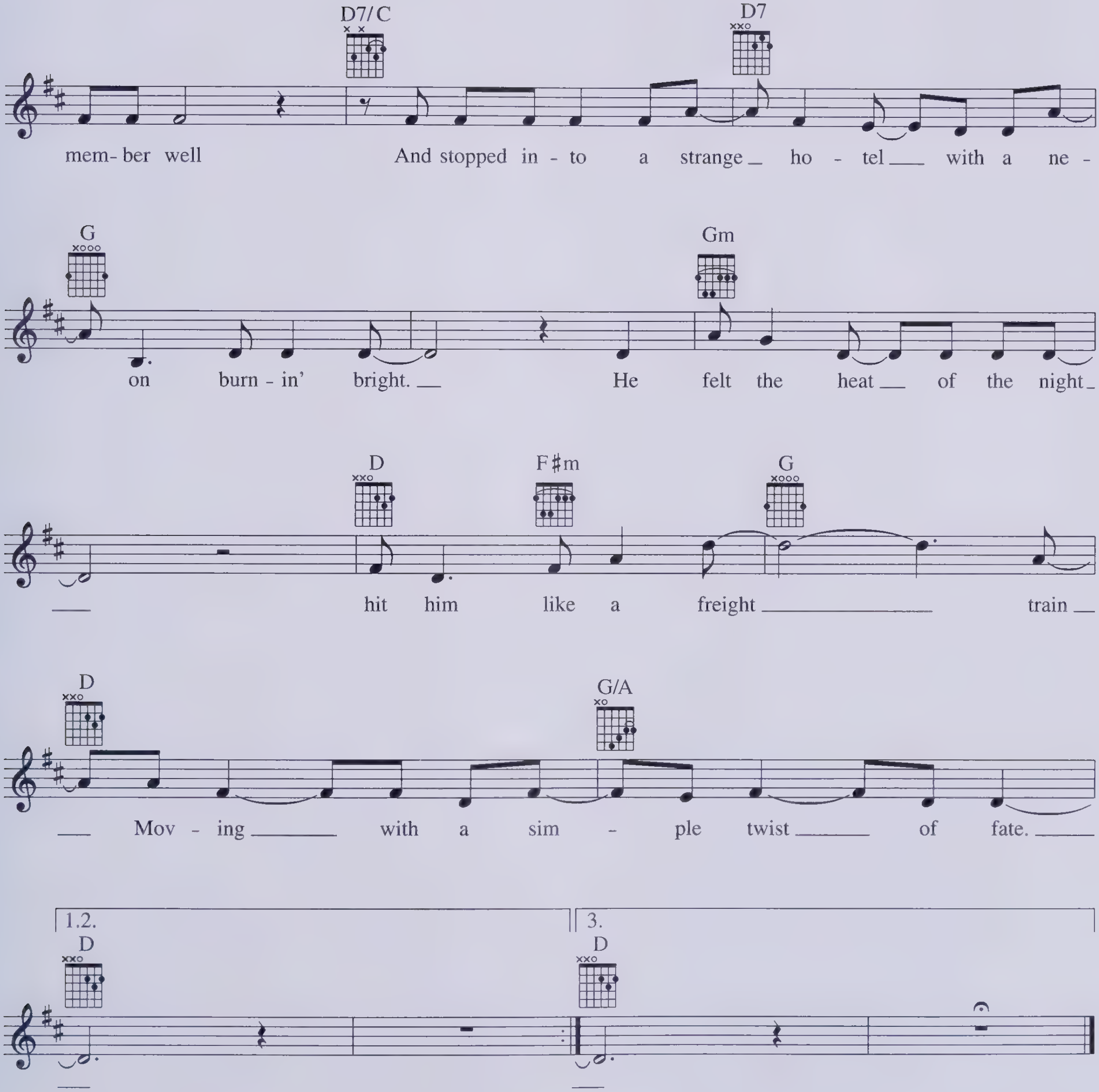

D7/C
D7
mem- ber well
And stopped in - to a strange ho - tel with a ne -
G
Gm
on burn - in' bright.
He felt the heat of the night
D
F♯m
G
hit him like a freight train
D
G/A
Mov - ing with a sim - ple twist of fate.
1.2.
D
3.
D

Additional lyrics

2. A saxophone someplace far off played
As she was walkin' by the arcade
As the light bust through a beat-up shade where he was wakin' up
She dropped a coin into the cup of a blind man at the gate
And forgot about a simple twist of fate

He woke up, the room was bare
He didn't see her anywhere
He told himself he didn't care, pushed the window open wide
Felt an emptiness inside to which he just could not relate
Brought on by a simple twist of fate

3. He hears the ticking of the clocks
And walks along with a parrot that talks
Hunts her down by the waterfront docks where the sailers all come in
Maybe she'll pick him out again, how long must he wait
Once more for a simple twist of fate

People tell me it's a sin
To know and feel too much within
I still believe she was my twin, but I lost the ring
She was born in spring, but I was born too late
Blame it on a simple twist of fate

"If Dylan hadn't said some of the things he did, nobody else was going to say them. Can you imagine what a world it would be if we didn't have a Bob Dylan? It would be awful."

George Harrison

YOU'RE A BIG GIRL NOW

Blood On The Tracks, 1975

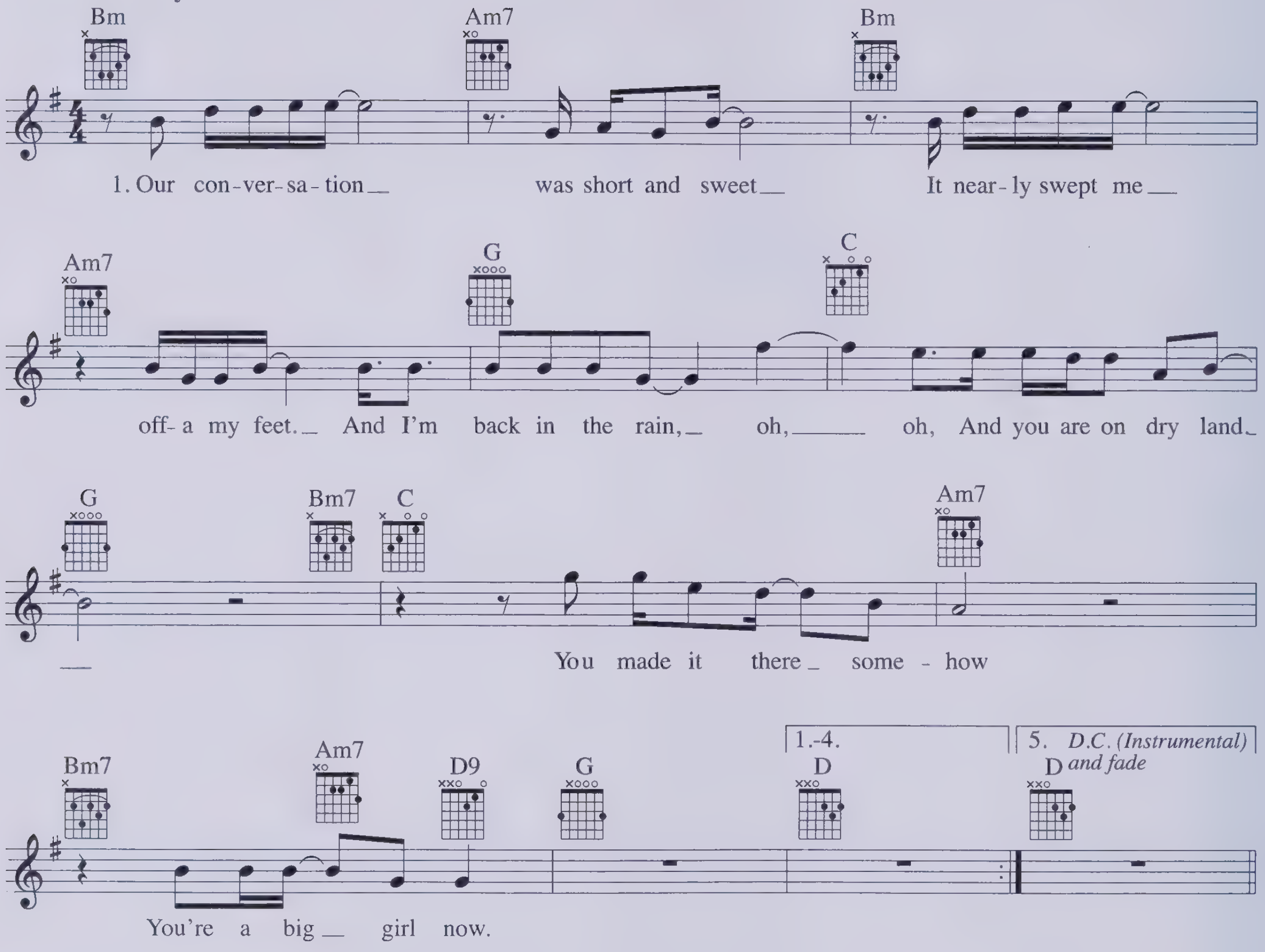
The tense emotional landscape of 'You're A Big Girl Now' was one of several songs intended for *Blood On The Tracks* that were re-recorded shortly before the album's January 1975 release date. An even more dramatic reading of the song surfaced a year later on the *Hard Rain* concert album.

"I read that this was supposed to be about my wife. I wish somebody would ask me first before they go ahead and print stuff like that. I mean, it couldn't be about anybody else but my wife, right? Stupid and misleading jerks."

Bob Dylan, 1985

YOU'RE A BIG GIRL NOW

Moderately slow


Bm
Am7
Bm
1. Our con-ver-sa-tion was short and sweet It near-ly swept me
Am7
G
C
off- a my feet. And I'm back in the rain, oh, oh, And you are on dry land.
G
Bm7
C
Am7
You made it there some - how
Bm7
Am7
D9
G
1.-4.
D
5. D.C. (Instrumental) and fade
D
You're a big girl now.

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Additional lyrics

2. Bird on the horizon, sittin' on a fence
He's singin' his song for me at his own expense
And I'm just like that bird, oh, oh
Singin' just for you
I hope that you can hear
Hear me singin' through these tears

3. Time is a jet plane, it moves too fast
Oh, but what a shame if all we've shared can't last
I can change, I swear, oh, oh
See what you can do
I can make it through
You can make it too

4. Love is so simple, to quote a phrase
You've known it all the time, I'm learnin' it these days
Oh, I know where I can find you, oh, oh
In somebody's room
It's a price I have to pay
You're a big girl all the way

5. A change in the weather is known to be extreme
But what's the sense of changing horses in midstream?
I'm going out of my mind, oh, oh
With a pain that stops and starts
Like a corkscrew to my heart
Ever since we've been apart

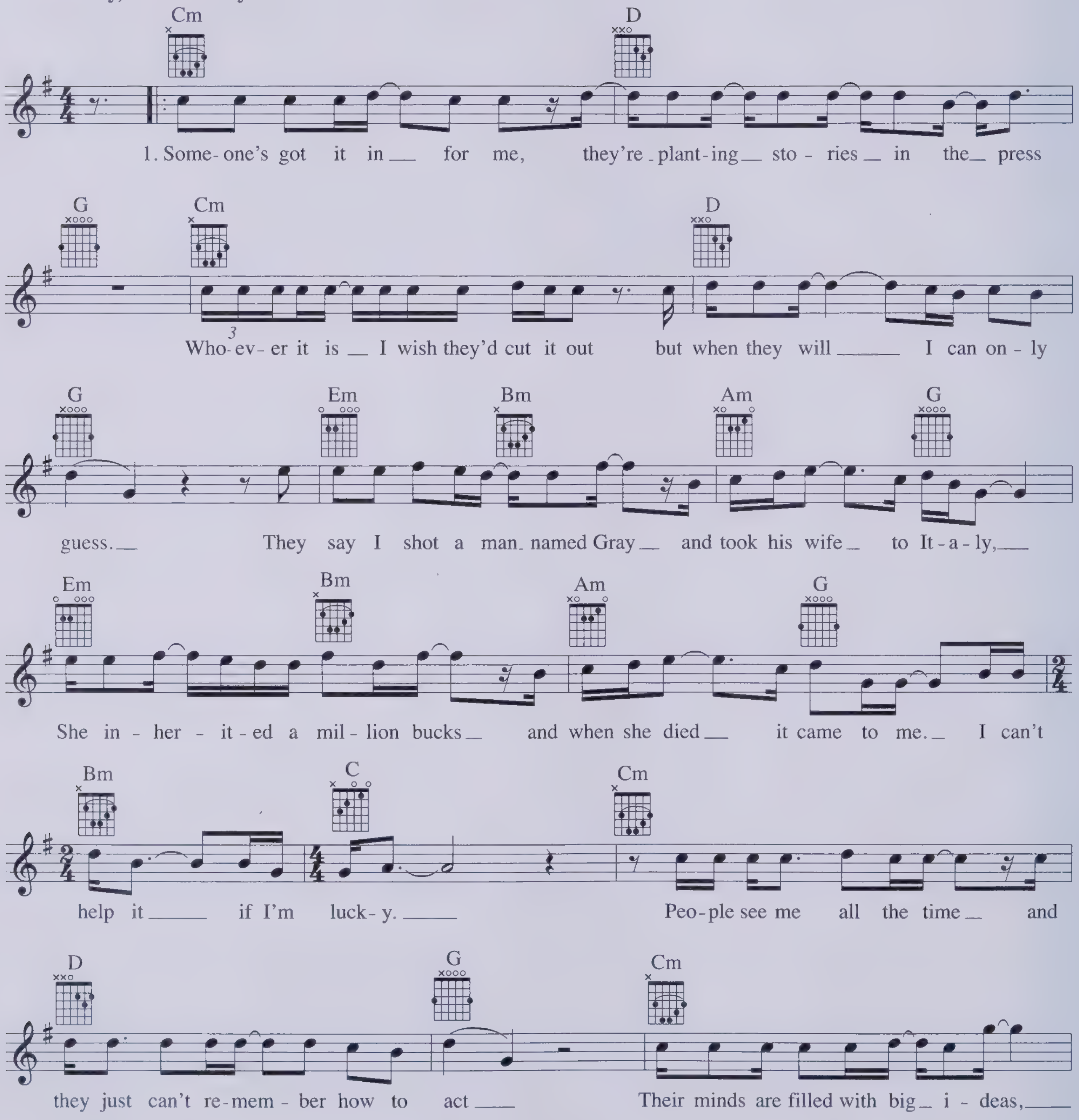
IDIOT WIND

Blood On The Tracks, 1975

This tense, accusatory song was widely – but perhaps inaccurately – interpreted as being a raw slice of autobiography when it emerged on *Blood On The Tracks* in January 1975. The following year, a compelling live performance provided the highlight of the *Hard Rain* album. Dylan unexpectedly revived the tune during a run of concerts in 1992, but has not returned to it since then.

IDIOT WIND

Slowly, with a steady beat


Cm
D
1. Some-one's got it in ___ for me, they're plant-ing ___ sto - ries ___ in the ___ press
G
Cm
D
Who-ev - er it is ___ I wish they'd cut it out but when they will ______ I can on - ly
3
G
Em
Bm
Am
G
guess. ___ They say I shot a man named Gray ___ and took his wife ___ to It - a - ly, ___
Em
Bm
Am
G
She in - her - it - ed a mil - lion bucks ___ and when she died ___ it came to me. ___ I can't
Bm
C
Cm
help it _____ if I'm luck - y. ______ Peo - ple see me all the time ___ and
D
G
Cm
they just can't re - mem - ber how to act ____ Their minds are filled with big ___ i - deas, ____

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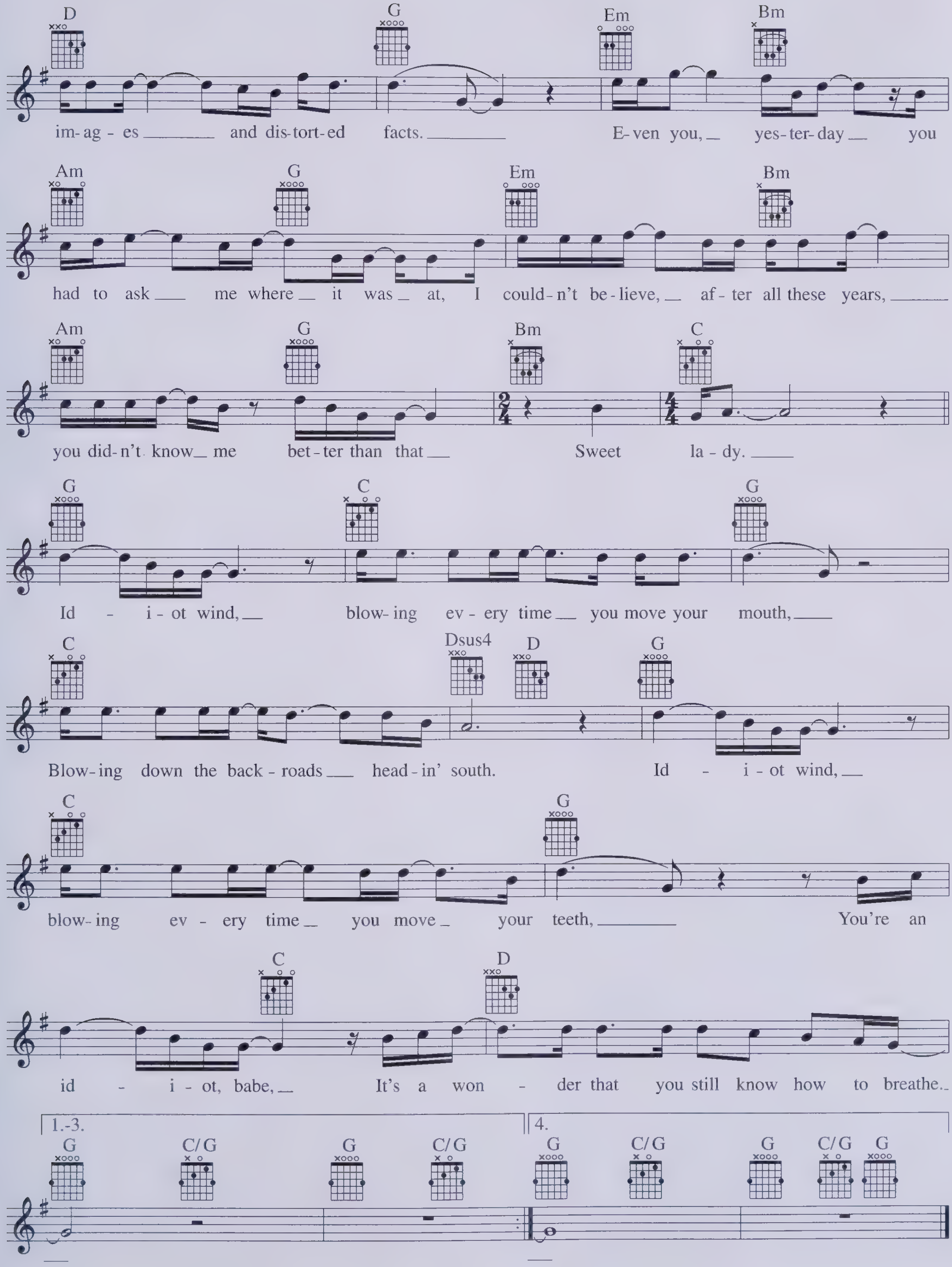

D G Em Bm
im-ag-es and dis-tort-ed facts. E-ven you, yes-ter-day you
Am G Em Bm
had to ask me where it was at, I could-n't be-lieve, af-ter all these years,
Am G Bm C
you did-n't know me bet-ter than that Sweet la-dy.
G C G
Id-i-ot wind, blow-ing ev-ery time you move your mouth,
C Dsus4 D G
Blow-ing down the back-roads head-in' south. Id-i-ot wind,
C G
blow-ing ev-ery time you move your teeth, You're an
C D
id-i-ot, babe, It's a won-der that you still know how to breathe.
1.-3.
G C/G G C/G
4.
G C/G G C/G G

Additional lyrics

2. I ran into the fortune-teller, who said beware of lightning that might strike
I haven't known peace and quiet for so long I can't remember what it's like
There's a lone soldier on the cross, smoke pourin' out of a boxcar door
You didn't know it, you didn't think it could be done, in the final end he won the wars
After losin' every battle

I woke up on the roadside, daydreamin' 'bout the way things sometimes are
Visions of your chestnut mare shoot through my head and are makin' me see stars
You hurt the ones that I love best and cover up the truth with lies
One day you'll be in the ditch, flies buzzin' around your eyes
Blood on your saddle

Idiot wind, blowing through the flowers on your tomb
Blowing through the curtains in your room
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth
You're an idiot, babe
It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe

3. It was gravity which pulled us down and destiny which broke us apart
You tamed the lion in my cage but it just wasn't enough to change my heart
Now everything's a little upside down, as a matter of fact the wheels have stopped
What's good is bad, what's bad is good, you'll find out when you reach the top
You're on the bottom

I noticed at the ceremony, your corrupt ways had finally made you blind
I can't remember your face anymore, your mouth has changed, your eyes don't look into mine
The priest wore black on the seventh day and sat stone-faced while the building burned
I waited for you on the running boards, near the cypress trees, while the springtime turned
Slowly into Autumn

Idiot wind, blowing like a circle around my skull
From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Capitol
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth
You're an idiot, babe
It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe

4. I can't feel you anymore, I can't even touch the books you've read
Every time I crawl past your door, I been wishin' I was somebody else instead
Down the highway, down the tracks, down the road to ecstasy
I followed you beneath the stars, hounded by your memory
And all your ragin' glory

I been double-crossed now for the very last time and now I'm finally free
I kissed goodbye the howling beast on the borderline which separated you from me
You'll never know the hurt I suffered nor the pain I rise above
And I'll never know the same about you, your holiness or your kind of love
And it makes me feel so sorry

Idiot wind, blowing through the buttons of our coats
Blowing through the letters that we wrote
Idiot wind, blowing through the dust upon our shelves
We're idiots, babe
It's a wonder we can even feed ourselves

"That was a song I wanted to make as a painting. A lot of people thought that song, that album, *Blood On The Tracks*, pertained to me, because it seemed to at the time. It didn't pertain to me. It was just a concept of putting in images that defy time – yesterday, today and tomorrow. I wanted to make them all connect in some strange way."

Bob Dylan, 1985

IF YOU SEE HER, SAY HELLO

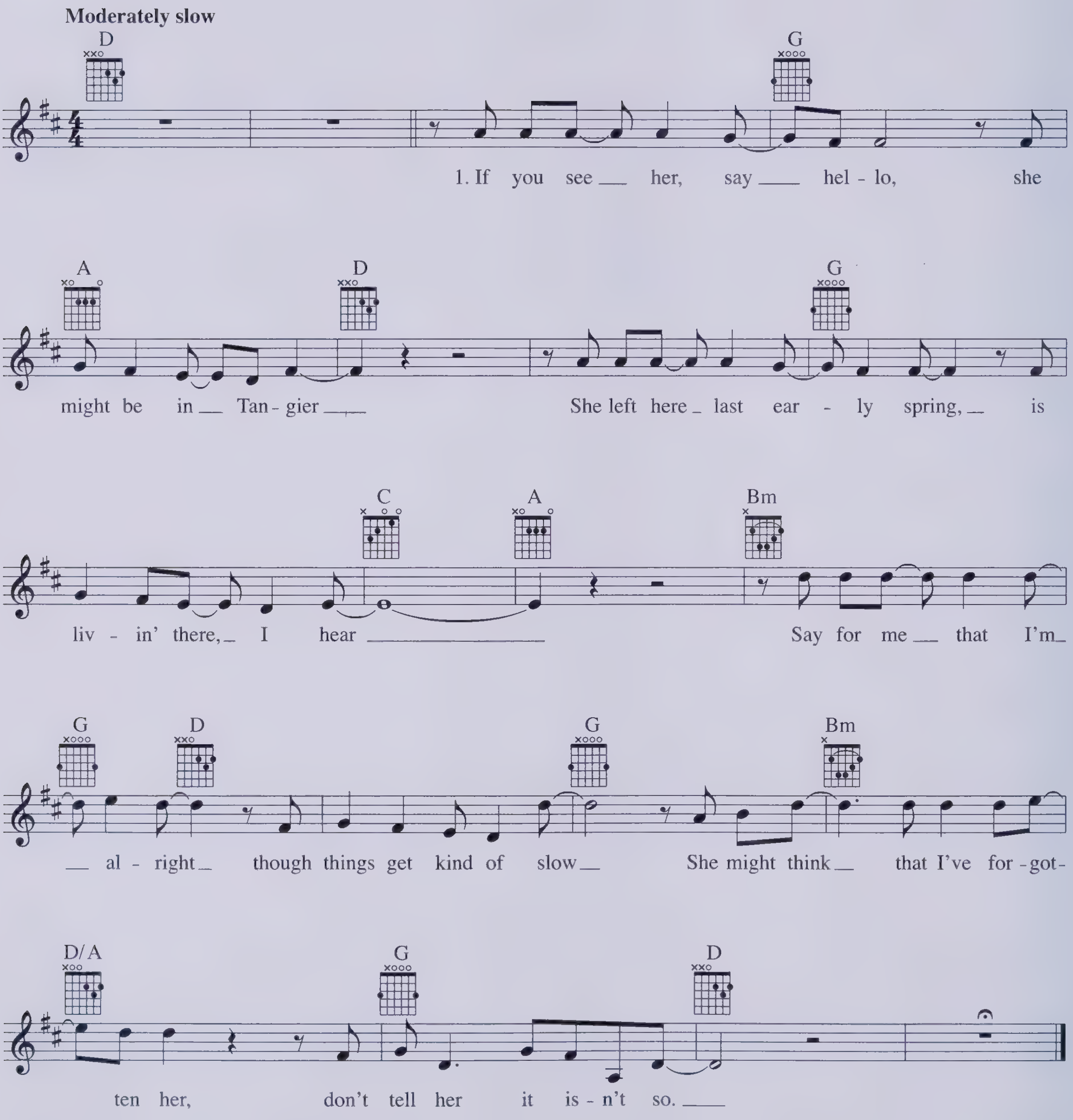
Blood On The Tracks, 1975

This intensely personal song was included on the remarkable song cycle that comprised the *Blood On The Tracks* album. A slightly earlier version was included on *The Bootleg Series Vols. 1-3* in 1991. Dylan has performed the song occasionally throughout his subsequent live career, often reworking the original lyrics.

"I love that – it's my favourite song."

Nick Cave

IF YOU SEE HER, SAY HELLO


Moderately slow
D G A D G C A Bm G D G Bm D/A G D
1. If you see her, say hel - lo, she might be in Tan - gier
She left here last ear - ly spring, is liv - in' there, I hear
Say for me that I'm al - right though things get kind of slow
She might think that I've for - got - ten her, don't tell her it is - n't so.

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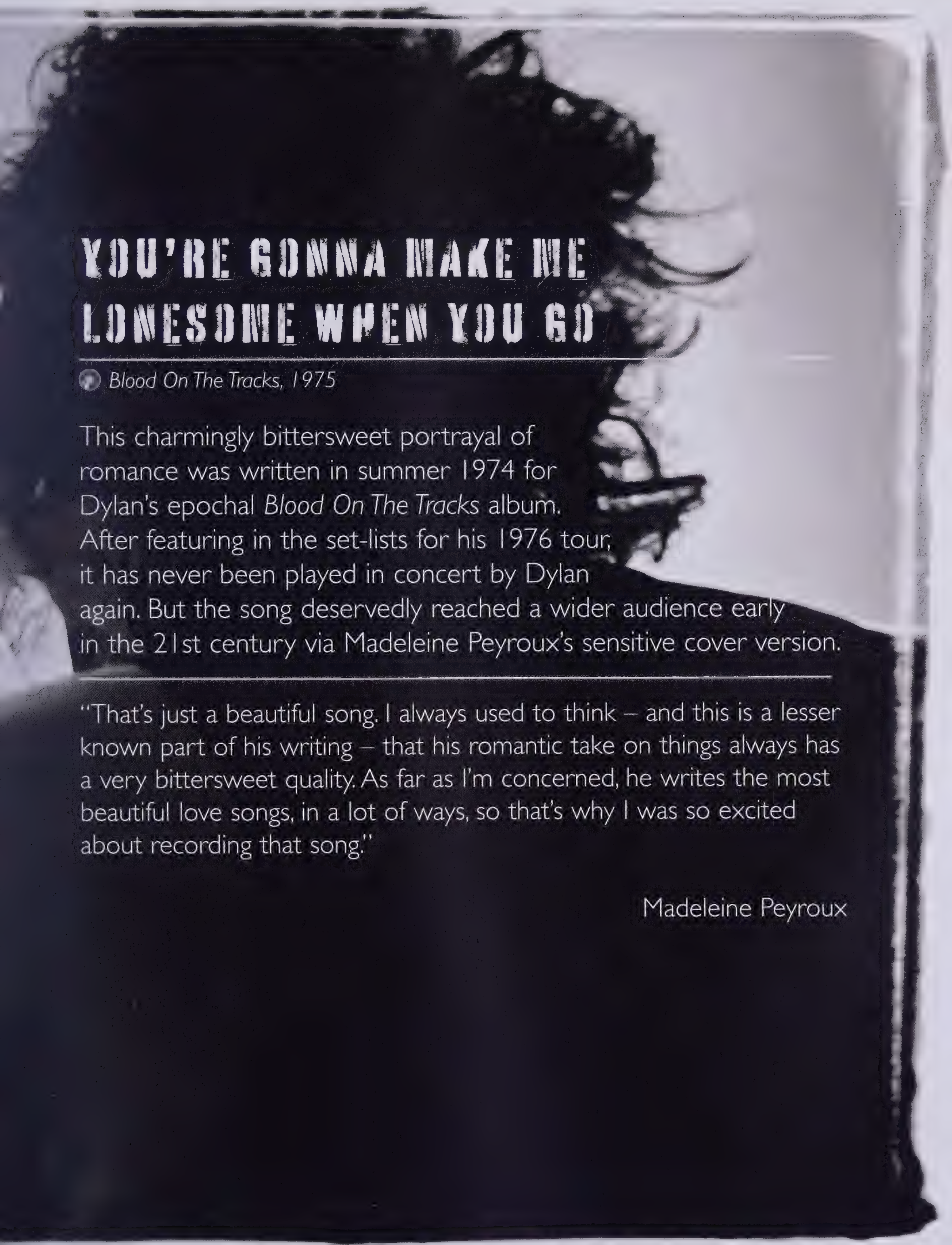
Additional lyrics

2. We had a falling-out, like lovers often will
And to think of how she left that night, it still brings me a chill
And though our separation, it pierced me to the heart
She still lives inside of me, we've never been apart

3. If you get close to her, kiss her once for me
I always have respected her for busting out and gettin' free
Oh, whatever makes her happy, I won't stand in the way
Though the bitter taste still lingers on from the night I tried to make her stay

4. I see a lot of people as I make the rounds
And I hear her name here and there as I go from town to town
And I've never gotten used to it, I've just learned to turn it off
Either I'm too sensitive or else I'm gettin' soft

5. Sundown, yellow moon, I replay the past
I know every scene by heart, they all went by so fast
If she's passin' back this way, I'm not that hard to find
Tell her she can look me up if she's got the time



YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME LONESOME WHEN YOU GO

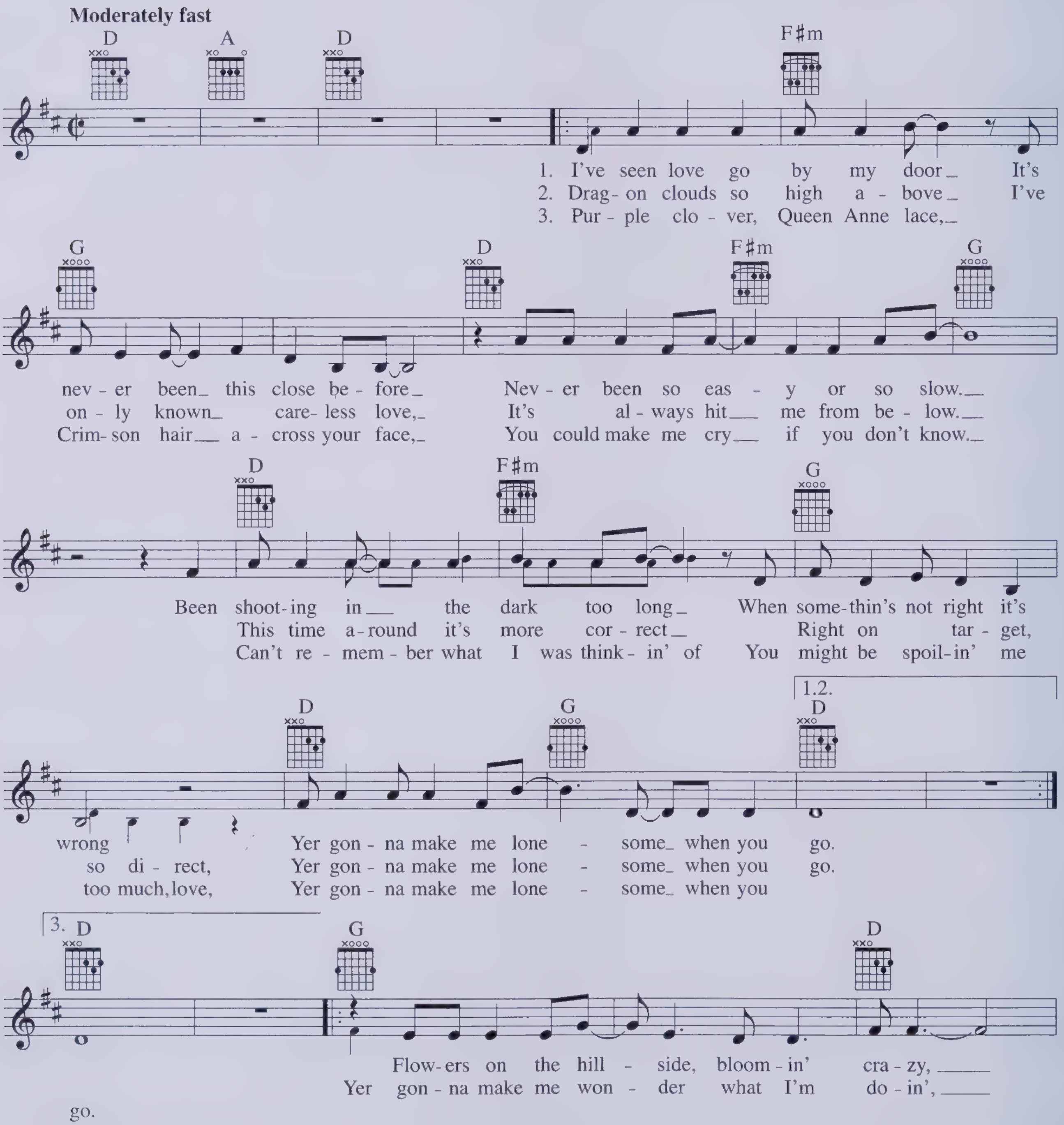
Blood On The Tracks, 1975

This charmingly bittersweet portrayal of romance was written in summer 1974 for Dylan's epochal *Blood On The Tracks* album. After featuring in the set-lists for his 1976 tour, it has never been played in concert by Dylan again. But the song deservedly reached a wider audience early in the 21st century via Madeleine Peyroux's sensitive cover version.

"That's just a beautiful song. I always used to think – and this is a lesser known part of his writing – that his romantic take on things always has a very bittersweet quality. As far as I'm concerned, he writes the most beautiful love songs, in a lot of ways, so that's why I was so excited about recording that song."

Madeleine Peyroux

YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME LONESOME WHEN YOU GO


Moderately fast
D A D F♯m G D F♯m G D F♯m G D G D F♯m G
1. I've seen love go by my door_ It's never been_ this close be-fore_ Nev-er been so eas-y or so slow._
2. Drag-on clouds so high a-bove_ I've on-ly known_ care-less love,_ It's al-ways hit_ me from be-low._
3. Pur-ple clo-ver, Queen Anne lace,_ Crim-son hair_ a-cross your face,_ You could make me cry_ if you don't know._
Been shoot-ing in_ the dark too long_ When some-thin's not right it's wrong
This time a-round it's more cor-rect_ Right on tar-get, so di-rect,
Can't re-mem-ber what I was think-in' of You might be spoil-in' me too much, love,
Yer gon-na make me lone-some_ when you
1.2. go.
3. go.
Flow-ers on the hill-side, bloom-in' cra-zy,
Yer gon-na make me won-der what I'm do-in',

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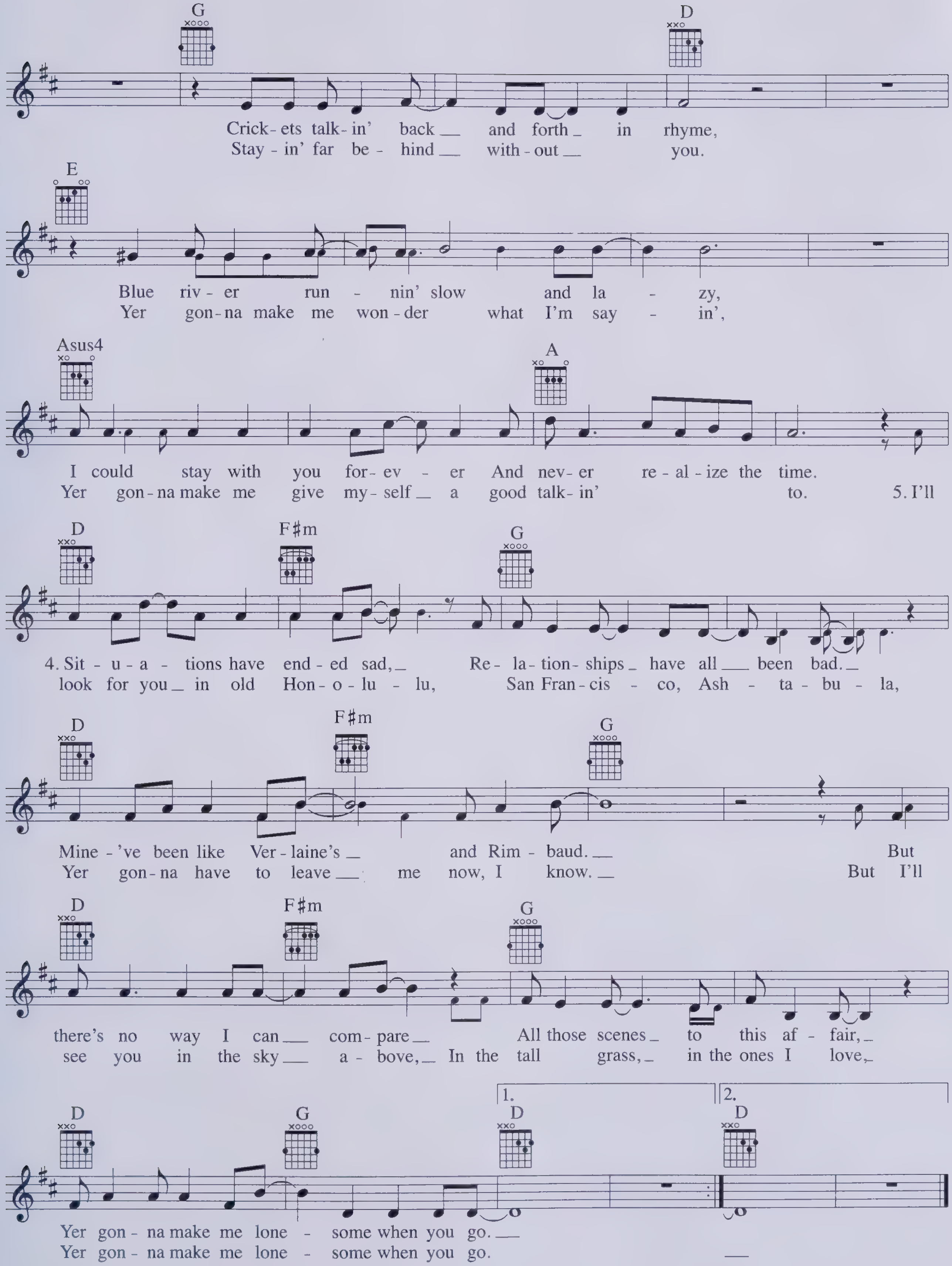
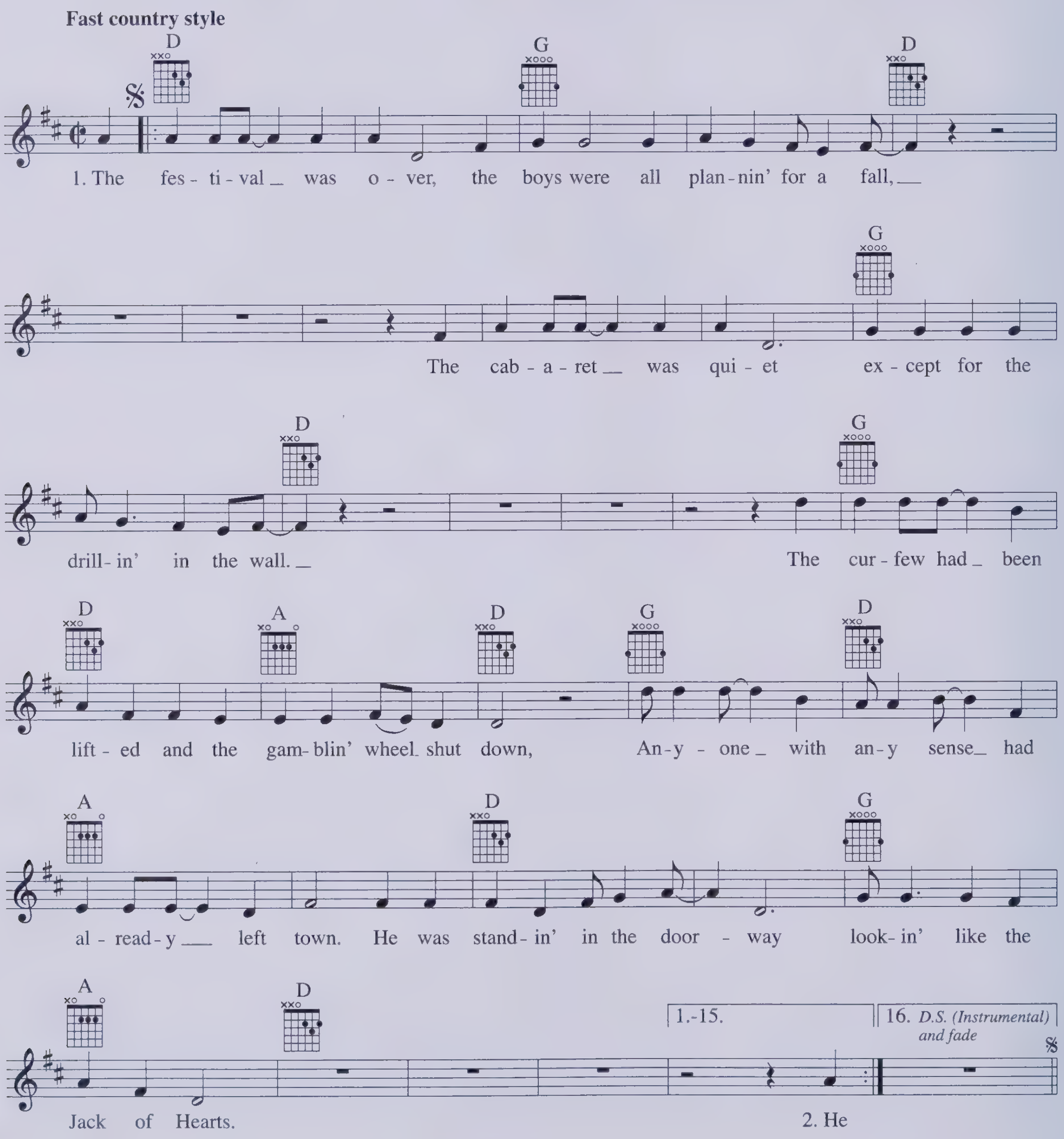

G
D
Crick - ets talk - in' back __ and forth _ in rhyme,
Stay - in' far be - hind __ with - out __ you.
E
Blue riv - er run - nin' slow and la - zy,
Yer gon - na make me won - der what I'm say - in',
Asus4
A
I could stay with you for - ev - er And nev - er re - al - ize the time.
Yer gon - na make me give my - self __ a good talk - in' to. 5. I'll
D
F♯m
G
4. Sit - u - a - tions have end - ed sad, _ Re - la - tion - ships _ have all __ been bad. _
look for you _ in old Hon - o - lu - lu, San Fran - cis - co, Ash - ta - bu - la,
D
F♯m
G
Mine - 've been like Ver - laine's __ and Rim - baud. __ But
Yer gon - na have to leave __ me now, I know. __ But I'll
D
F♯m
G
there's no way I can __ com - pare __ All those scenes _ to this af - fair, _
see you in the sky __ a - bove, _ In the tall grass, _ in the ones I love, _
D
G
1.
D
2.
D
Yer gon - na make me lone - some when you go. __
Yer gon - na make me lone - some when you go. __

LILY, ROSEMARY AND THE JACK OF HEARTS

Blood On The Tracks, 1975

This lengthy narrative from the *Blood On The Tracks* album remains one of the most compelling items in Dylan's entire catalogue, its surreal storyline propelled by some immaculately tight musicianship. Sadly, the song never inspired the movie that its storyline demanded, and it only once surfaced in Dylan's concerts, in duet with Joan Baez during the second Rolling Thunder Revue tour.

LILY, ROSEMARY AND THE JACK OF HEARTS


Fast country style
D G D
1. The fes - ti - val _ was o - ver, the boys were all plan - nin' for a fall, _
G
The cab - a - ret _ was qui - et ex - cept for the
D G
drill - in' in the wall. _ The cur - few had _ been
D A D G D
lift - ed and the gam - blin' wheel shut down, An - y - one _ with an - y sense _ had
A D G
al - read - y ___ left town. He was stand - in' in the door - way look - in' like the
A D
Jack of Hearts. 2. He
1.-15.
16. D.S. (Instrumental) and fade

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Additional lyrics

2. He moved across the mirrored room, "Set it up for everyone," he said
Then everyone commenced to do what they were doin' before he turned their heads
Then he walked up to a stranger and he asked him with a grin
"Could you kindly tell me, friend, what time the show begins?"
Then he moved into the corner, face down like the Jack of Hearts

3. Backstage the girls were playin' five-card stud by the stairs
Lily had two queens, she was hopin' for a third to match her pair
Outside the streets were fillin' up, the window was open wide
A gentle breeze was blowin', you could feel it from inside
Lily called another bet and drew up the Jack of Hearts

4. Big Jim was no one's fool, he owned the town's only diamond mine
He made his usual entrance lookin' so dandy and so fine
With his bodyguards and silver cane and every hair in place
He took whatever he wanted to and he laid it all to waste
But his bodyguards and silver cane were no match for the Jack of Hearts

5. Rosemary combed her hair and took a carriage into town
She slipped in through the side door lookin' like a queen without a crown
She fluttered her false eyelashes and whispered in his ear
"Sorry, darlin', that I'm late," but he didn't seem to hear
He was starin' into space over at the Jack of Hearts

6. "I know I've seen that face before," Big Jim was thinkin' to himself
"Maybe down in Mexico or a picture up on somebody's shelf"
But then the crowd began to stamp their feet and the house lights did dim
And in the darkness of the room there was only Jim and him
Starin' at the butterfly who just drew the Jack of Hearts

7. Lily was a princess, she was fair-skinned and precious as a child
She did whatever she had to do, she had that certain flash every time she smiled
She'd come away from a broken home, had lots of strange affairs
With men in every walk of life which took her everywhere
But she'd never met anyone quite like the Jack of Hearts

8. The hangin' judge came in unnoticed and was being wined and dined
The drillin' in the wall kept up but no one seemed to pay it any mind
It was known all around that Lily had Jim's ring
And nothing would ever come between Lily and the king
No, nothin' ever would except maybe the Jack of Hearts

9. Rosemary started drinkin' hard and seein' her reflection in the knife
She was tired of the attention, tired of playin' the role of Big Jim's wife
She had done a lot of bad things, even once tried suicide
Was lookin' to do just one good deed before she died
She was gazin' to the future, riding on the Jack of Hearts

10. Lily washed her face, took her dress off and buried it away
"Has your luck run out?" she laughed at him, "Well, I guess you must have known it would someday
Be careful not to touch the wall, there's a brand-new coat of paint
I'm glad to see you're still alive, you're lookin' like a saint"
Down the hallway footsteps were comin' for the Jack of Hearts

11. The backstage manager was pacing all around by his chair
"There's something funny going on," he said, "I can just feel it in the air"
He went to get the hangin' judge, but the hangin' judge was drunk
As the leading actor hurried by in the costume of a monk
There was no actor anywhere better than the Jack of Hearts

12. Lily's arms were locked around the man that she dearly loved to touch
She forgot all about the man she couldn't stand who hounded her so much
"I've missed you so," she said to him, and he felt she was sincere
But just beyond the door he felt jealousy and fear
Just another night in the life of the Jack of Hearts

13. No one knew the circumstance but they say that it happened pretty quick
The door to the dressing room burst open and a cold revolver clicked
And Big Jim was standin' there, ya couldn't say surprised
Rosemary right beside him, steady in her eyes
She was with Big Jim but she was leanin' to the Jack of Hearts

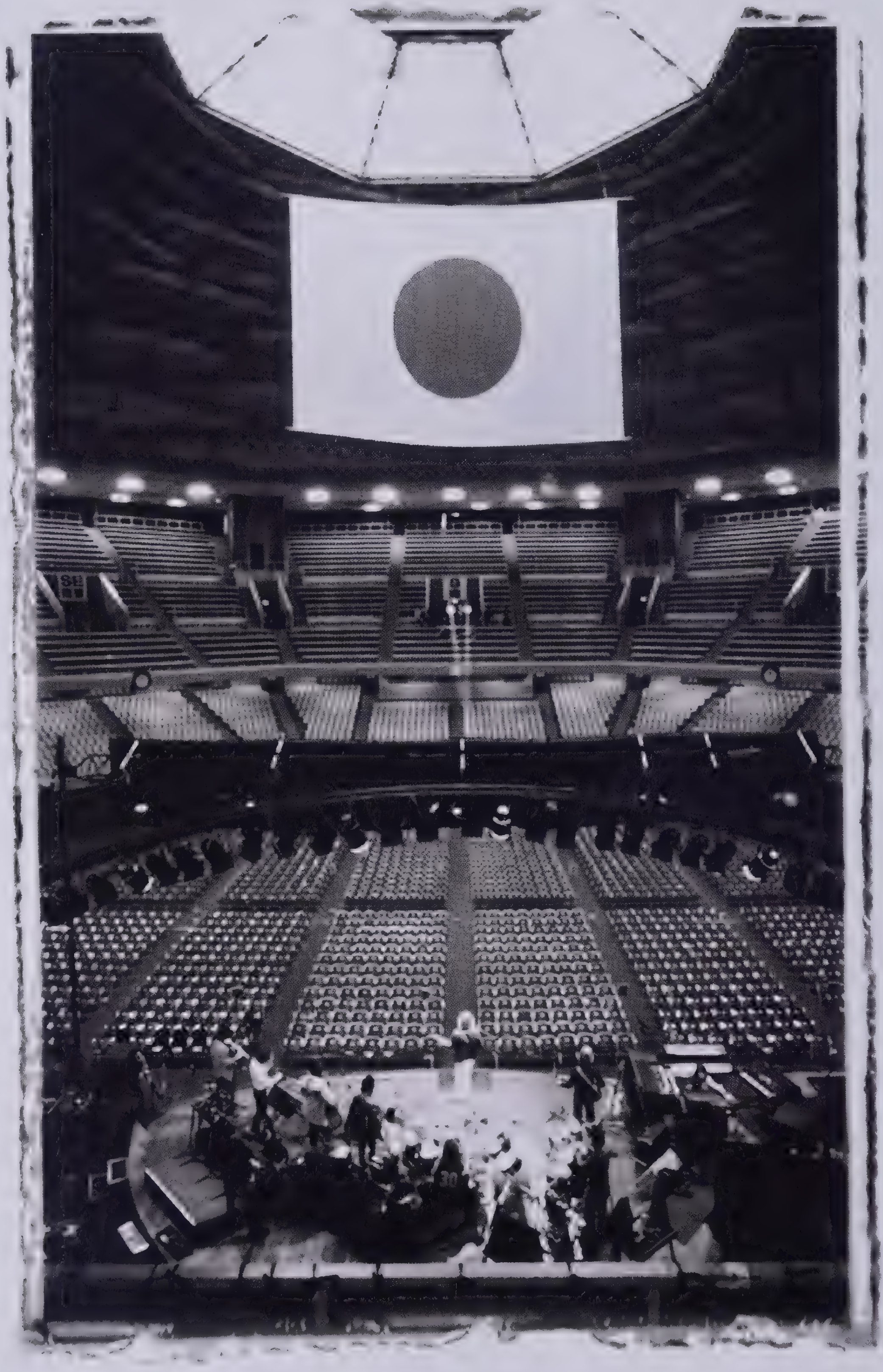
14. Two doors down the boys finally made it through the wall
And cleaned out the bank safe, it's said that they got off with quite a haul
In the darkness by the riverbed they waited on the ground
For one more member who had business back in town
But they couldn't go no further without the Jack of Hearts

15. The next day was hangin' day, the sky was overcast and black
Big Jim lay covered up, killed by a penknife in the back
And Rosemary on the gallows, she didn't even blink
The hangin' judge was sober, he hadn't had a drink
The only person on the scene missin' was the Jack of Hearts

16. The cabaret was empty now, a sign said, "Closed for repair"
Lily had already taken all of the dye out of her hair
She was thinkin' 'bout her father, who she very rarely saw
Thinkin' 'bout Rosemary and thinkin' about the law
But, most of all she was thinkin' 'bout the Jack of Hearts

"He understood folk music's capacity and its storytelling power. It wasn't formulaic. He saw how folk was able to inform timeless messages. His talent was so palpable, you could feel it."

Paul Stookey, one-third of folk trio Peter, Paul & Mary

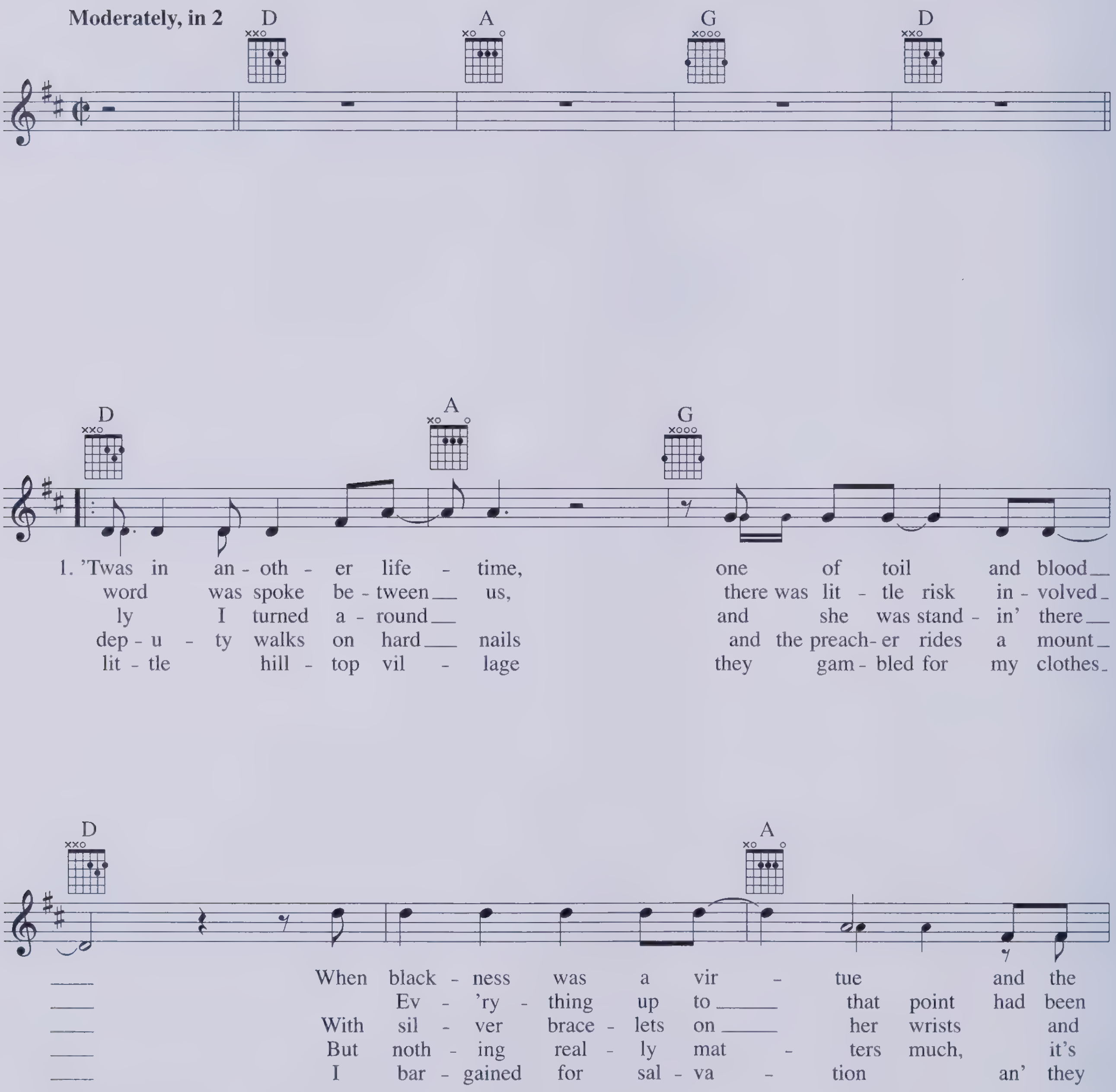


SHELTER FROM THE STORM

Blood On The Tracks, 1975

'Shelter From The Storm' was recorded during the initial batch of sessions for the *Blood On The Tracks* album in September 1974. In 1976, it featured regularly during the second Rolling Thunder Revue tour, and an electrifying rendition (with Dylan playing slide guitar) was included in the *Hard Rain* TV special and live album. The song subsequently appeared on the *Bob Dylan At Budokan* set in 1978, and has been performed countless times since then.

SHELTER FROM THE STORM


Moderately, in 2
D
A
G
D
D
A
G
1. 'Twas in an - oth - er life - time, one of toil and blood
word was spoke be - tween us, there was lit - tle risk in - volved
ly I turned a - round and she was stand - in' there
dep - u - ty walks on hard nails and the preach - er rides a mount
lit - tle hill - top vil - lage they gam - bled for my clothes
D
A
When black - ness was a vir - tue and the
Ev - 'ry - thing up to that point had been
With sil - ver brace - lets on her wrists and
But noth - ing real - ly mat - ters much, it's
I bar - gained for sal - va - tion an' they

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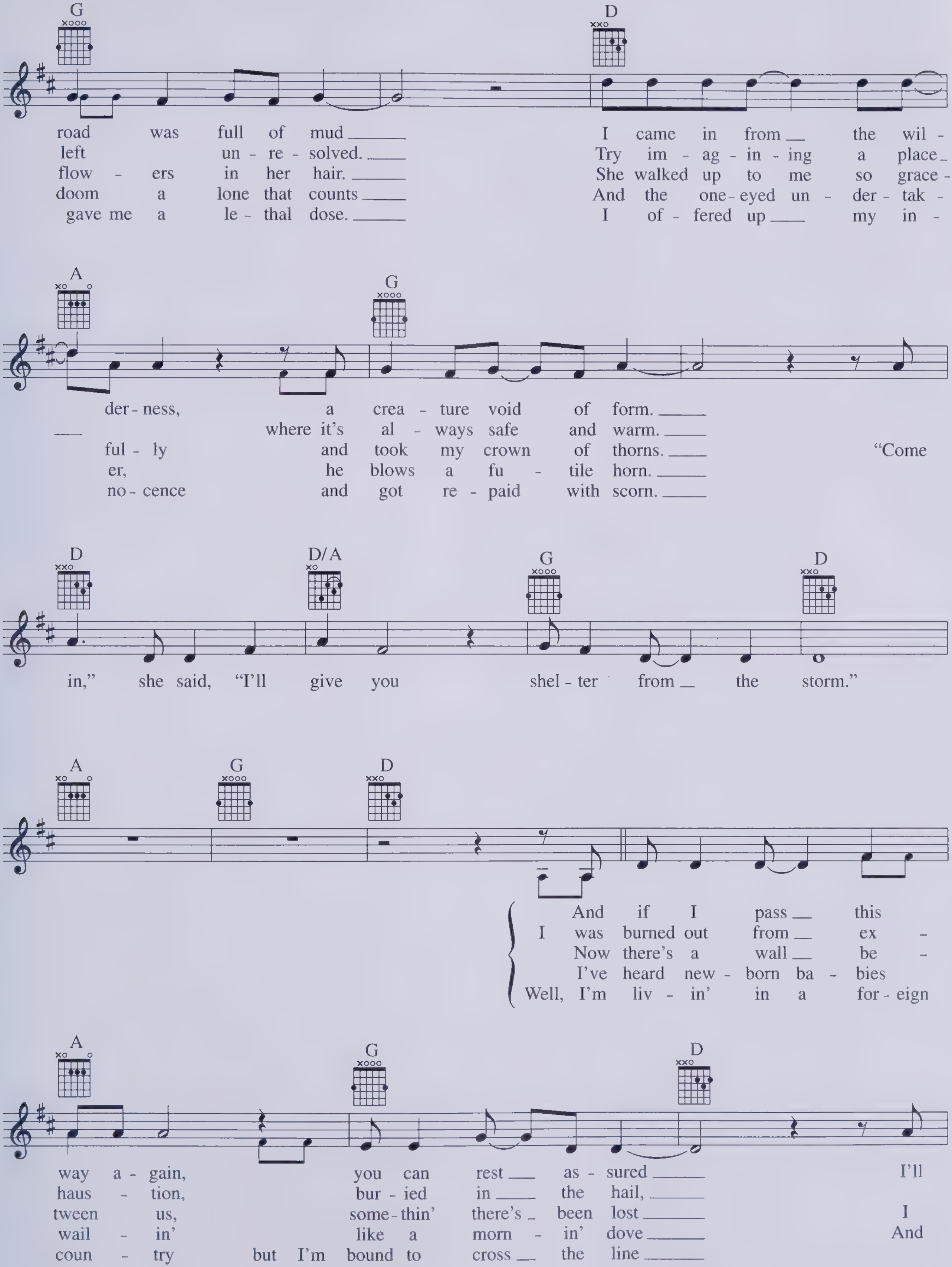
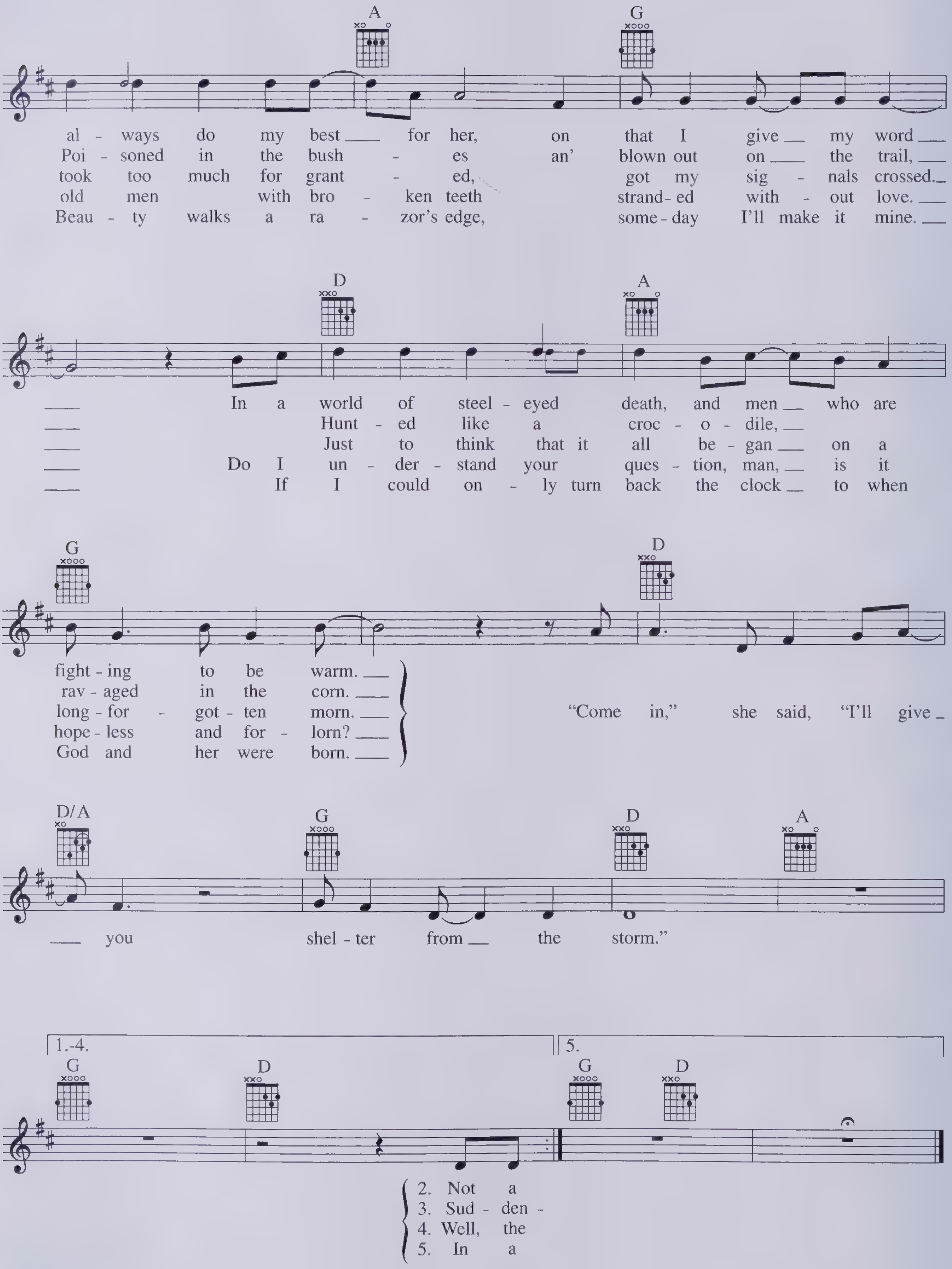

G
D
road was full of mud ___ I came in from ___ the wil -
left un - re - solved. ___ Try im - ag - in - ing a place ___
flow - ers in her hair. ___ She walked up to me so grace -
doom a lone that counts ___ And the one - eyed un - der - tak -
gave me a le - thal dose. ___ I of - fered up ___ my in -
A
G
der - ness, a crea - ture void of form. ___
___ where it's al - ways safe and warm. ___
ful - ly and took my crown of thorns. ___ "Come
er, he blows a fu - tile horn. ___
no - cence and got re - paid with scorn. ___
D
D/A
G
D
in," she said, "I'll give you shel - ter from ___ the storm."
A
G
D
And if I pass ___ this
I was burned out from ___ ex -
Now there's a wall ___ be -
I've heard new - born ba - bies
Well, I'm liv - in' in a for - eign
A
G
D
way a - gain, you can rest ___ as - sured ___ I'll
haus - tion, bur - ied in ___ the hail, ___
tween us, some - thin' there's ___ been lost ___ I
wail - in' like a morn - in' dove ___ And
coun - try but I'm bound to cross ___ the line ___

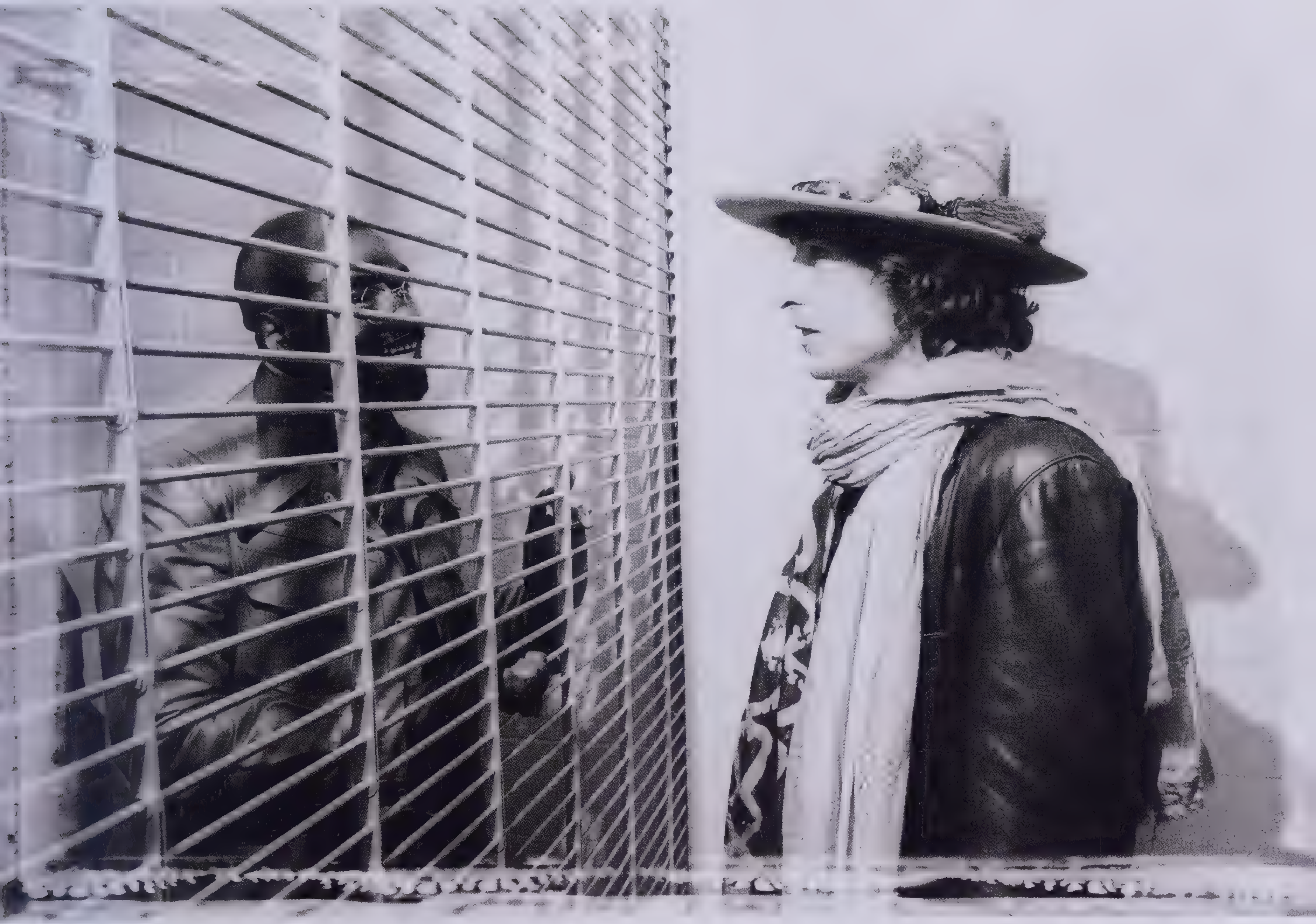
A
G
al - ways do my best for her, on that I give my word
Poi - soned in the bush - es an' blown out on the trail,
took too much for grant - ed, got my sig - nals crossed.
old men with bro - ken teeth strand - ed with - out love.
Beau - ty walks a ra - zor's edge, some - day I'll make it mine.
D
A
In a world of steel - eyed death, and men who are
Hunt - ed like a croc - o - dile,
Just to think that it all be - gan on a
Do I un - der - stand your ques - tion, man, is it
If I could on - ly turn back the clock to when
G
D
fight - ing to be warm.
rav - aged in the corn.
long - for - got - ten morn.
hope - less and for - lorn?
God and her were born.
"Come in," she said, "I'll give
D/A
G
D
A
you shel - ter from the storm."
1.-4.
5.
G
D
G
D
2. Not a
3. Sud - den -
4. Well, the
5. In a

> "I love the beautiful complexity of his images. He uses very specific images and melds them into his melody so that it all sounds like first inspiration. The greatest artists do that. The song feels like they reflect your own life back to you."
>
> Rosanne Cash

HURRICANE

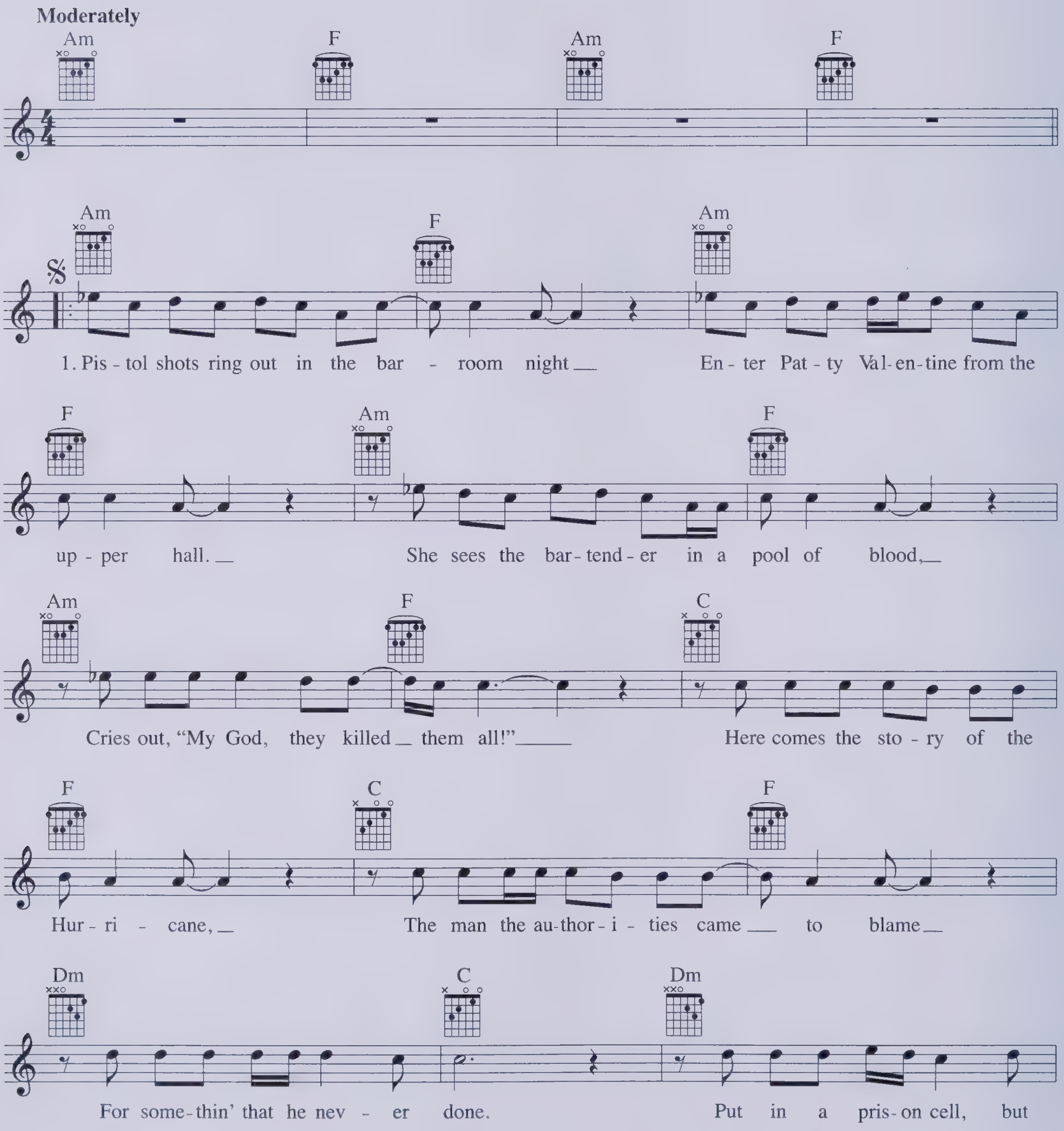
Desire, 1976

After visiting imprisoned boxer Rubin 'Hurricane' Carter in jail during the summer of 1975, Dylan and his co-writer Jacques Levy penned this cinematic account of the circumstances which had led to his arrest – unjustly, or so Carter claimed. The song kicked-off Dylan's *Desire* album, and was performed with the Rolling Thunder Revue during their late 1975 tour.



HURRICANE

With Jacques Levy


Moderately
Am F Am F
Am F Am
1. Pis - tol shots ring out in the bar - room night
En - ter Pat - ty Val - en - tine from the
F Am F
up - per hall.
She sees the bar - tend - er in a pool of blood,
Am F C
Cries out, "My God, they killed them all!"
Here comes the sto - ry of the
F C F
Hur - ri - cane,
The man the au - thor - i - ties came to blame
Dm C Dm
For some - thin' that he nev - er done.
Put in a pris - on cell, but

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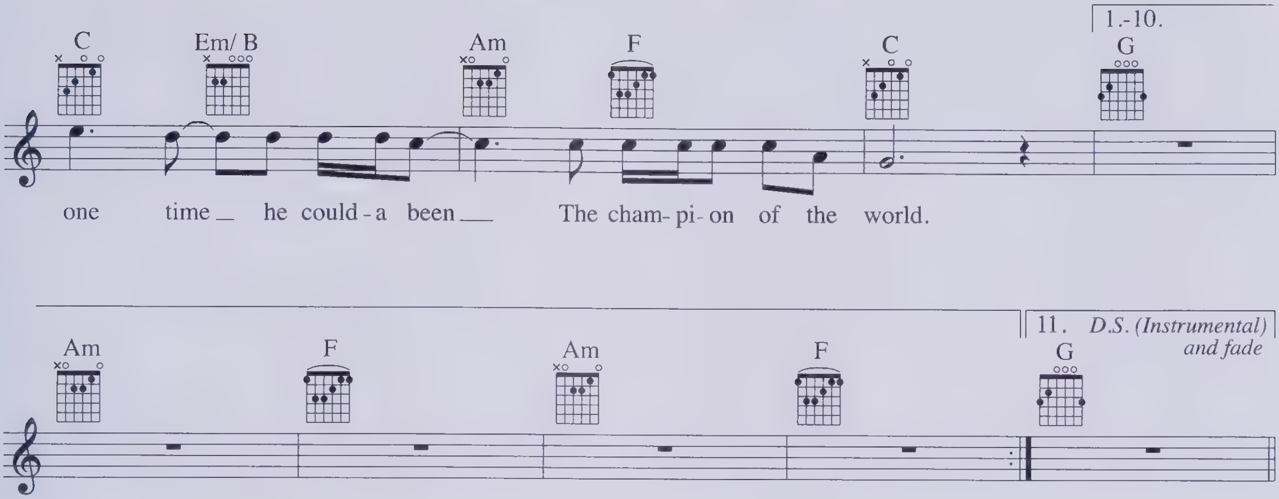

C
Em/ B
Am
F
C
1.-10.
G
one time he could-a been The cham-pi-on of the world.
Am
F
Am
F
11. D.S. (Instrumental) and fade
G

Additional lyrics

2. Three bodies lyin' there does Patty see
And another man named Bello, movin' around mysteriously
"I didn't do it," he says, and he throws up his hands
"I was only robbin' the register, I hope you understand
I saw them leavin'," he says, and he stops
"One of us had better call up the cops"
And so Patty calls the cops
And they arrive on the scene with their red lights flashin'
In the hot New Jersey night

3. Meanwhile, far away in another part of town
Rubin Carter and a couple of friends are drivin' around
Number one contender for the middleweight crown
Had no idea what kinda shit was about to go down
When a cop pulled him over to the side of the road
Just like the time before and the time before that
In Paterson that's just the way things go
If you're black you might as well not show up on the street
'Less you wanna draw the heat

4. Alfred Bello had a partner and he had a rap for the cops
Him and Arthur Dexter Bradley were just out prowlin' around
He said, "I saw two men runnin' out, they looked like middleweights
They jumped into a white car with out-of-state plates"
And Miss Patty Valentine just nodded her head
Cop said, "Wait a minute, boys, this one's not dead"
So they took him to the infirmary
And though this man could hardly see
They told him that he could identify the guilty men

5. Four in the mornin' and they haul Rubin in
Take him to the hospital and they bring him upstairs
The wounded man looks up through his one dyin' eye
Says, "Wha'd you bring him in here for? He ain't the guy!"
Yes, here's the story of the Hurricane
The man the authorities came to blame
For somethin' that he never done
Put in a prison cell, but one time he could-a been
The champion of the world

6. Four months later, the ghettos are in flame
Rubin's in South America, fightin' for his name
While Arthur Dexter Bradley's still in the robbery game
And the cops are puttin' the screws to him, lookin' for somebody to blame
"Remember that murder that happened in a bar?"
"Remember you said you saw the getaway car?"
"You think you'd like to play ball with the law?"
"Think it might-a been that fighter that you saw runnin' that night?"
"Don't forget that you are white"

7. Arthur Dexter Bradley said, "I'm really not sure"
Cops said, "A poor boy like you could use a break
We got you for the motel job and we're talkin' to your friend Bello
Now you don't wanta have to go back to jail, be a nice fellow
You'll be doin' society a favor
That sonofabitch is brave and gettin' braver
We want to put his ass in stir
We want to pin this triple murder on him
He ain't no Gentleman Jim"

8. Rubin could take a man out with just one punch
But he never did like to talk about it all that much
It's my work, he'd say, and I do it for pay
And when it's over I'd just as soon go on my way
Up to some paradise
Where the trout streams flow and the air is nice
And ride a horse along a trail
But then they took him to the jailhouse
Where they try to turn a man into a mouse

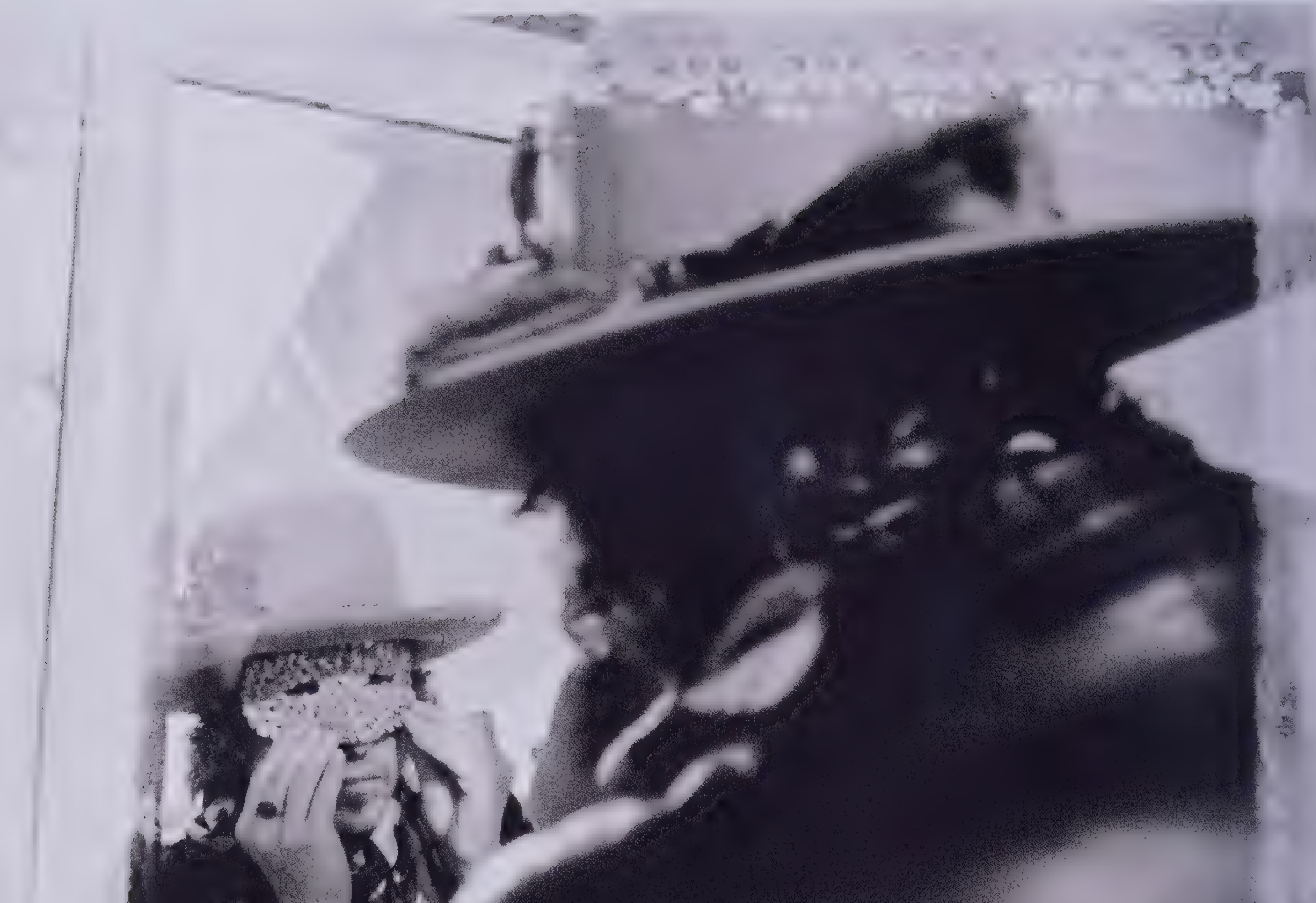
9. All of Rubin's cards were marked in advance
The trial was a pig-circus, he never had a chance
The judge made Rubin's witnesses drunkards from the slums
To the white folks who watched he was a revolutionary bum
And to the black folks he was just a crazy nigger
No one doubted that he pulled the trigger
And though they could not produce the gun
The D.A. said he was the one who did the deed
And the all-white jury agreed

10. Rubin Carter was falsely tried
The crime was murder "one," guess who testified?
Bello and Bradley and they both baldly lied
And the newspapers, they all went along for the ride
How can the life of such a man
Be in the palm of some fool's hand?
To see him obviously framed
Couldn't help but make me feel ashamed to live in a land
Where justice is a game

11. Now all the criminals in their coats and their ties
Are free to drink martinis and watch the sun rise
While Rubin sits like Buddha in a ten-foot cell
An innocent man in a living hell
That's the story of the Hurricane
But it won't be over till they clear his name
And give him back the time he's done
Put in a prison cell, but one time he could-a been
The champion of the world

"Hurricane sent me his book, which I read and which really touched me. I felt that the man was just innocent, from his writings and knowing that part of the country. So I went to visit him and was really behind him, trying to get a new trial."

Bob Dylan, 1985



ISIS

Desire, 1976

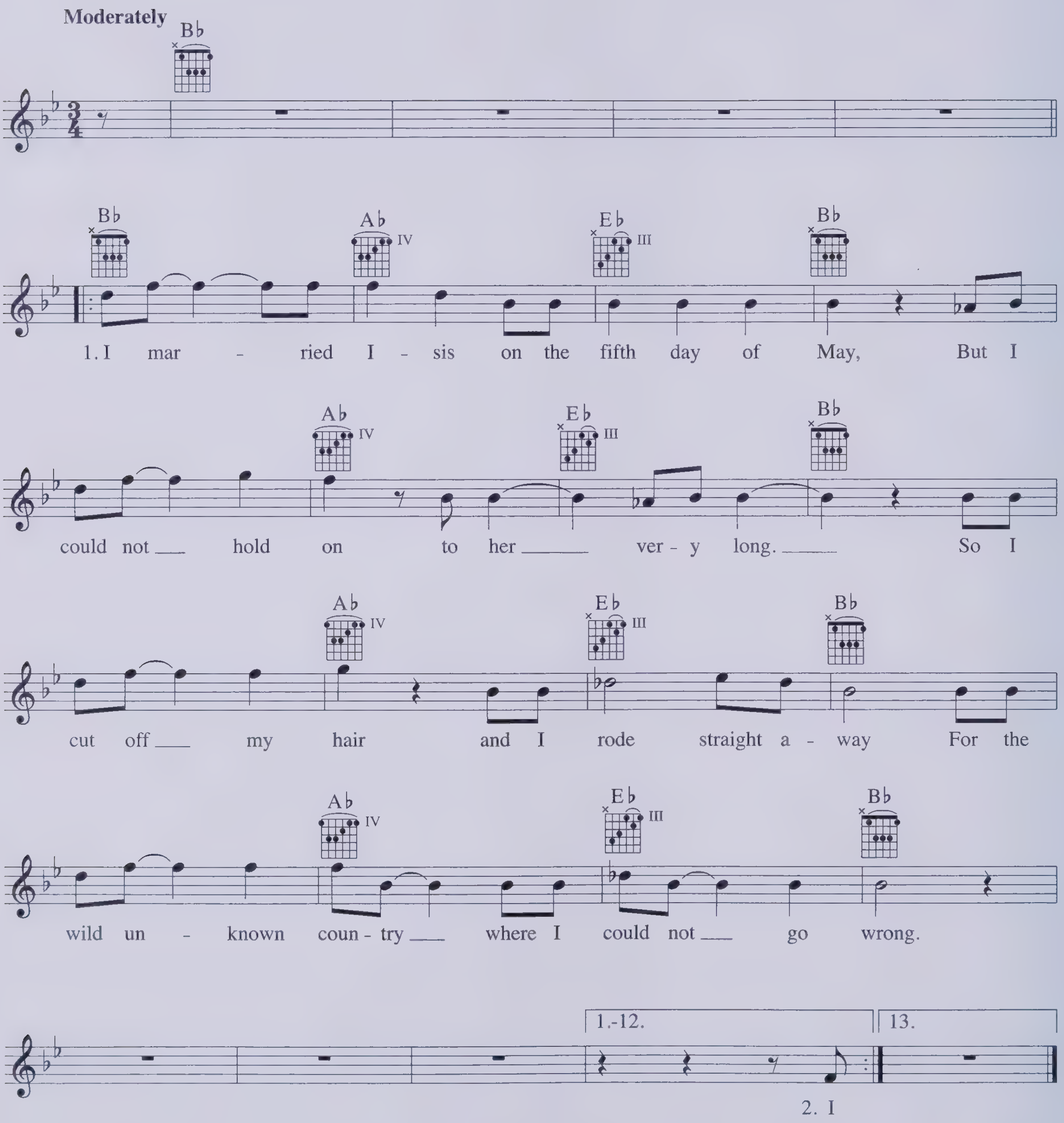
The focus of an extraordinary concert sequence in Dylan's movie *Renaldo & Clara*, 'Isis' was written with Jacques Levy during the summer 1975 sessions for the *Desire* album. The song featured prominently throughout the two Rolling Thunder Revue tours, but Dylan has not performed it in concert since 1976.

"It was just extraordinary, the two of us started to get hot together. We began to work on this thing and we just kept going with it, and we'd stop, and we didn't know where the story was going to go next. We were just having a great time laughing and coming up with one verse after another, and we kept on going until five in the morning, and we finished the song. And both of us thought it was great."

Jacques Levy

ISIS

With Jacques Levy


Moderately
B♭
B♭ A♭ IV E♭ III B♭
1. I mar - ried I - sis on the fifth day of May, But I
A♭ IV E♭ III B♭
could not hold on to her ver - y long. So I
A♭ IV E♭ III B♭
cut off my hair and I rode straight a - way For the
A♭ IV E♭ III B♭
wild un - known coun - try where I could not go wrong.
1.-12.
13.
2. I

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Additional lyrics

2. I came to a high place of darkness and light
The dividing line ran through the center of town
I hitched up my pony to a post on the right
Went in to a laundry to wash my clothes down

3. A man in the corner approached me for a match
I knew right away he was not ordinary
He said, "Are you lookin' for somethin' easy to catch?"
I said, "I got no money." He said, "That ain't necessary"

4. We set out that night for the cold in the North
I gave him my blanket, he gave me his word
I said, "Where are we goin'?" He said we'd be back by the fourth
I said, "That's the best news that I've ever heard"

5. I was thinkin' about turquoise, I was thinkin' about gold
I was thinkin' about diamonds and the world's biggest necklace
As we rode through the canyons, through the devilish cold
I was thinkin' about Isis, how she thought I was so reckless

6. How she told me that one day we would meet up again
And things would be different the next time we wed
If I only could hang on and just be her friend
I still can't remember all the best things she said

7. We came to the pyramids all embedded in ice
He said, "There's a body I'm tryin' to find
If I carry it out it'll bring a good price"
'Twas then that I knew what he had on his mind

8. The wind it was howlin' and the snow was outrageous
We chopped through the night and we chopped through the dawn
When he died I was hopin' that it wasn't contagious
But I made up my mind that I had to go on

9. I broke into the tomb, but the casket was empty
There was no jewels, no nothin', I felt I'd been had
When I saw that my partner was just bein' friendly
When I took up his offer I must-a been mad

10. I picked up his body and I dragged him inside
Threw him down in the hole and I put back the cover
I said a quick prayer and I felt satisfied
Then I rode back to find Isis just to tell her I love her

11. She was there in the meadow where the creek used to rise
Blinded by sleep and in need of a bed
I came in from the East with the sun in my eyes
I cursed her one time then I rode on ahead

12. She said, "Where ya been?" I said, "No place special"
She said, "You look different." I said, "Well, not quite"
She said, "You been gone." I said, "That's only natural"
She said, "You gonna stay?" I said, "Yeah, I jes might"

13. Isis, oh, Isis, you mystical child
What drives me to you is what drives me insane
I still can remember the way that you smiled
On the fifth day of May in the drizzlin' rain

ONE MORE CUP OF COFFEE

Desire, 1976

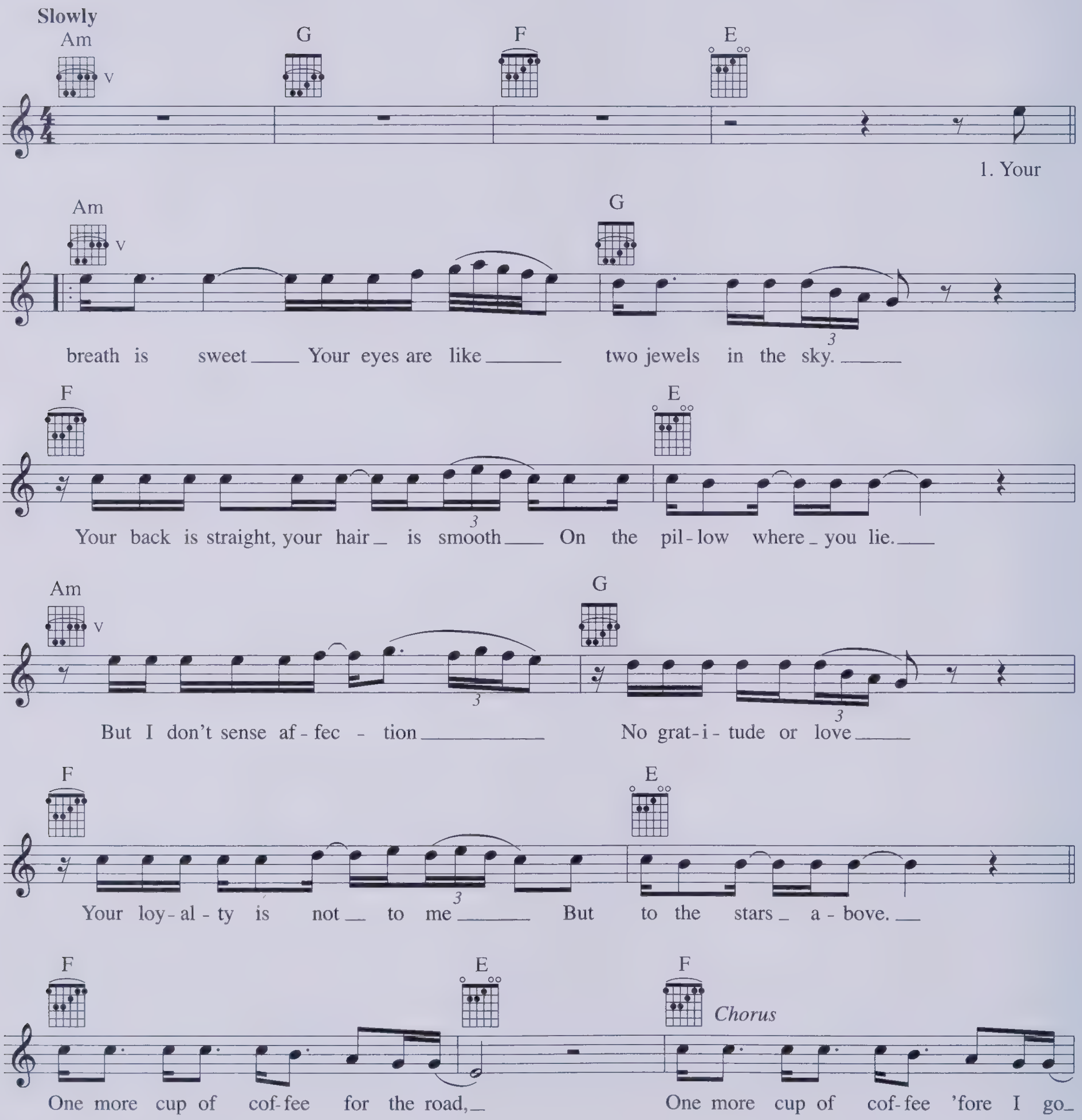
Co-written with Jacques Levy, 'One More Cup Of Coffee' featured on the *Desire* album, the Rolling Thunder tour, and the *Renaldo & Clara* movie. Dylan continued to perform the song occasionally until the early 1990s.

"It's a gypsy song. That song was written during a gypsy festival in the south of France one summer. Somebody took me to a birthday party there once, and hanging out there for a week probably influenced the writing of that song. But the 'valley below' probably came from some place else."

Bob Dylan, 1991

ONE MORE CUP OF COFFEE

With Jacques Levy


Slowly
Am G F E
1. Your
Am G
breath is sweet Your eyes are like two jewels in the sky.
F E
Your back is straight, your hair is smooth On the pil-low where you lie.
Am G
But I don't sense af-fec - tion No grat-i-tude or love
F E
Your loy-al-ty is not to me But to the stars a-bove.
F E F
Chorus
One more cup of cof-fee for the road,
One more cup of cof-fee 'fore I go

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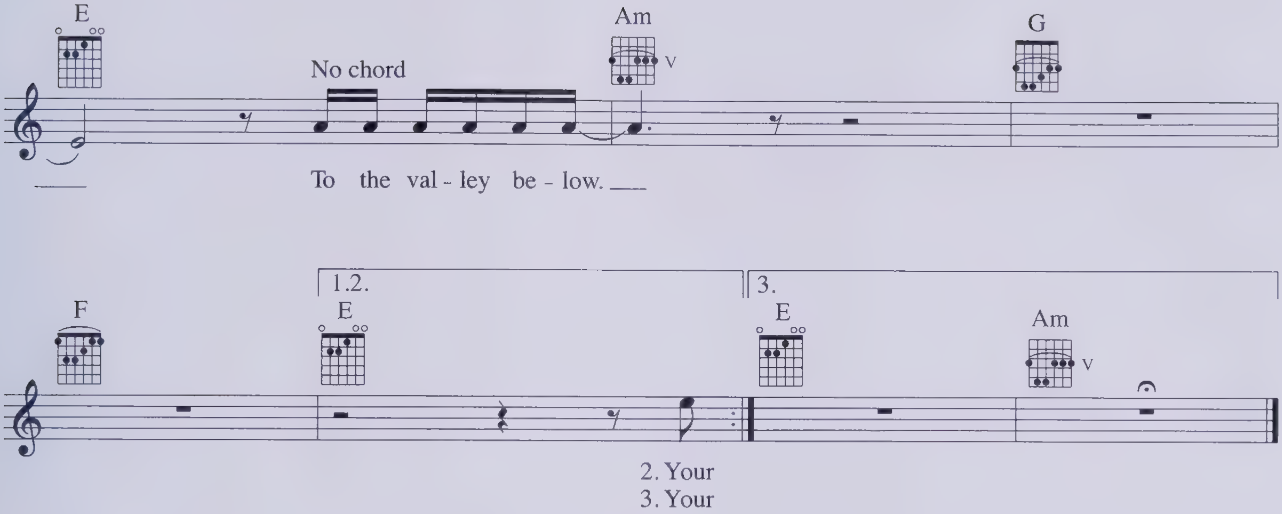


Additional lyrics

2. Your daddy he's an outlaw
And a wanderer by trade
He'll teach you how to pick and choose
And how to throw the blade
He oversees his kingdom
So no stranger does intrude
His voice it trembles as he calls out
For another plate of food

Refrain

3. Your sister sees the future
Like your mama and yourself
You've never learned to read or write
There's no books upon your shelf
And your pleasure knows no limits
Your voice is like a meadowlark
But your heart is like an ocean
Mysterious and dark

Refrain

OH, SISTER

Desire, 1976

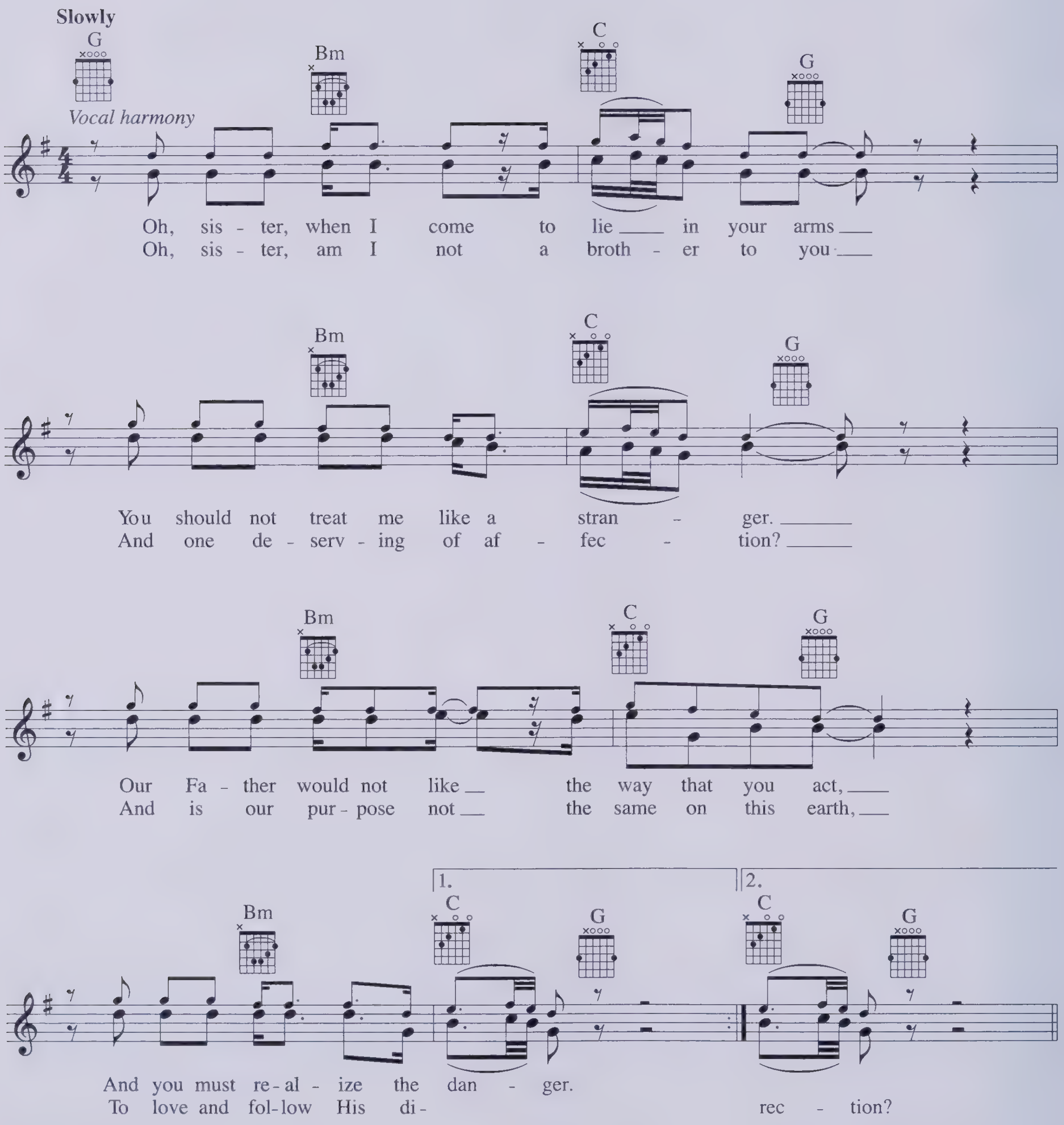
One of the most poignant songs in Dylan's catalogue, 'Oh Sister' was cut during the remarkable spontaneous sessions for the *Desire* album in July 1975. Emmylou Harris was the vocalist presented with the challenge of harmonising with Dylan's lead, with the barest minimum of rehearsals. For the next three years, Dylan performed 'Oh Sister' regularly in concert, but it vanished from his set-lists in July 1978.

"I would have been very intimidated, except that we just got right down to work, and the work was reading the lyrics off the page. We were cutting the song, watching him and trying to phrase with him while not really knowing the song. It was all live. It was like a painter that works by just throwing paint up on the canvas and yet there's this real method to his madness. He knew what he was doing. It was an extraordinary experience."

Emmylou Harris

OH, SISTER

With Jacques Levy


Slowly
G
Bm
C
Vocal harmony
Oh, sis - ter, when I come to lie in your arms
Oh, sis - ter, am I not a broth - er to you
You should not treat me like a stran - ger.
And one de - serv - ing of af - fec - tion?
Our Fa - ther would not like the way that you act,
And is our pur - pose not the same on this earth,
1.
2.
And you must re - al - ize the dan - ger.
To love and fol - low His di - rec - tion?

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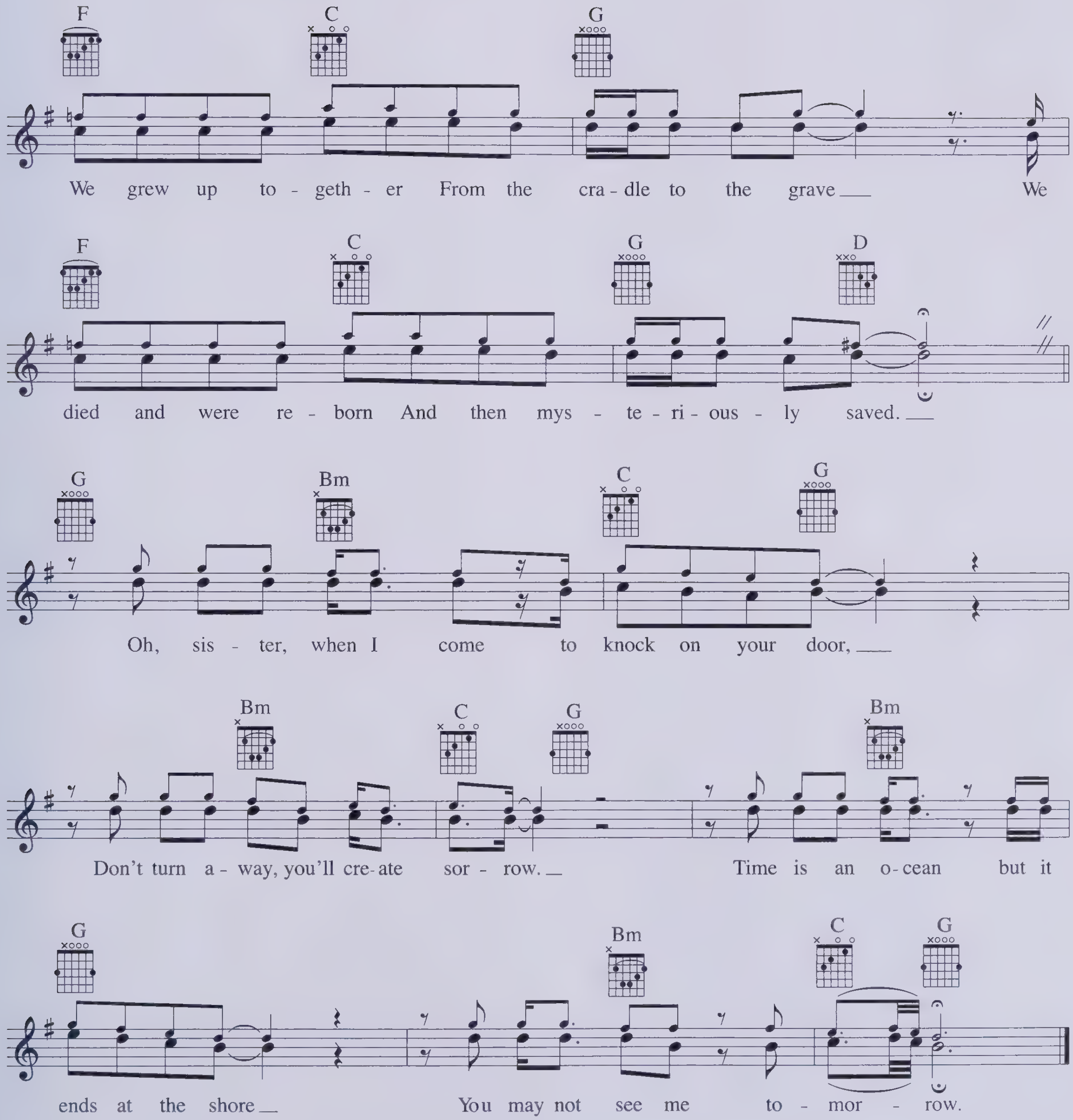

F C G
We grew up to - geth - er From the cra - dle to the grave We
F C G D
died and were re - born And then mys - te - ri - ous - ly saved.
G Bm C G
Oh, sis - ter, when I come to knock on your door,
Bm C G Bm
Don't turn a - way, you'll cre - ate sor - row. Time is an o - cean but it
G Bm C G
ends at the shore You may not see me to - mor - row.

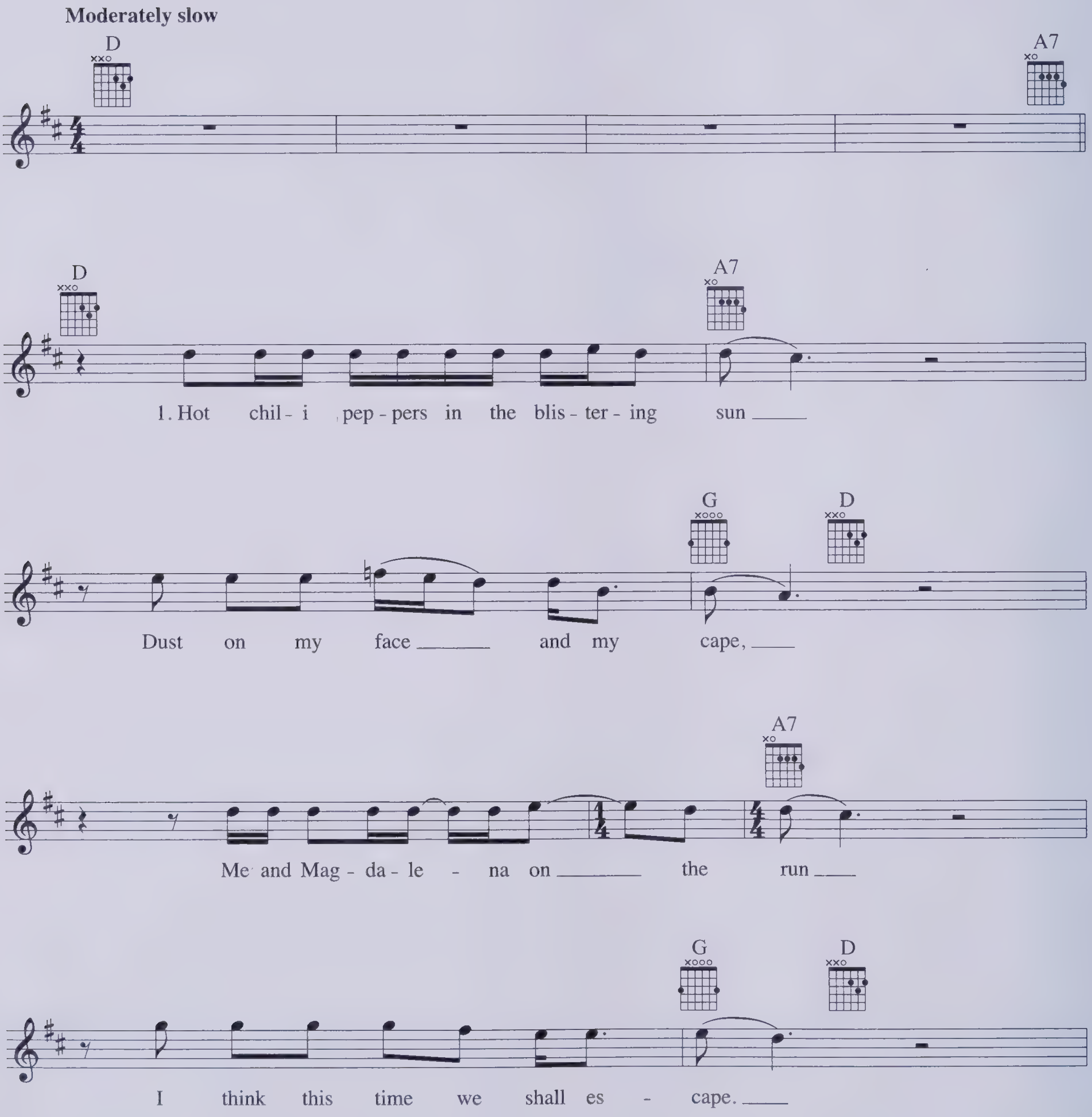
ROMANCE IN DURANGO

Desire, 1976

This cowboy-movie drama, co-written with playwright Jacques Levy for the *Desire* album, was perhaps partly inspired by Dylan's experiences in Mexico on the set of *Pat Garrett and Billy The Kid*. The song fully came into its own on the first Rolling Thunder Revue tour in 1975, as documented in another movie, the Dylan-directed *Renaldo & Clara*. It reappeared unexpectedly in his live repertoire for a triumphant London performance in 2003.

ROMANCE IN DURANGO

With Jacques Levy


Moderately slow
D
A7
D
1. Hot chil - i pep - pers in the blis - ter - ing
A7
sun
Dust on my face and my
G
D
cape,
Me and Mag - da - le - na on the
A7
run
I think this time we shall es -
G
D
cape.

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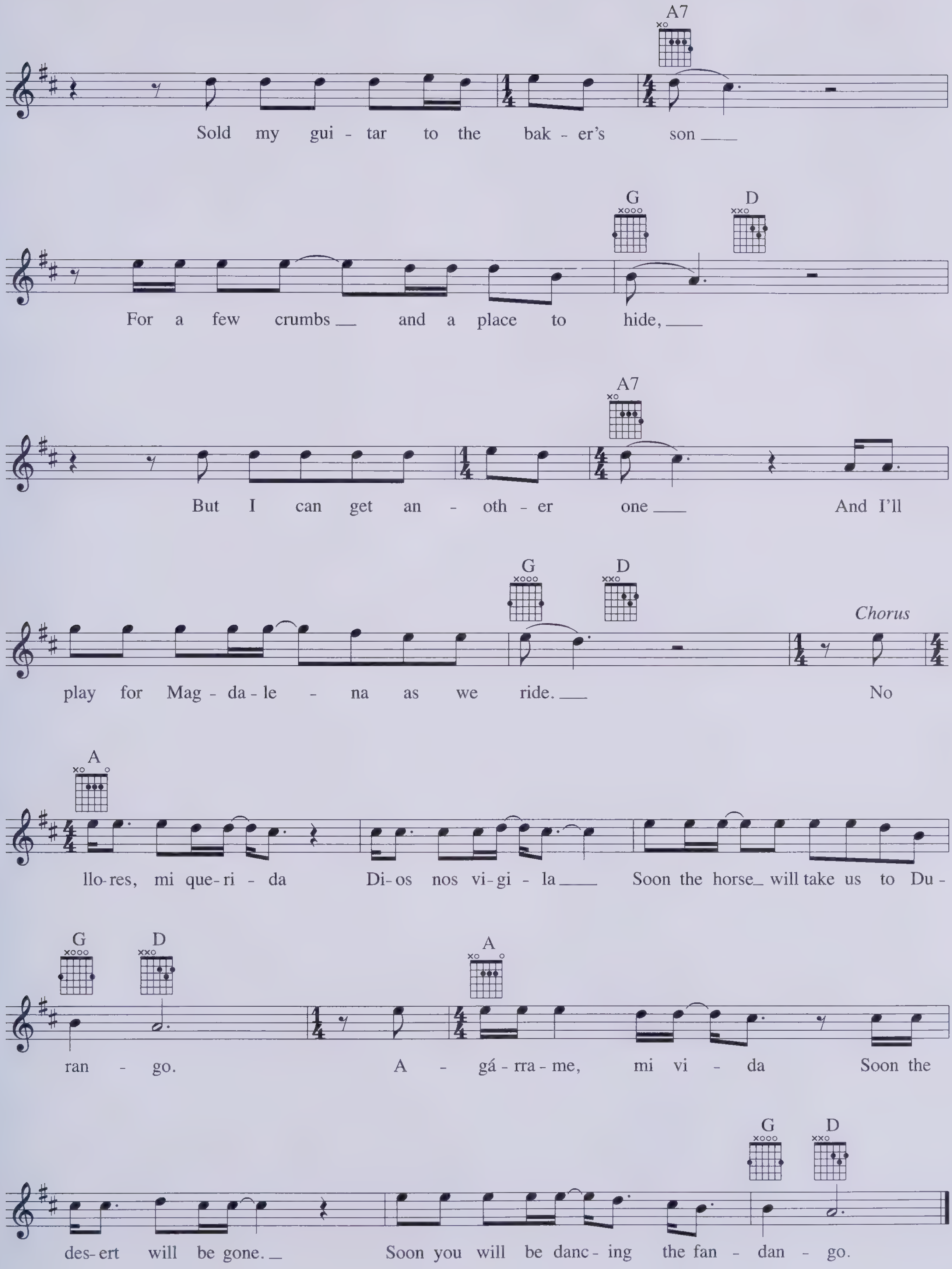

A7
Sold my gui - tar to the bak - er's son
G D
For a few crumbs and a place to hide,
A7
But I can get an - oth - er one And I'll
G D
Chorus
play for Mag - da - le - na as we ride. No
A
llo-res, mi que-ri - da Di-os nos vi-gi - la Soon the horse will take us to Du -
G D A
ran - go. A - gá - rra - me, mi vi - da Soon the
G D
des-ert will be gone. Soon you will be danc - ing the fan - dan - go.

Additional lyrics

2. Past the Aztec ruins and the ghosts of our people
Hoofbeats like castanets on stone
At night I dream of bells in the village steeple
Then I see the bloody face of Ramon

Was it me that shot him down in the cantina
Was it my hand that held the gun?
Come, let us fly, my Magdalena
The dogs are barking and what's done is done

Refrain

3. At the corrida we'll sit in the shade
And watch the young torero stand alone
We'll drink tequila where our grandfathers stayed
When they rode with Villa into Torreón

Then the padre will recite the prayers of old
In the little church this side of town
I will wear new boots and an earring of gold
You'll shine with diamonds in your wedding gown

The way is long but the end is near
Already the fiesta has begun
The face of God will appear
With His serpent eyes of obsidian

Refrain

4. Was that the thunder that I heard?
My head is vibrating, I feel a sharp pain
Come sit by me, don't say a word
Oh, can it be that I am slain?

Quick, Magdalena, take my gun
Look up in the hills, that flash of light
Aim well my little one
We may not make it through the night

Refrain

“The first thing that came was an image I had from a postcard that was once sent to me… with a picture of a Mexican hacienda, or something – some Mexican shack – a shack with a bunch of chilli peppers on the roof in the sun. So the first line was ‘Hot chilli peppers in the sun’, and I remember saying, ‘No, blistering sun’, so we had the first line.”

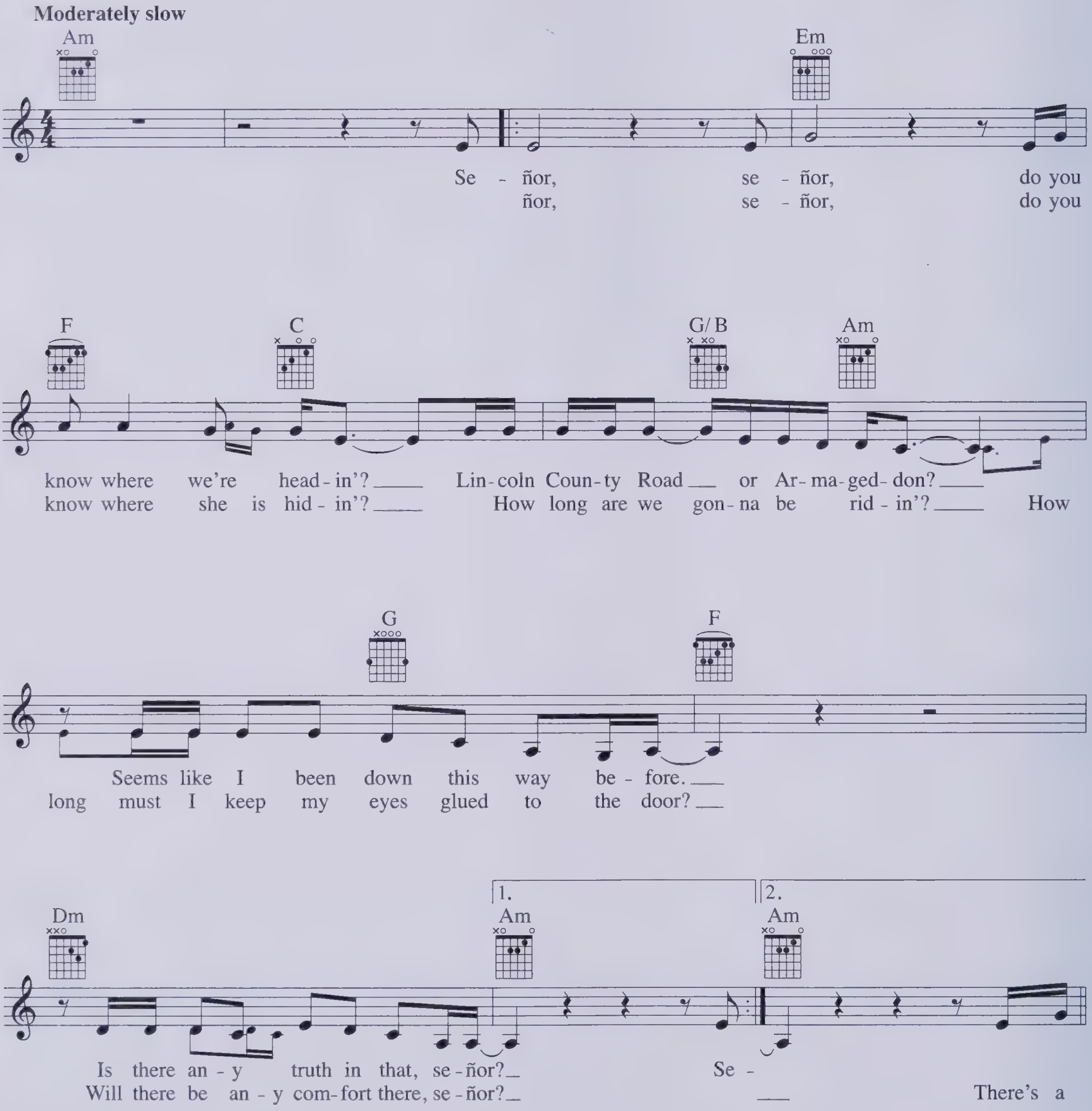
Jacques Levy

SEÑOR (TALES OF YANKEE POWER)

Street Legal, 1978

The *Street Legal* album was recorded in spring 1978, during a brief pause in the most extensive world tour of Dylan's entire career. 'Señor' was debuted two weeks before the album reached the shops, in a concert at the Universal Amphitheatre in Hollywood on 1 June 1978. It remained in his set as he reached Europe for his first tour of the continent in 12 years, and he has continued to perform the song ever since.

SEÑOR (TALES OF YANKEE POWER)


Moderately slow
Am
Em
Se - ñor, se - ñor, do you
ñor, se - ñor, do you
F
C
G/B
Am
know where we're head - in'? Lin - coln Coun - ty Road or Ar - ma - ged - don?
know where she is hid - in'? How long are we gon - na be rid - in'? How
G
F
Seems like I been down this way be - fore.
long must I keep my eyes glued to the door?
Dm
1.
Am
2.
Am
Is there an - y truth in that, se - ñor? Se -
Will there be an - y com - fort there, se - ñor? There's a

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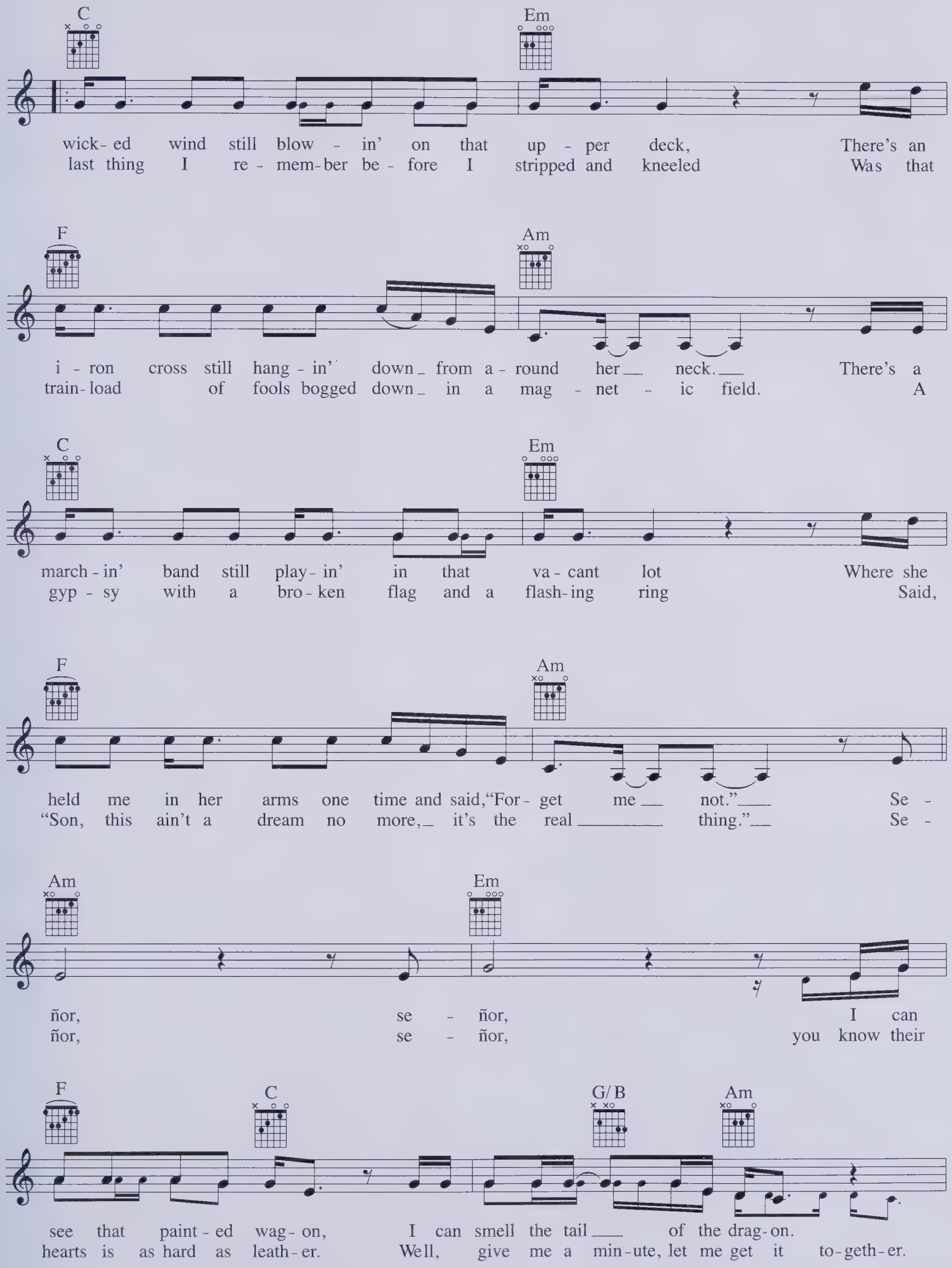
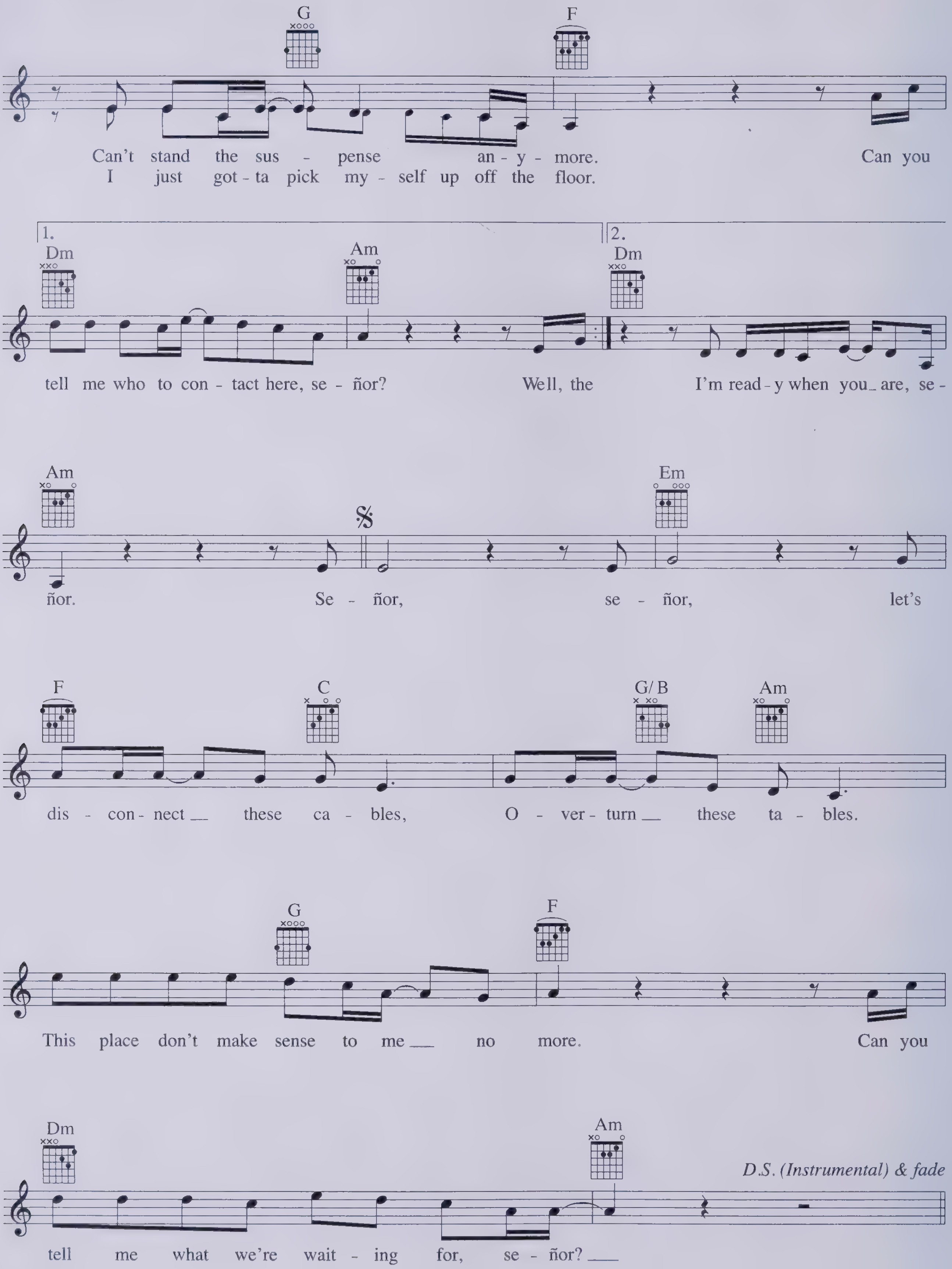

C
Em
wick-ed wind still blow - in' on that up - per deck, There's an
last thing I re - mem-ber be - fore I stripped and kneeled Was that
F
Am
i - ron cross still hang - in' down from a - round her neck. There's a
train-load of fools bogged down in a mag - net - ic field. A
C
Em
march-in' band still play-in' in that va-cant lot Where she
gyp - sy with a bro-ken flag and a flash-ing ring Said,
F
Am
held me in her arms one time and said, "For-get me not." Se -
"Son, this ain't a dream no more, it's the real thing." Se -
Am
Em
ñor, se - ñor, I can
ñor, se - ñor, you know their
F
C
G/B
Am
see that paint-ed wag-on, I can smell the tail of the drag-on.
hearts is as hard as leath-er. Well, give me a min-ute, let me get it to-geth-er.


G
F
Can't stand the sus - pense an - y - more. Can you
I just got - ta pick my - self up off the floor.
1.
Dm
Am
2.
Dm
tell me who to con - tact here, se - ñor? Well, the I'm read - y when you_ are, se -
Am
Em
ñor. Se - ñor, se - ñor, let's
F
C
G/ B
Am
dis - con - nect __ these ca - bles, O - ver - turn __ these ta - bles.
G
F
This place don't make sense to me __ no more. Can you
Dm
Am
tell me what we're wait - ing for, se - ñor? __

D.S. (Instrumental) & fade

"'Señor' was one of them border type things… sort of lost Yankee on gloomy Sunday, carnival type of thing… I see this as the aftermath of when two people who were leaning on each other because neither one of them had the guts to stand up alone, all of a sudden they break apart."

Bob Dylan, 1985

GOTTA SERVE SOMEBODY

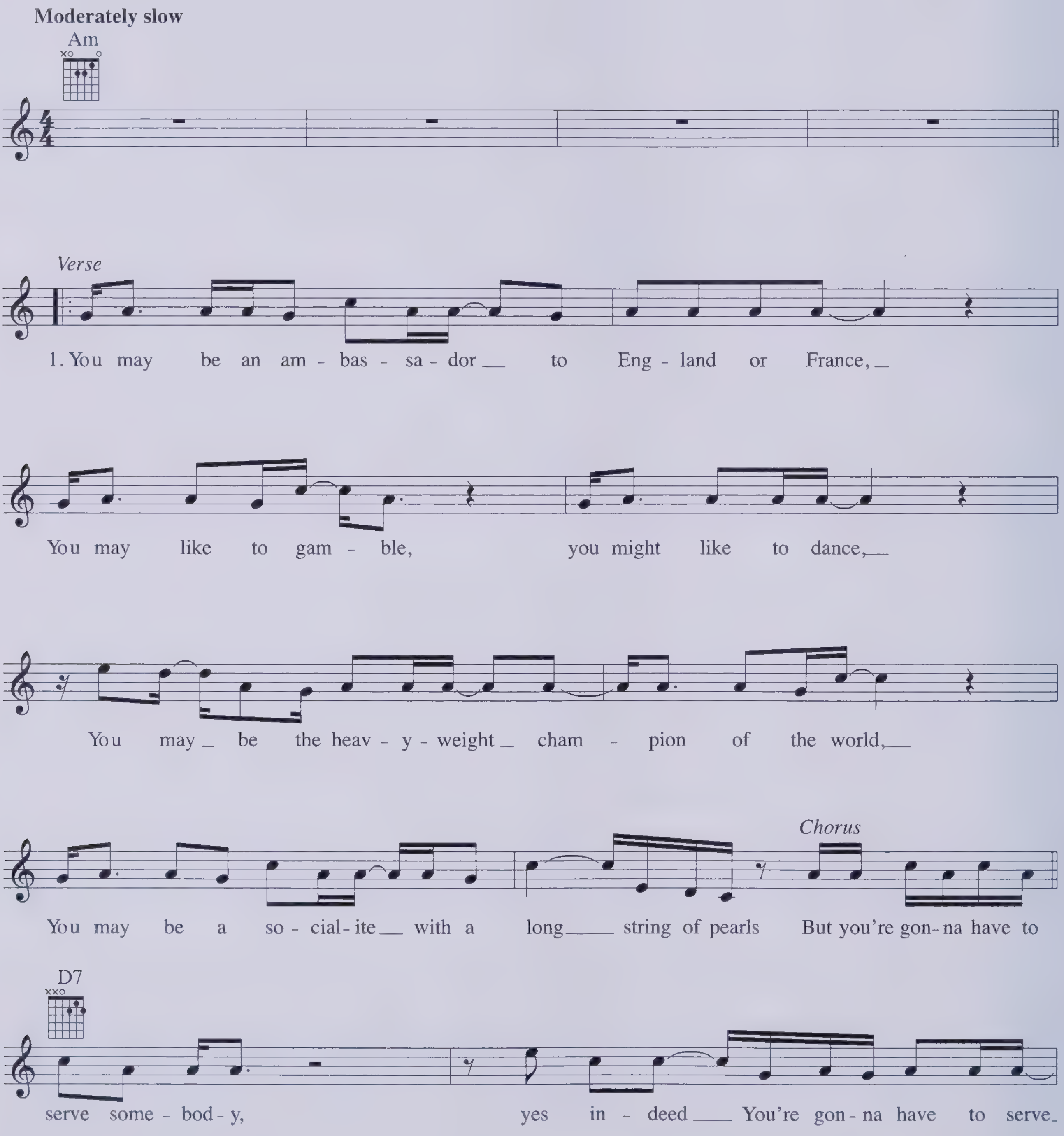
Slow Train Coming, 1979

The release of the *Slow Train Coming* album marked a radical new direction in Bob Dylan's work. 'Gotta Serve Somebody' was the opening track, cut at the legendary Muscle Shoals Sound Studio in Alabama in May 1979. The song won him a Grammy Award for the first time, for the Best Male Rock Vocal Performance of 1979.

"Me like his song 'Serve Somebody' quite a bit. I glad he do it, too, y'know, because there comes a time when an artist just cannot follow the crowd. If you are an artist like Bob Dylan, you got to make the crowd follow you."

Bob Marley

GOTTA SERVE SOMEBODY


Moderately slow
Am
Verse
1. You may be an am - bas - sa - dor to Eng - land or France,
You may like to gam - ble, you might like to dance,
You may be the heav - y - weight cham - pion of the world,
Chorus
You may be a so - cial - ite with a long string of pearls But you're gon - na have to
D7
serve some - bod - y, yes in - deed You're gon - na have to serve

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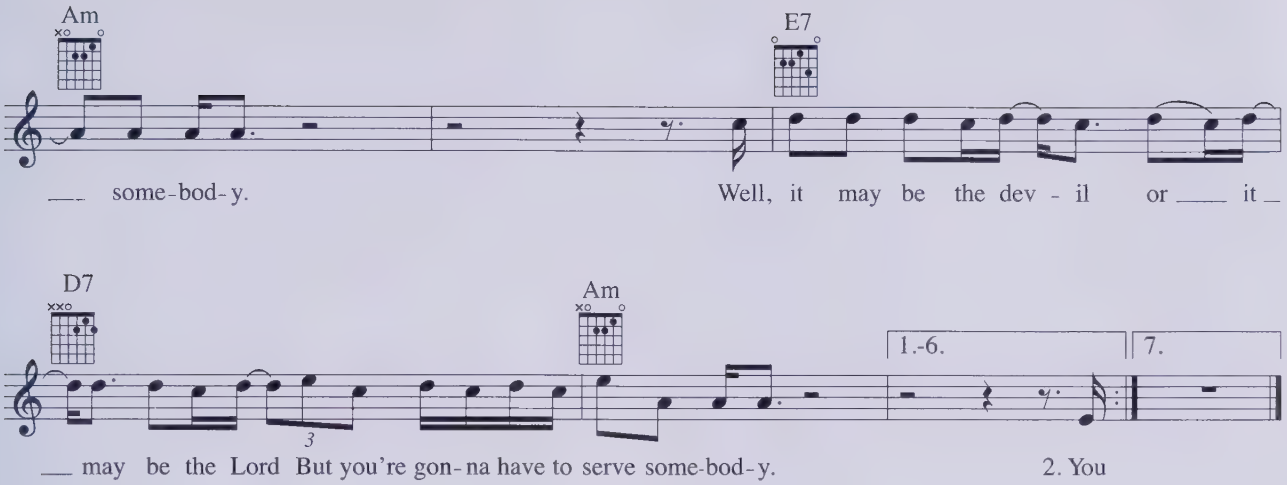

Am
E7
D7
Am
1.-6.
7.
3
___ some-bod-y.
Well, it may be the dev - il or ___ it _
___ may be the Lord But you're gon-na have to serve some-bod-y.
2. You

Additional lyrics

2. You might be a rock 'n' roll addict prancing on the stage
You might have drugs at your command, women in a cage
You may be a business man or some high-degree thief
They may call you Doctor or they may call you Chief

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody

3. You may be a state trooper, you might be a young Turk
You may be the head of some big TV network
You may be rich or poor, you may be blind or lame
You may be living in another country under another name

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody

4. You may be a construction worker working on a home
You may be living in a mansion or you might live in a dome
You might own guns and you might even own tanks
You might be somebody's landlord, you might even own banks

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody

5. You may be a preacher with your spiritual pride
You may be a city councilman taking bribes on the side
You may be workin' in a barbershop, you may know how to cut hair
You may be somebody's mistress, may be somebody's heir

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody

6. Might like to wear cotton, might like to wear silk
Might like to drink whiskey, might like to drink milk
You might like to eat caviar, you might like to eat bread
You may be sleeping on the floor, sleeping in a king-sized bed

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody

7. You may call me Terry, you may call me Timmy
You may call me Bobby, you may call me Zimmy
You may call me R.J., you may call me Ray
You may call me anything but no matter what you say

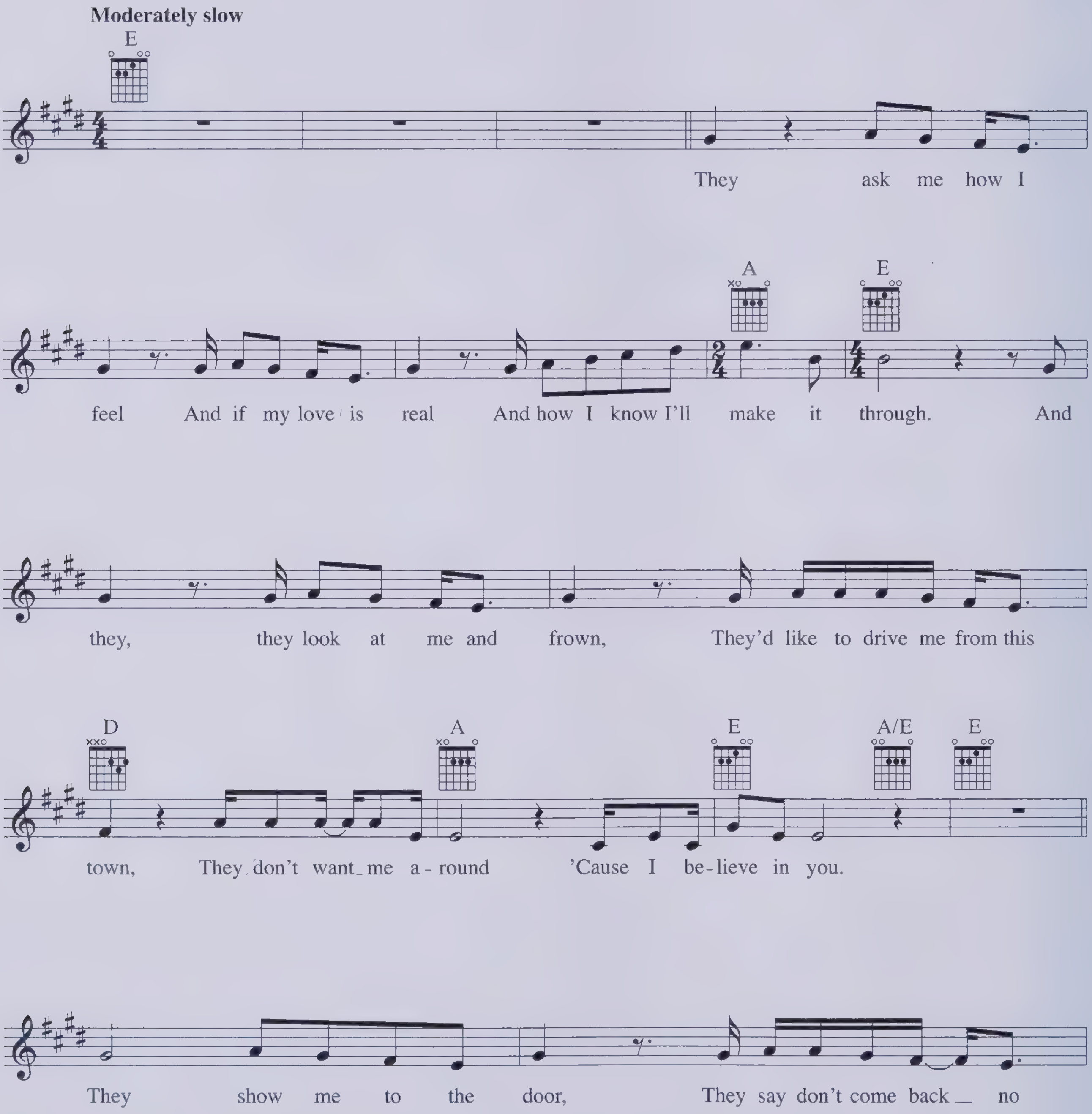
You're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody

I BELIEVE IN YOU

Slow Train Coming, 1979

One of Dylan's most comprehensive expressions of his religious faith, 'I Believe In You' appeared on the 1979 album *Slow Train Coming*. He regularly returned to the song in concert in the late 1980s and early 1990s, and again in the 21st century.

I BELIEVE IN YOU


Moderately slow
E
They ask me how I
feel And if my love is real And how I know I'll
A
make it
E
through. And
they, they look at me and frown, They'd like to drive me from this
D
town, They don't want_me a-round
A
'Cause I be-lieve
E
in you.
A/E
E
They show me to the door, They say don't come back no

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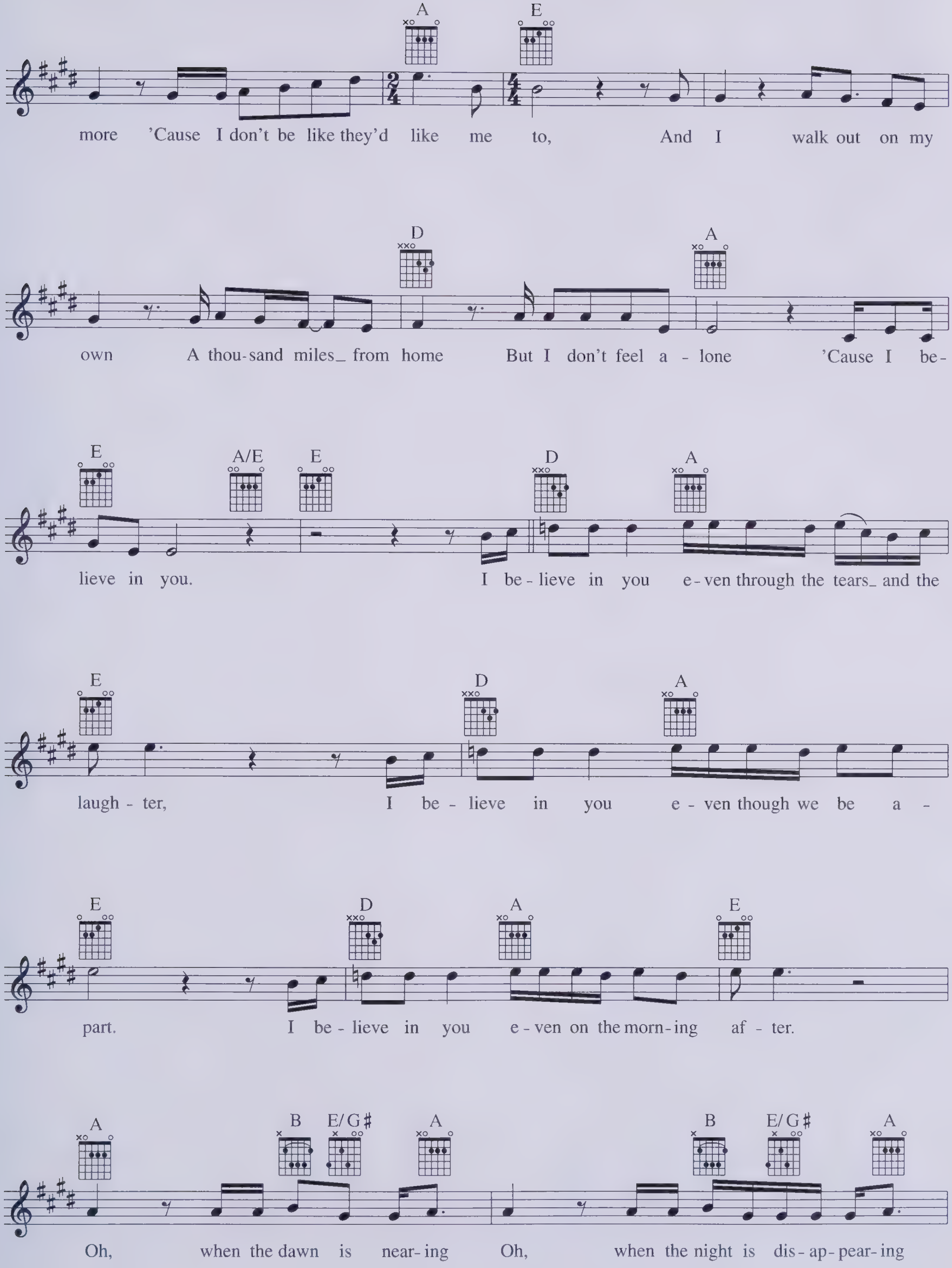
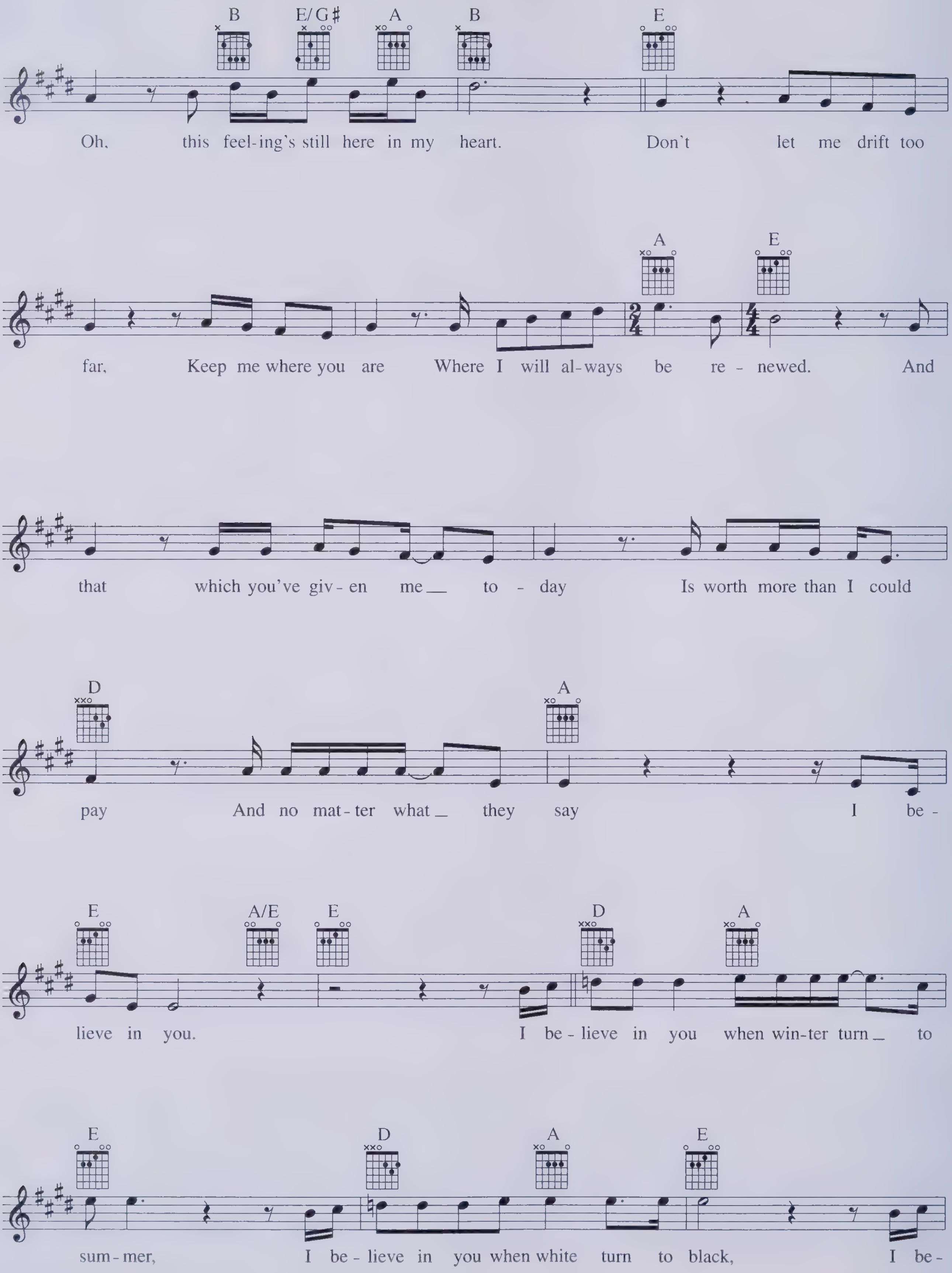
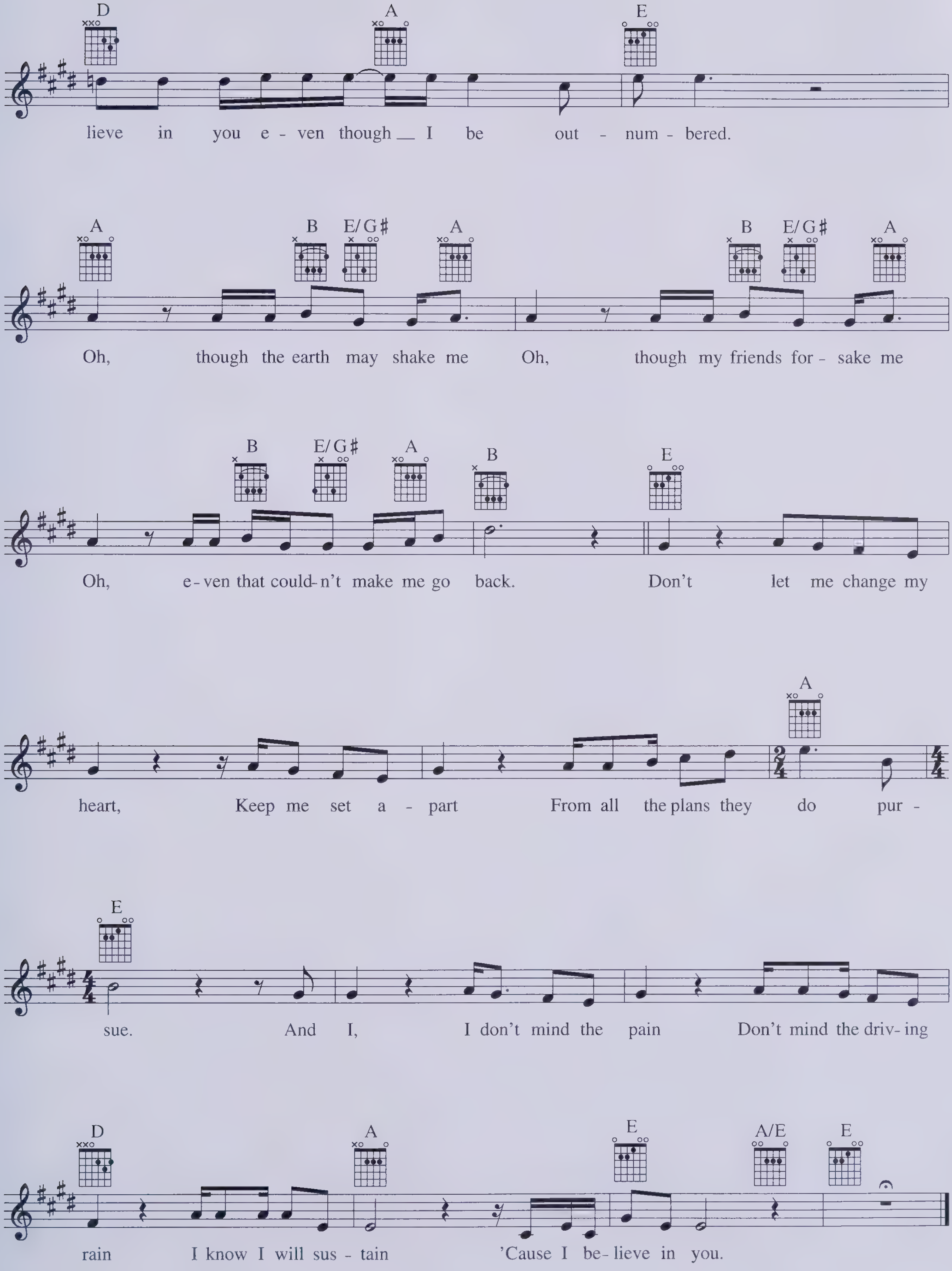

A E
more 'Cause I don't be like they'd like me to, And I walk out on my
D A
own A thou-sand miles_ from home But I don't feel a - lone 'Cause I be-
E A/E E D A
lieve in you. I be-lieve in you e-ven through the tears_ and the
E D A
laugh - ter, I be - lieve in you e - ven though we be a -
E D A E
part. I be - lieve in you e - ven on the morn-ing af - ter.
A B E/G♯ A B E/G♯ A
Oh, when the dawn is near-ing Oh, when the night is dis-ap-pear-ing


B E/G♯ A B E
Oh, this feel-ing's still here in my heart. Don't let me drift too
A E
far, Keep me where you are Where I will al-ways be re - newed. And
that which you've giv - en me to - day Is worth more than I could
D A
pay And no mat-ter what they say I be -
E A/E E D A
lieve in you. I be - lieve in you when win-ter turn to
E D A E
sum-mer, I be - lieve in you when white turn to black, I be -


D A E
lieve in you e - ven though __ I be out - num - bered.
A B E/G♯ A B E/G♯ A
Oh, though the earth may shake me Oh, though my friends for - sake me
B E/G♯ A B E
Oh, e - ven that could - n't make me go back. Don't let me change my
A
heart, Keep me set a - part From all the plans they do pur -
E
sue. And I, I don't mind the pain Don't mind the driv - ing
D A E A/E E
rain I know I will sus - tain 'Cause I be - lieve in you.

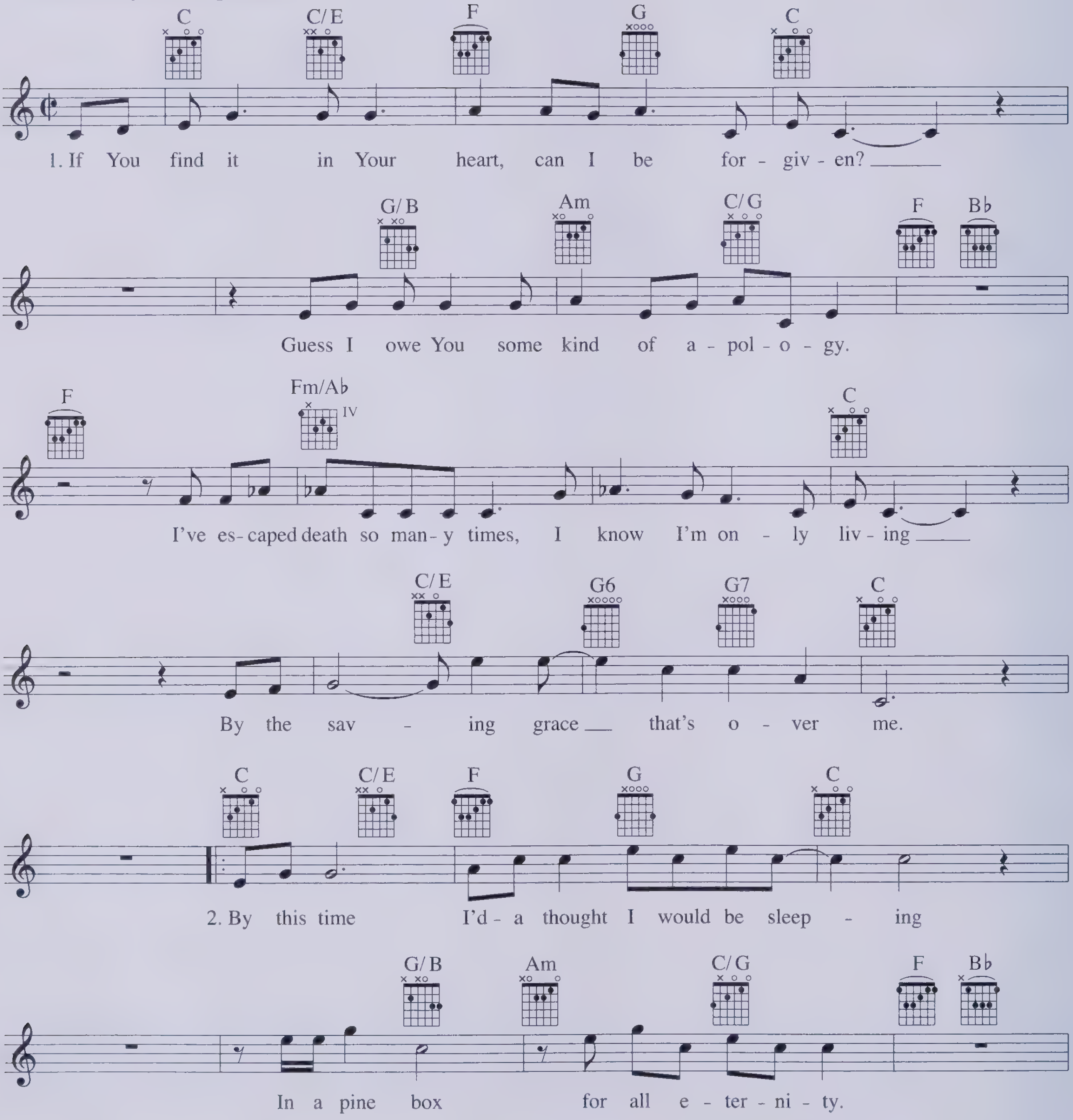
SAVING GRACE

Saved, 1980

Dylan's ability to confound his critics and his public was perfectly illustrated by the furore that surrounded his *Slow Train Coming* and *Saved* albums. The controversy masked the power of some of his finest material, not least this superb gospel ballad from 1980's *Saved*, which was enriched by some of Dylan's most emotional harmonica playing.

SAVING GRACE

Moderately, with expression



C C/E F G C
1. If You find it in Your heart, can I be for - giv - en?
G/B Am C/G F B♭
Guess I owe You some kind of a - pol - o - gy.
F Fm/A♭ IV C
I've es - caped death so man - y times, I know I'm on - ly liv - ing
C/E G6 G7 C
By the sav - ing grace that's o - ver me.
C C/E F G C
2. By this time I'd - a thought I would be sleep - ing
G/B Am C/G F B♭
In a pine box for all e - ter - ni - ty.

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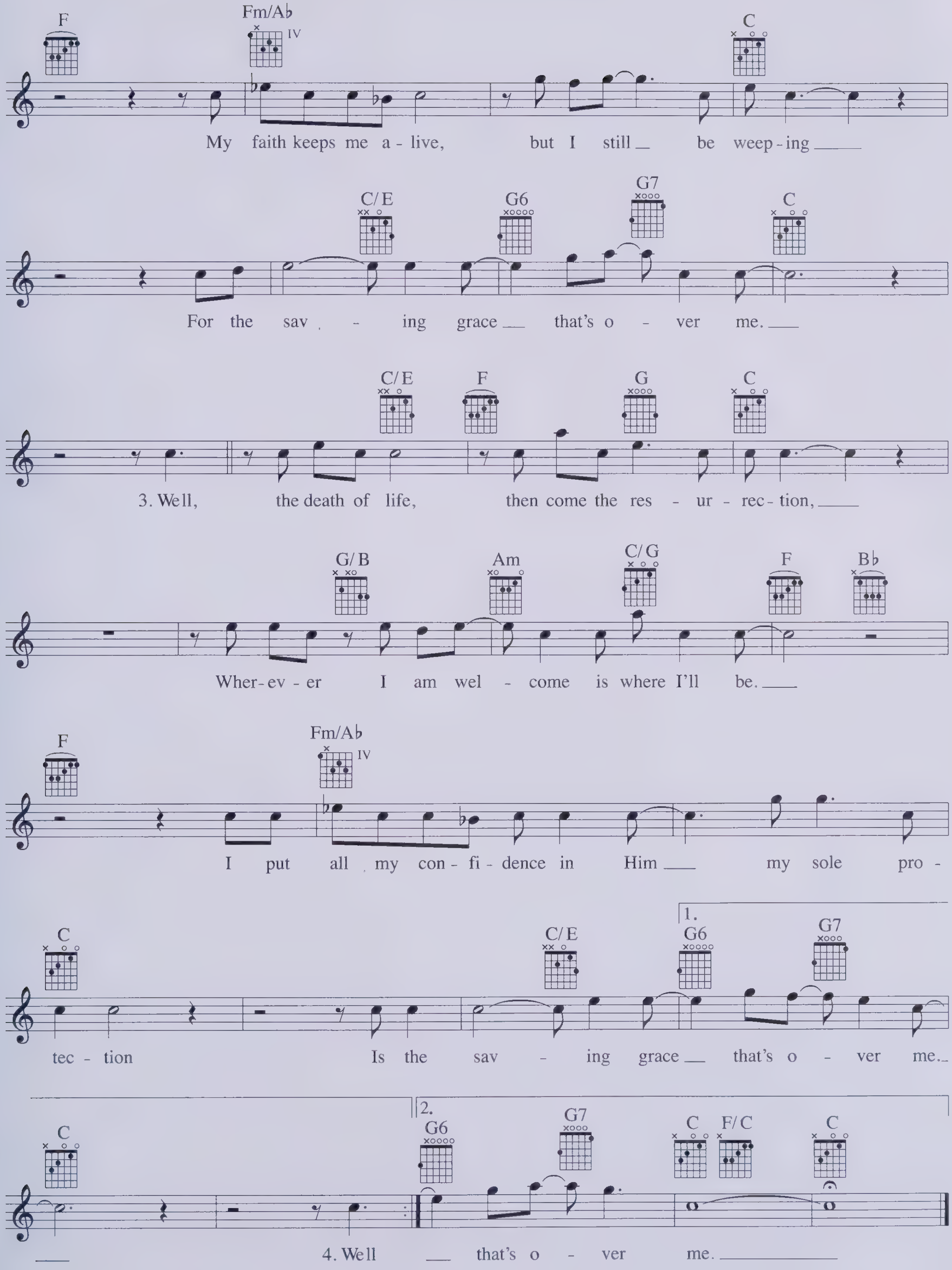

F
Fm/A♭
IV
C
My faith keeps me a - live, but I still __ be weep - ing ____
C/E
G6
G7
C
For the sav - ing grace __ that's o - ver me. ____
C/E
F
G
C
3. Well, the death of life, then come the res - ur - rec - tion, ____
G/B
Am
C/G
F
B♭
Wher - ev - er I am wel - come is where I'll be. ____
F
Fm/A♭
IV
I put all my con - fi - dence in Him ___ my sole pro -
C
C/E
1.
G6
G7
tec - tion Is the sav - ing grace __ that's o - ver me._
C
2.
G6
G7
C
F/C
C
___ 4. Well __ that's o - ver me. ____________

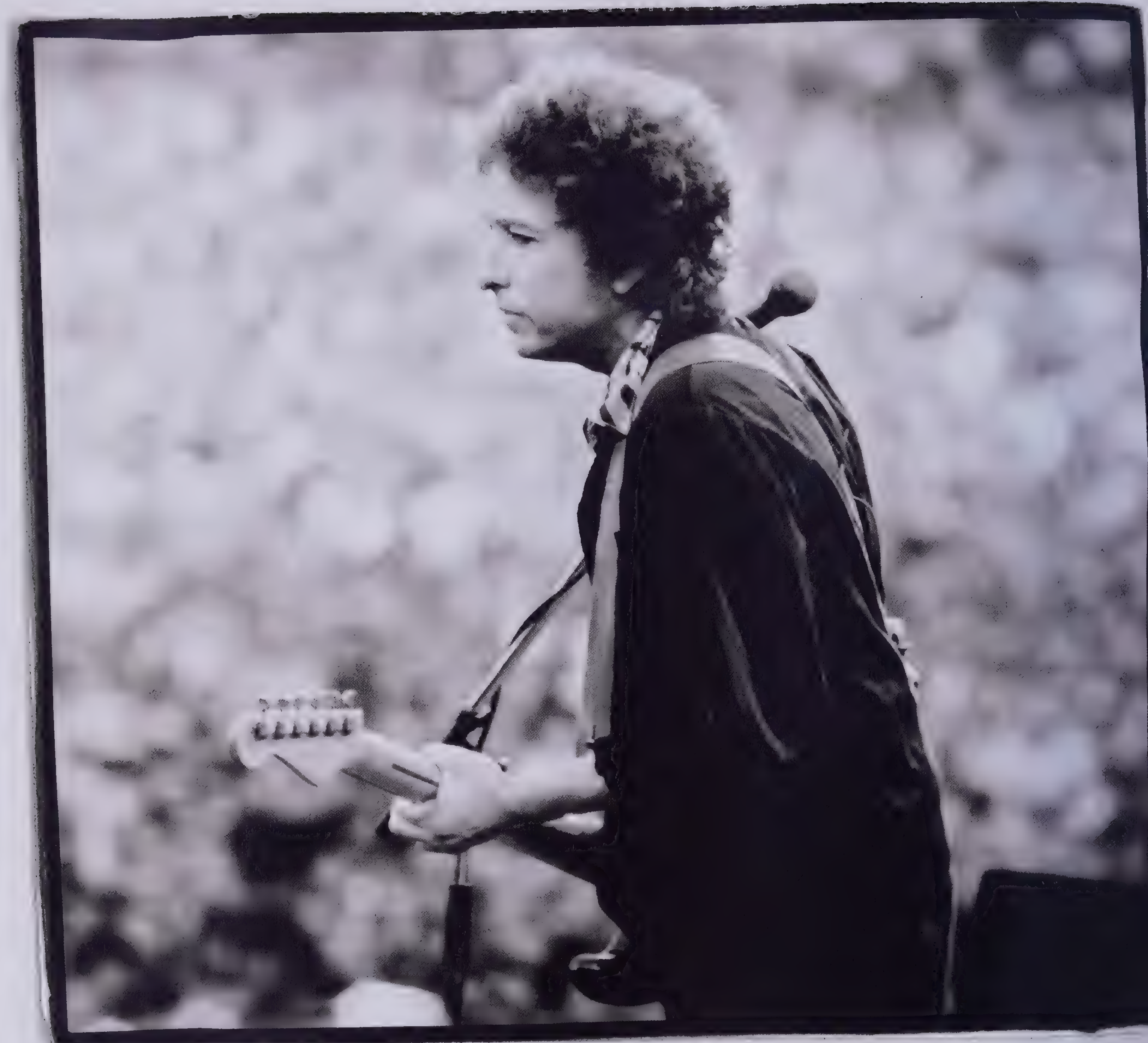
Additional lyrics

4. Well, the devil's shining light, it can be most blinding
But to search for love, that ain't no more than vanity
As I look around this world all that I'm finding
Is the saving grace that's over me

5. The wicked know no peace and you just can't fake it
There's only one road and it leads to Calvary
It gets discouraging at times, but I know I'll make it
By the saving grace that's over me

“People came to me when he put out his Christian records and said, ‘This guy’s finished – he can’t speak to us anymore’. I thought those were some of the most beautiful gospel songs that have ever entered the whole landscape of gospel music.”

Leonard Cohen



EVERY GRAIN OF SAND

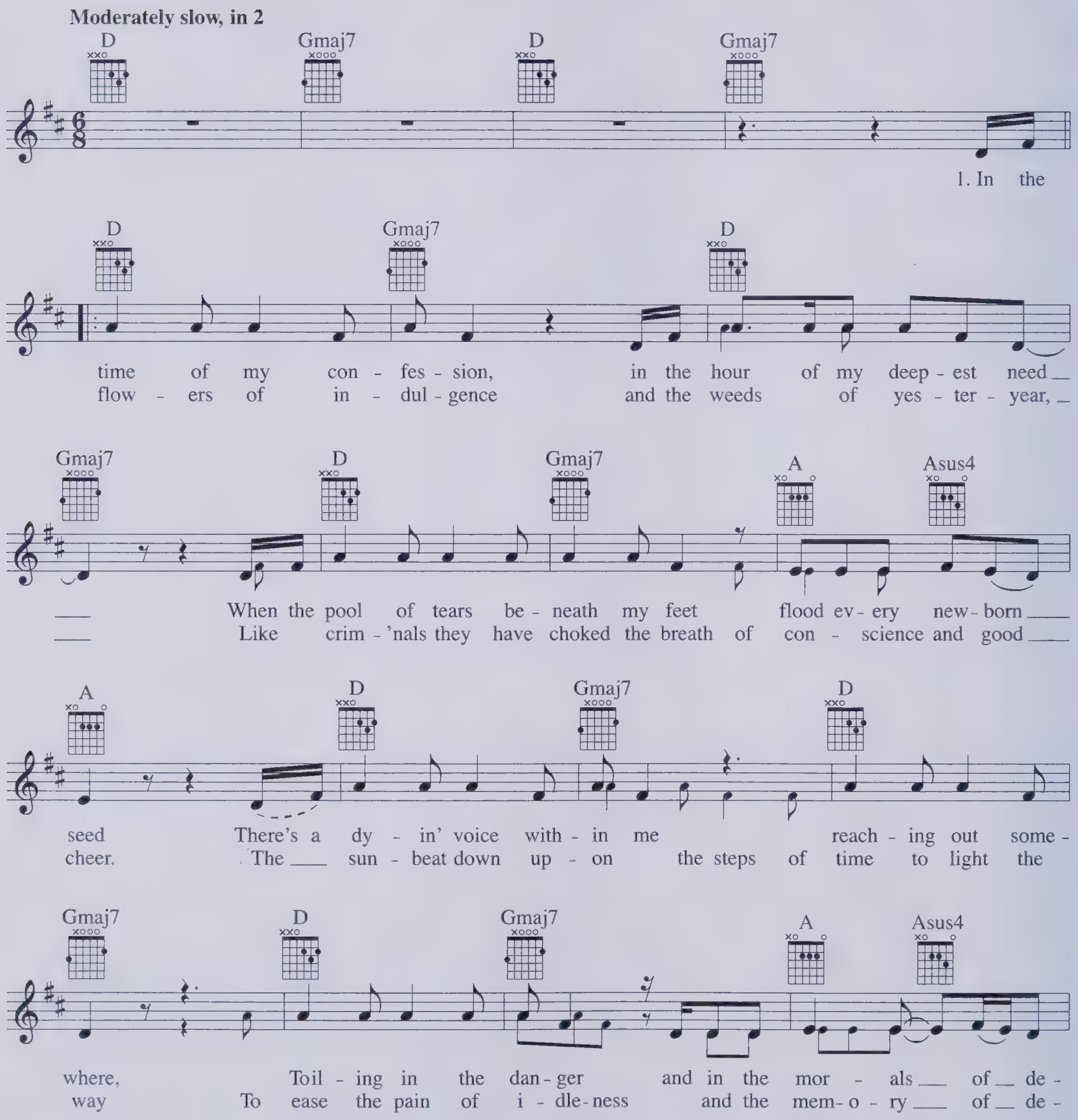
Shot Of Love, 1981

One of Dylan's most lyrical ballads, 'Every Grain Of Sand' was recorded in May 1981 for his *Shot Of Love* album. A demo performance taped eight months earlier was released on the 1991 retrospective collection, *The Bootleg Series Volumes 1–3*.

"That's a good poem set to music. It's a beautiful melody, too, isn't it?"

Bob Dylan, 1991

EVERY GRAIN OF SAND


Moderately slow, in 2
D Gmaj7 D Gmaj7
1. In the
D Gmaj7 D
time of my con - fes - sion, in the hour of my deep - est need
flow - ers of in - dul - gence and the weeds of yes - ter - year,
Gmaj7 D Gmaj7 A Asus4
When the pool of tears be - neath my feet flood ev - ery new - born
Like crim - 'nals they have choked the breath of con - science and good
A D Gmaj7 D
seed There's a dy - in' voice with - in me reach - ing out some -
cheer. The sun - beat down up - on the steps of time to light the
Gmaj7 D Gmaj7 A Asus4
where, Toil - ing in the dan - ger and in the mor - als of de -
way To ease the pain of i - dle - ness and the mem - o - ry of de -

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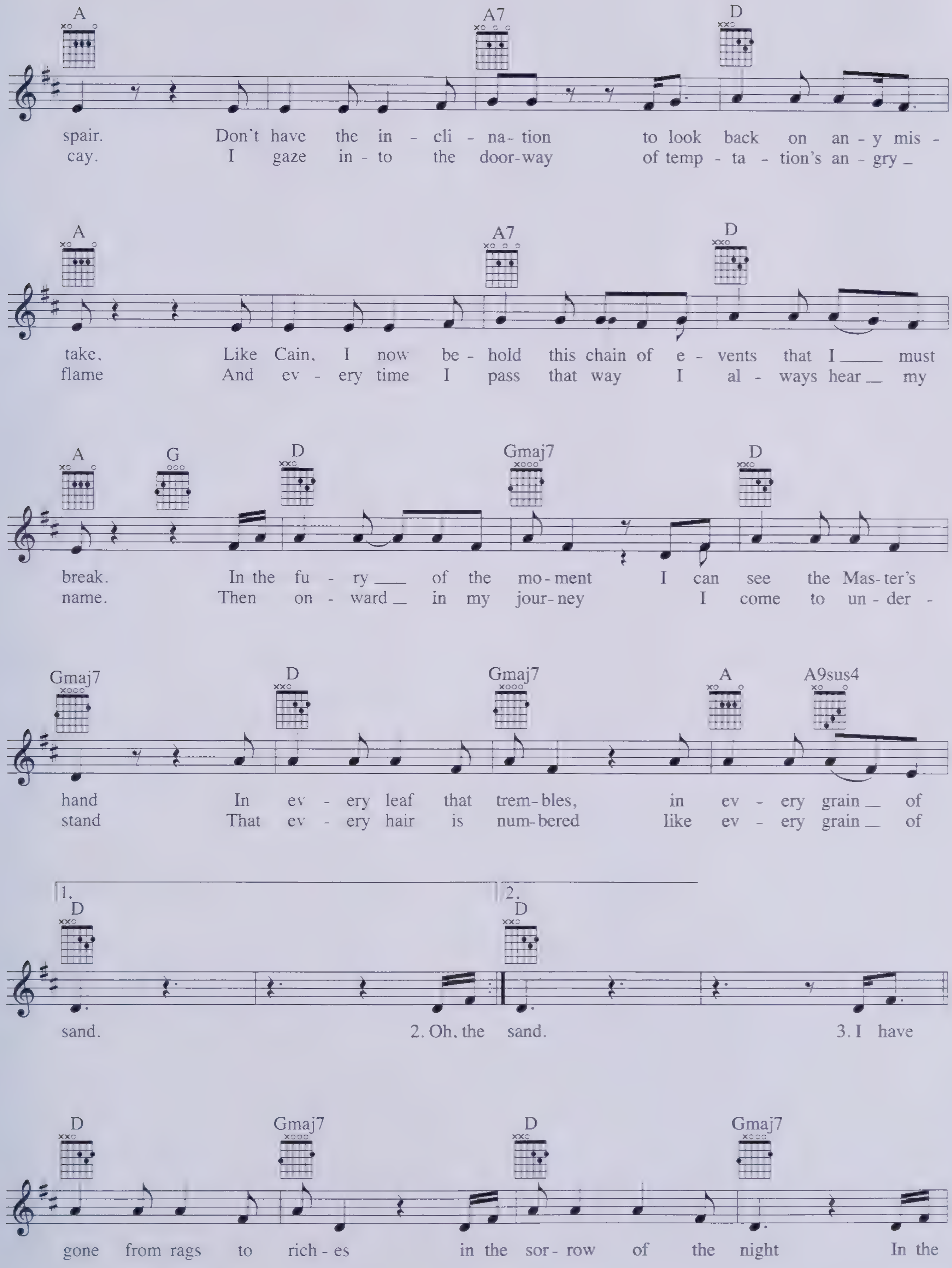
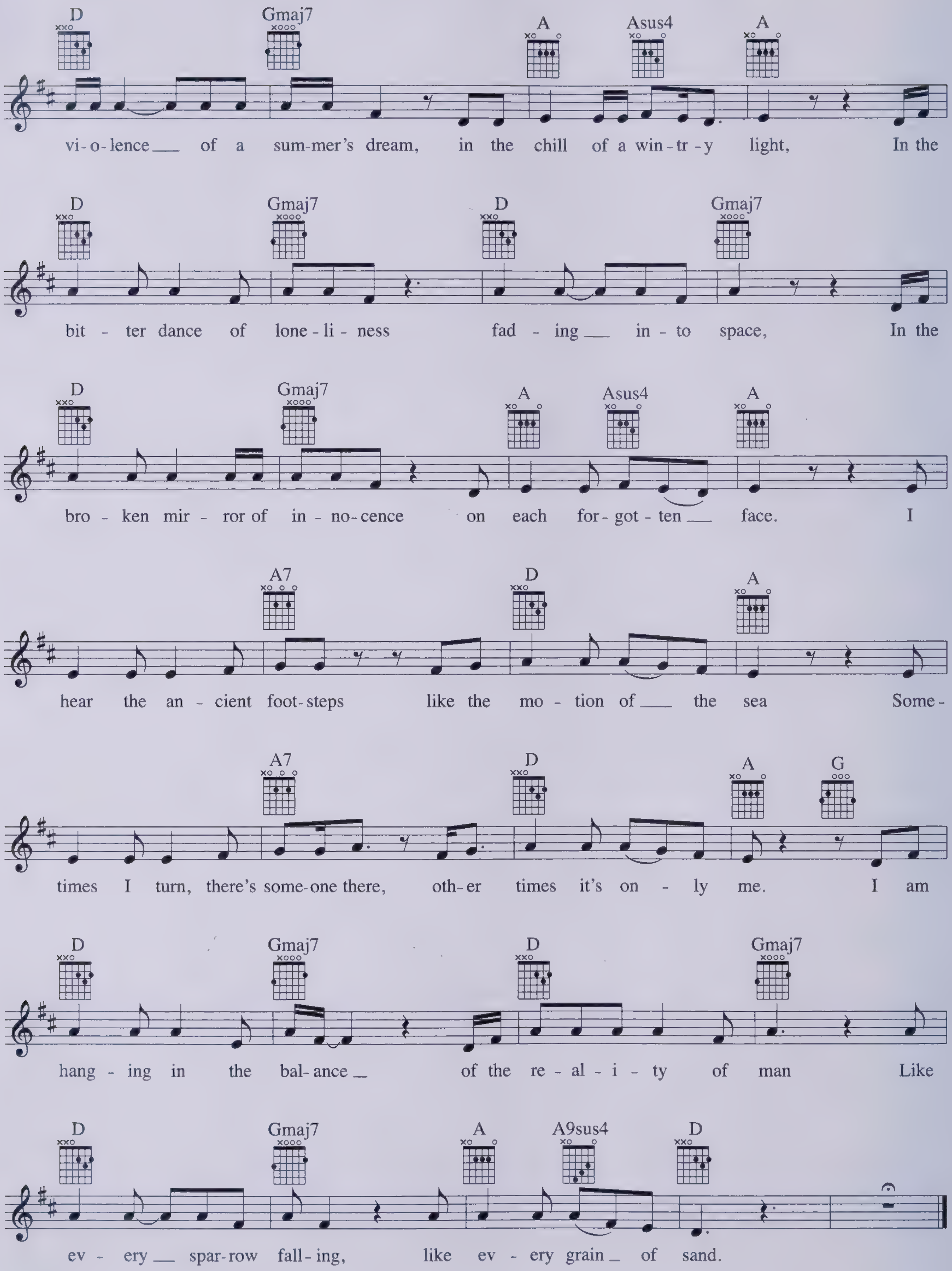
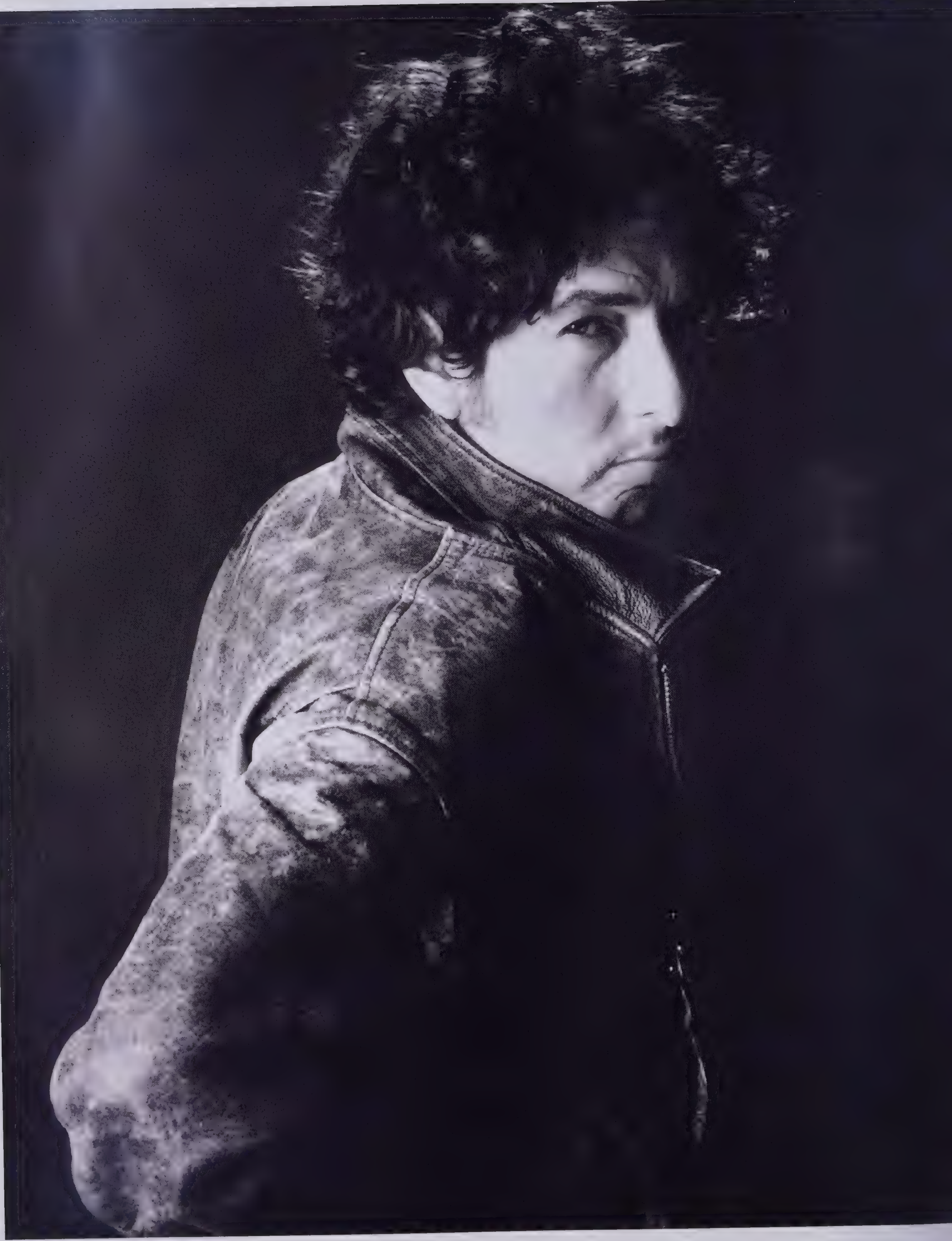

A A7 D
spair. Don't have the in - cli - na - tion to look back on an - y mis -
cay. I gaze in - to the door - way of temp - ta - tion's an - gry
A A7 D
take, Like Cain, I now be - hold this chain of e - vents that I must
flame And ev - ery time I pass that way I al - ways hear my
A G D Gmaj7 D
break. In the fu - ry of the mo - ment I can see the Mas - ter's
name. Then on - ward in my jour - ney I come to un - der -
Gmaj7 D Gmaj7 A A9sus4
hand In ev - ery leaf that trem - bles, in ev - ery grain of
stand That ev - ery hair is num - bered like ev - ery grain of
1. D 2. D
sand. 2. Oh, the sand. 3. I have
D Gmaj7 D Gmaj7
gone from rags to rich - es in the sor - row of the night In the


D Gmaj7 A Asus4 A
vi-o-lence ___ of a sum-mer's dream, in the chill of a win-tr-y light, In the
D Gmaj7 D Gmaj7
bit - ter dance of lone-li - ness fad - ing ___ in - to space, In the
D Gmaj7 A Asus4 A
bro - ken mir - ror of in - no-cence on each for-got - ten ___ face. I
A7 D A
hear the an - cient foot-steps like the mo - tion of ___ the sea Some -
A7 D A G
times I turn, there's some-one there, oth-er times it's on - ly me. I am
D Gmaj7 D Gmaj7
hang - ing in the bal-ance ___ of the re - al - i - ty of man Like
D Gmaj7 A A9sus4 D
ev - ery ___ spar-row fall-ing, like ev - ery grain ___ of sand.

"'Every Grain Of Sand' was an excellent song, a very painless song to write. It took like 12 seconds – or that's how it felt."

Bob Dylan, 1992

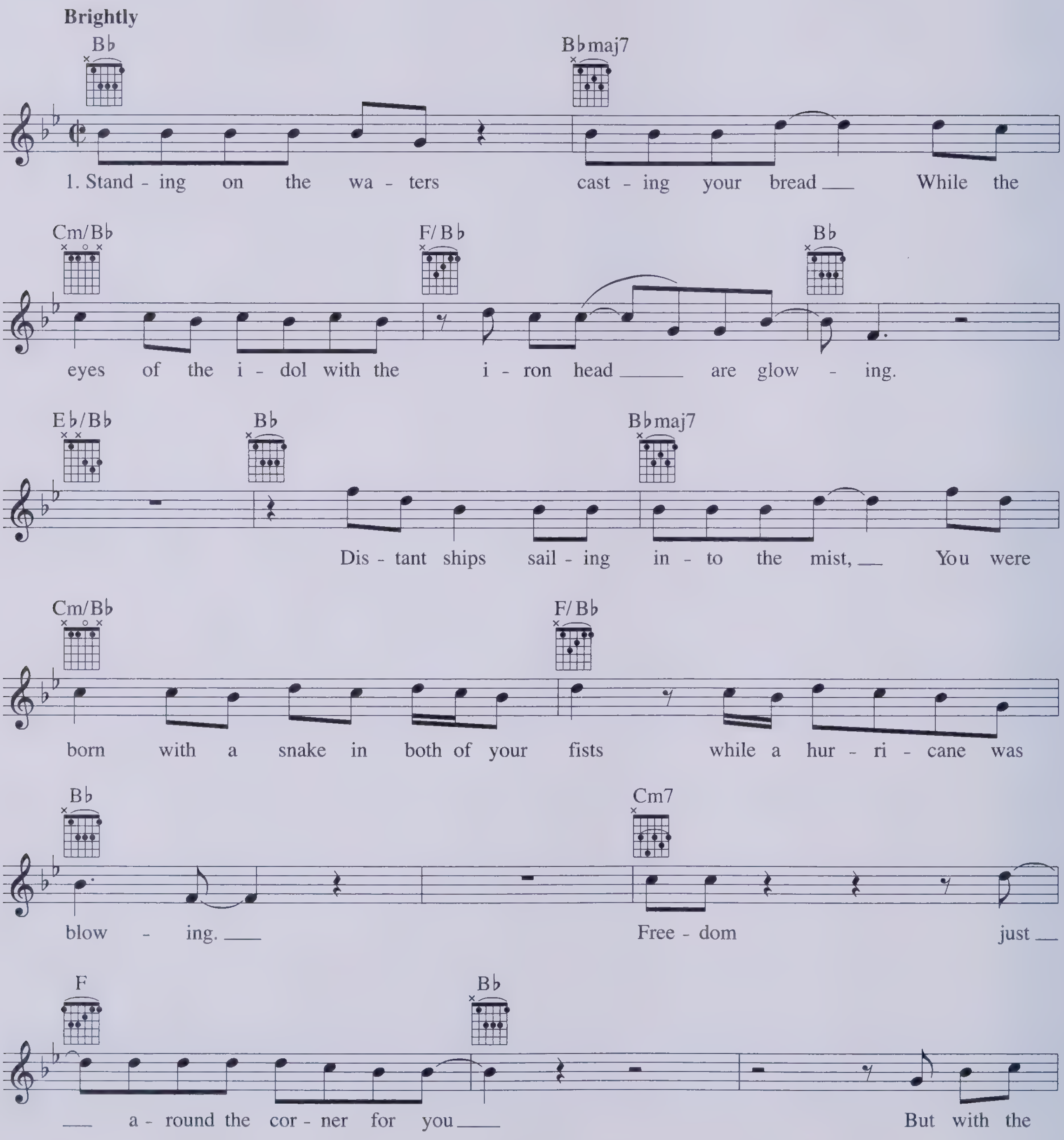


JOKERMAN

Infidels, 1983

Arguably the brightest gem from the Mark Knopfler-produced *Infidels* album, 'Jokerman' went through a series of revisions in the early 1980s to emerge as the opening track – and the subject of one of Dylan's earliest promotional videos. It was the first song performed on his 1984 tour, and regularly opened his shows in 1994 as well.

JOKERMAN


Brightly
B♭
B♭maj7
1. Stand - ing on the wa - ters cast - ing your bread ___ While the
Cm/B♭
F/B♭
B♭
eyes of the i - dol with the i - ron head ______ are glow - ing.
E♭/B♭
B♭
B♭maj7
Dis - tant ships sail - ing in - to the mist, __ You were
Cm/B♭
F/B♭
born with a snake in both of your fists while a hur - ri - cane was
B♭
Cm7
blow - ing. ___ Free - dom just __
F
B♭
___ a - round the cor - ner for you ____ But with the

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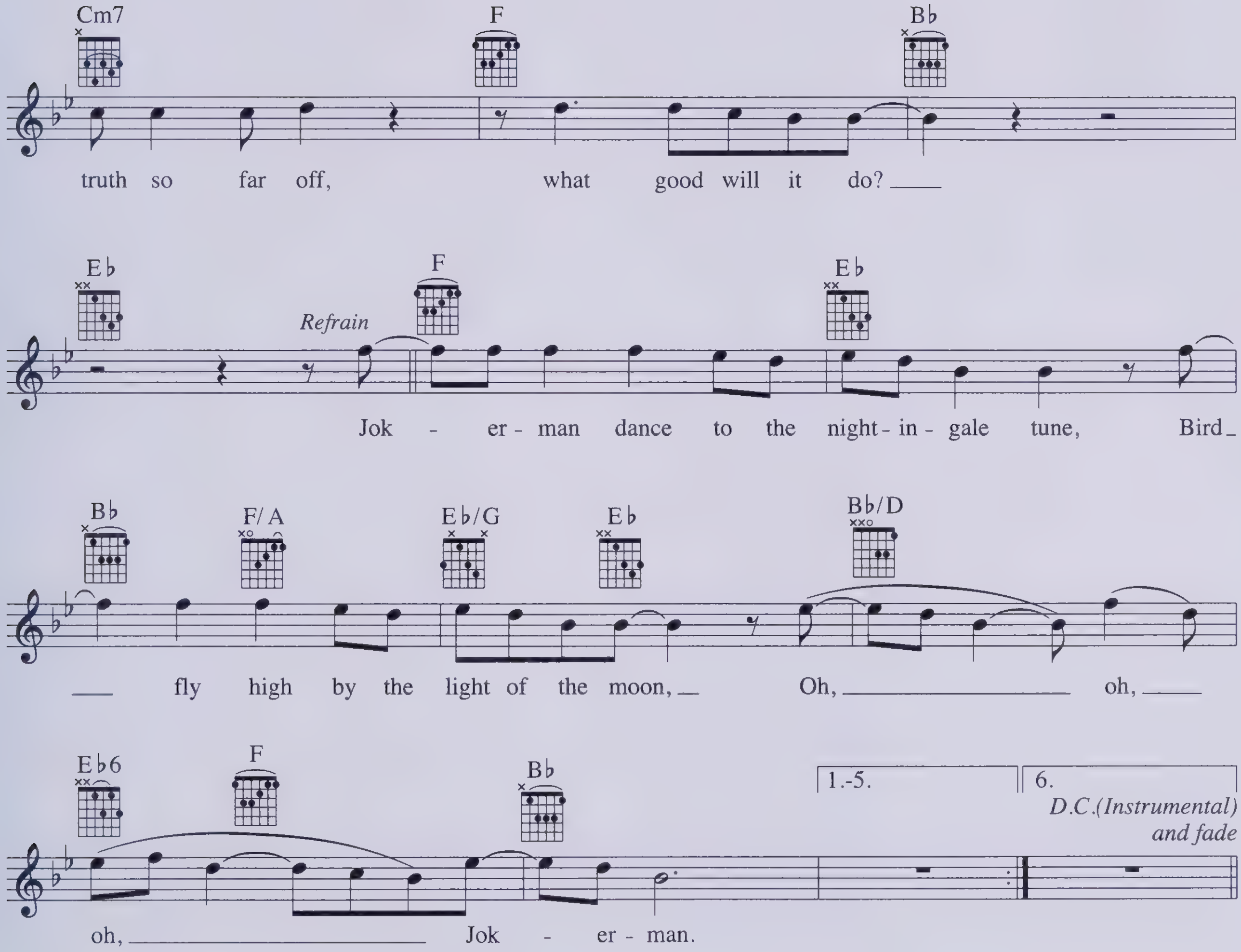

Cm7
F
B♭
truth so far off, what good will it do? ___
E♭
Refrain
F
E♭
Jok - er - man dance to the night - in - gale tune, Bird_
B♭
F/A
E♭/G
E♭
B♭/D
___ fly high by the light of the moon, __ Oh, ________ oh, ___
E♭6
F
B♭
1.-5.
6.
D.C.(Instrumental) and fade
oh, ________ Jok - er - man.

Additional lyrics

2. So swiftly the sun sets in the sky
You rise up and say goodbye to no one
Fools rush in where angels fear to tread
Both of their futures, so full of dread, you don't show one
Shedding off one more layer of skin
Keeping one step ahead of the persecutor within

Refrain

3. You're a man of the mountains, you can walk on the clouds
Manipulator of crowds, you're a dream twister
You're going to Sodom and Gomorrah
But what do you care? Ain't nobody there would want to marry your sister
Friend to the martyr, a friend to the woman of shame
You look into the fiery furnace, see the rich man without any name

Refrain

4. Well, the Book of Leviticus and Deuteronomy
The law of the jungle and the sea are your only teachers
In the smoke of the twilight on a milk-white steed
Michelangelo indeed could've carved out your features
Resting in the fields, far from the turbulent space
Half asleep near the stars with a small dog licking your face

Refrain

5. Well, the rifleman's stalking the sick and the lame
Preacherman seeks the same, who'll get there first is uncertain
Nightsticks and water cannons, tear gas, padlocks
Molotov cocktails and rocks behind every curtain
False-hearted judges dying in the webs that they spin
Only a matter of time 'til night comes steppin' in

Refrain

6. It's a shadowy world, skies are slippery gray
A woman just gave birth to a prince today and dressed him in scarlet
He'll put the priest in his pocket, put the blade to the heat
Take the motherless children off the street
And place them at the feet of a harlot
Oh, Jokerman, you know what he wants
Oh, Jokerman, you don't show any response

Refrain

“‘Jokerman’ came to me in the [Caribbean] islands. It’s very mystical. The shapes there, and shadows, seem to be so ancient.”

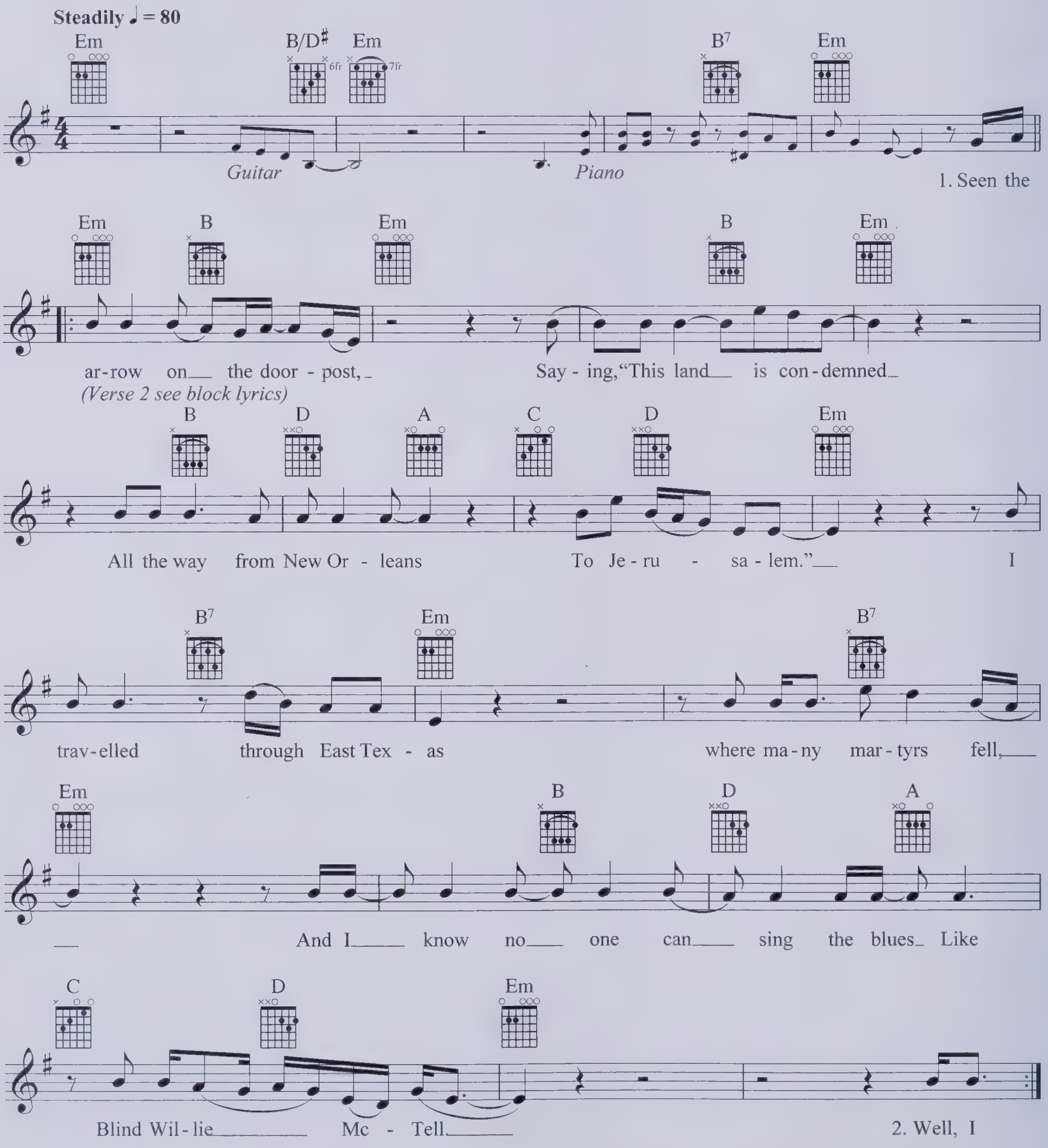
Bob Dylan, 1984

BLIND WILLIE MCTELL

Infidels, 1983

Inspired by the blues standard 'St. James Infirmary', Dylan composed this song during the 1983 sessions for his *Infidels* album. He experimented with two different arrangements before deciding to omit it from the finished record. But 'Blind Willie McTell' did finally see the light of day on the retrospective box set, *The Bootleg Series Volumes 1–3*, in 1991.

BLIND WILLIE MCTELL


Steadily ♩ = 80
Em
B/D♯ 6fr
Em 7fr
B7
Em
Guitar
Piano
1. Seen the
Em B Em B Em
ar-row on the door-post, Say-ing, "This land is con-demned
(Verse 2 see block lyrics)
B D A C D Em
All the way from New Or-leans To Je-ru-sa-lem." I
B7 Em B7
trav-elled through East Tex-as where ma-ny mar-tyrs fell,
Em B D A
And I know no one can sing the blues Like
C D Em
Blind Wil-lie Mc-Tell.
2. Well, I

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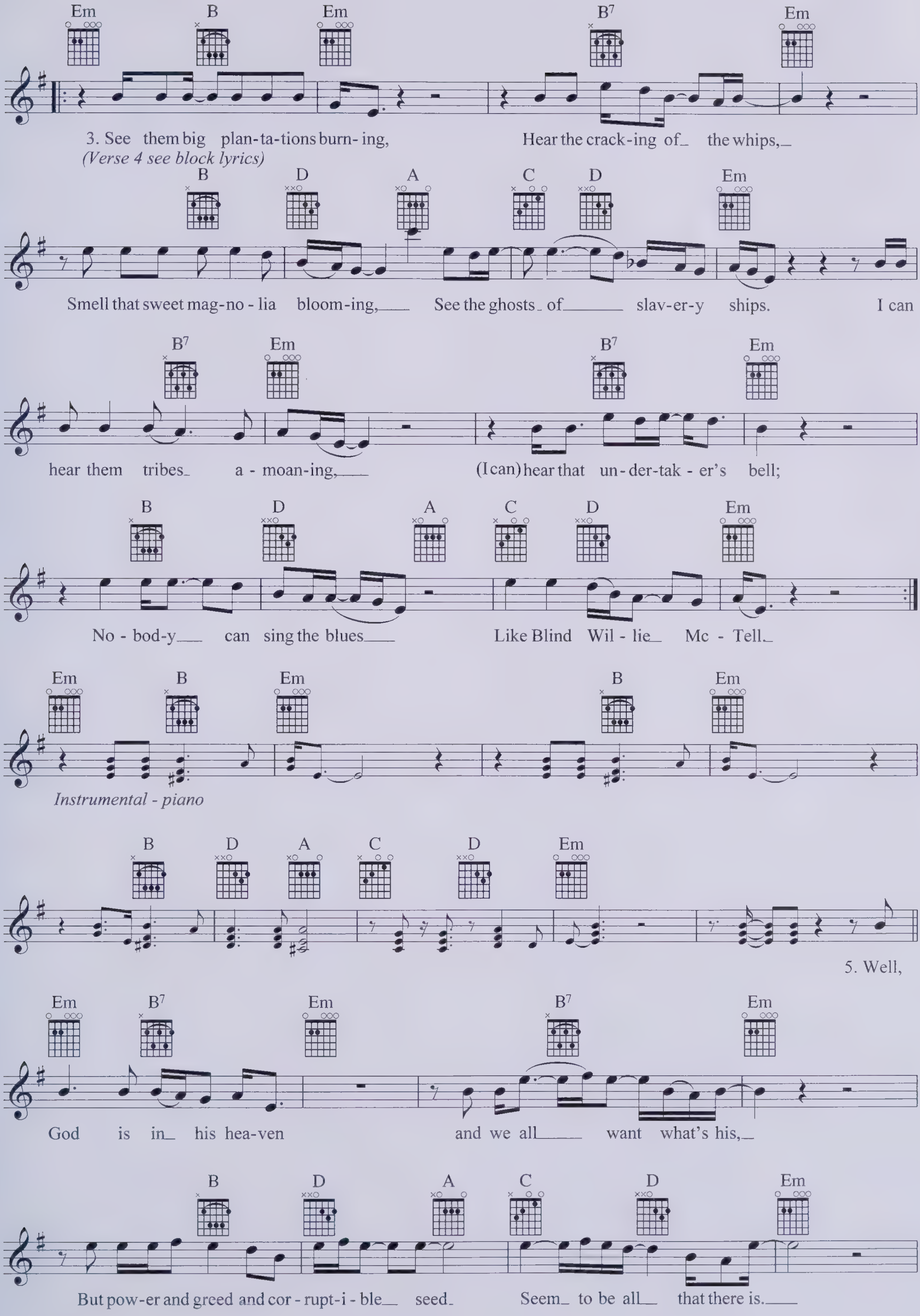
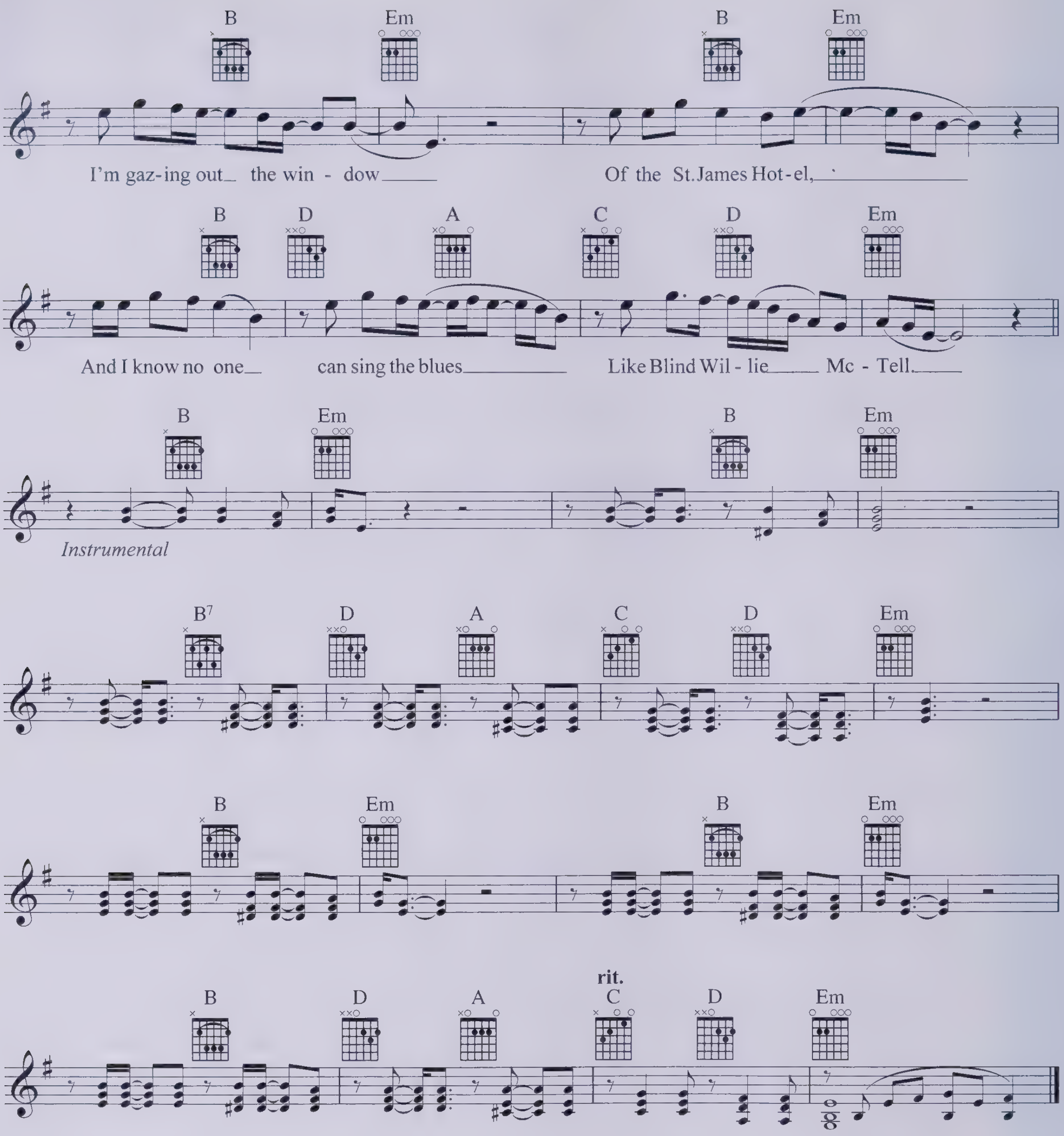

Em B Em B7 Em
3. See them big plan-ta-tions burn-ing, Hear the crack-ing of_ the whips,_
(Verse 4 see block lyrics)
B D A C D Em
Smell that sweet mag-no-lia bloom-ing,___ See the ghosts_ of___ slav-er-y ships. I can
B7 Em B7 Em
hear them tribes_ a-moan-ing,___ (I can) hear that un-der-tak-er's bell;
B D A C D Em
No-bod-y___ can sing the blues___ Like Blind Wil-lie_ Mc-Tell._
Em B Em B Em
Instrumental - piano
B D A C D Em
5. Well,
Em B7 Em B7 Em
God is in_ his hea-ven and we all___ want what's his,_
B D A C D Em
But pow-er and greed and cor-rupt-i-ble_ seed_ Seem_ to be all_ that there is.___


B
Em
B
Em
I'm gaz-ing out the win - dow
Of the St. James Hot-el,
B
D
A
C
D
Em
And I know no one can sing the blues
Like Blind Wil - lie Mc - Tell.
B
Em
B
Em
Instrumental
B7
D
A
C
D
Em
B
Em
B
Em
rit.
B
D
A
C
D
Em

2. Well, I heard that hoot owl singing
As they were taking down the tents
The stars above the barren trees
Was his only audience
Them charcoal gypsy maidens
Can strut their feathers well
But nobody can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell

4. There's a woman by the river
With some fine young handsome man
He's dressed up like a squire
Bootlegged whiskey in his hand
There's a chain gang on the highway
I can hear them rebels yell
And I know no one can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell

> "I started playing it live because I heard The Band doing it. Most likely it was a demo, probably showing the musicians how it should go. It was never developed fully, I never got around to completing it. There wouldn't have been any other reason for leaving it off the record."
>
> Bob Dylan, 2006

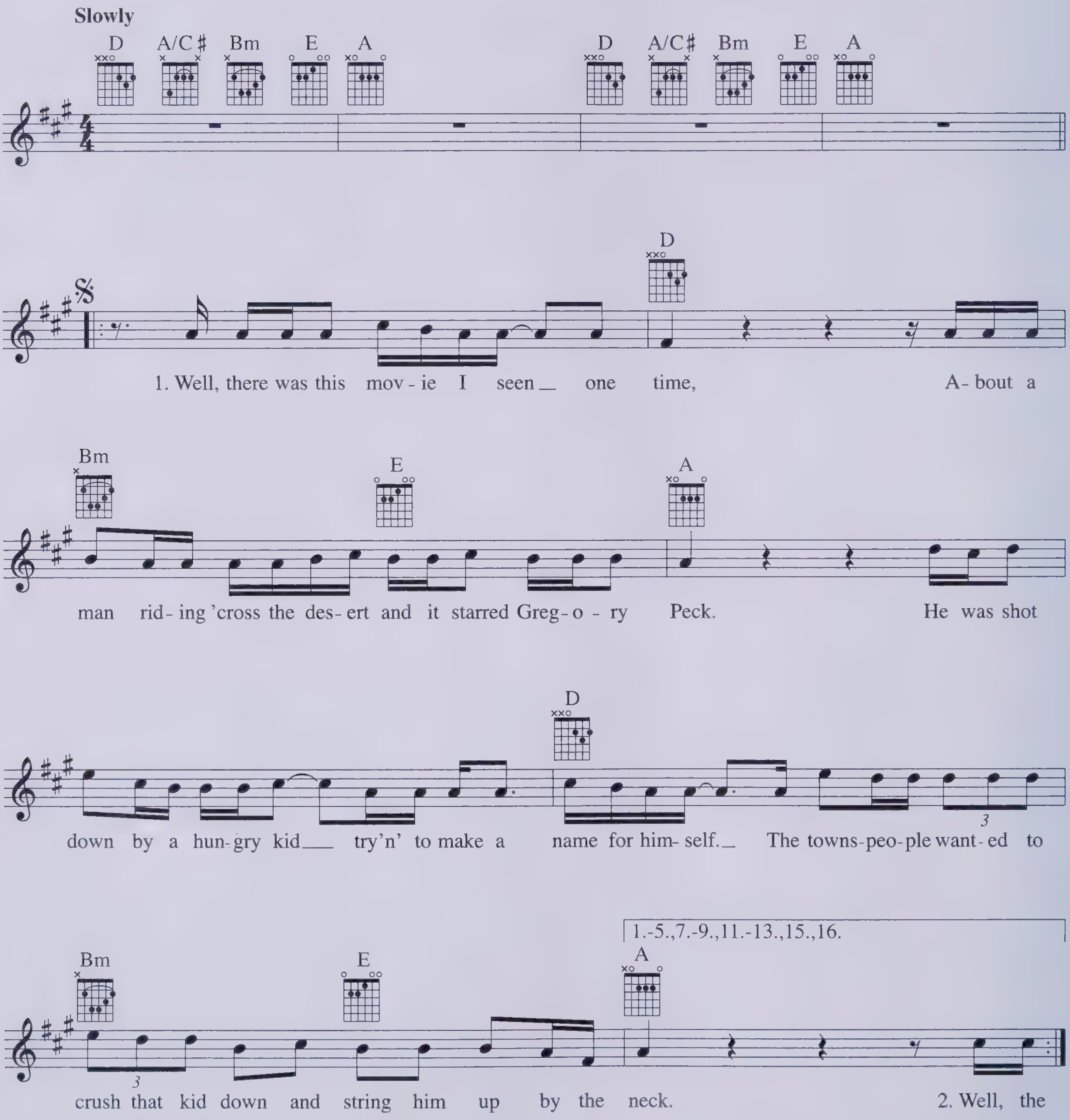
BROWNSVILLE GIRL

Knocked Out Loaded, 1986

The product of a one-off songwriting collaboration with playwright Sam Shepard, the epic 'Brownsville Girl' began life under the guise of 'New Danville Girl' during the 1985 sessions for Dylan's *Empire Burlesque*. After lyrical revisions, it emerged a year later on the *Knocked Out Loaded* album.

BROWNSVILLE GIRL

With Sam Shepard


Slowly
D A/C♯ Bm E A D A/C♯ Bm E A
D
1. Well, there was this mov-ie I seen_ one time, A-bout a
Bm E A
man rid-ing 'cross the des-ert and it starred Greg-o-ry Peck. He was shot
D
down by a hun-gry kid_ try'n' to make a name for him-self._ The towns-peo-ple want-ed to
3
1.-5.,7.-9.,11.-13.,15.,16.
Bm E A
3
crush that kid down and string him up by the neck. 2. Well, the

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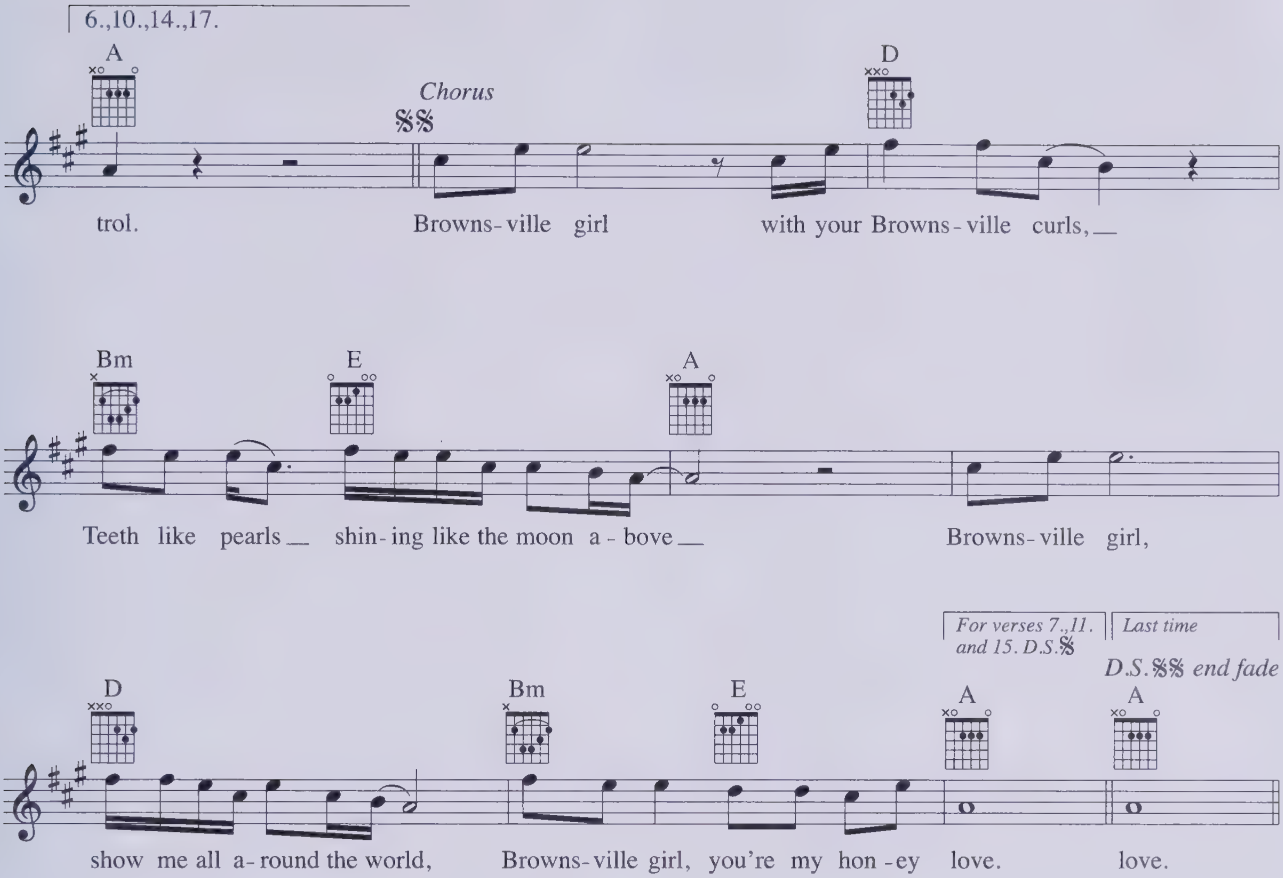

6.,10.,14.,17.
A
Chorus
D
trol.
Browns-ville girl with your Browns-ville curls,
Bm
E
A
Teeth like pearls shin-ing like the moon a-bove
Browns-ville girl,
For verses 7.,11. and 15. D.S.
Last time
D.S. end fade
D
Bm
E
A
A
show me all a-round the world,
Browns-ville girl, you're my hon-ey love.
love.

Additional lyrics

2. Well, the marshal, now he beat that kid to a bloody pulp
As the dying gunfighter lay in the sun and gasped for his last breath
"Turn him loose, let him go, let him say he outdrew me fair and square
I want him to feel what it's like to every moment face his death"

3. Well, I keep seeing this stuff and it just comes a-rolling in
And you know it blows right through me like a ball and chain
You know I can't believe we've lived so long and are still so far apart
The memory of you keeps callin' after me like a rollin' train

4. I can still see the day that you came to me on the painted desert
In your busted down Ford and your platform heels
I could never figure out why you chose that particular place to meet
Ah, but you were right. It was perfect as I got in behind the wheel

5. Well, we drove that car all night into San Anton'
And we slept near the Alamo, your skin was so tender and soft
Way down in Mexico you went out to find a doctor and you never came back
I would have gone on after you but I didn't feel like letting my head get blown off

6. Well, we're drivin' this car and the sun is comin' up over the Rockies
Now I know she ain't you but she's here and she's got that dark rhythm in her soul
But I'm too over the edge and I ain't in the mood anymore to remember the times when I was your only man
And she don't want to remind me. She knows this car would go out of control

Refrain

7. Well, we crossed the panhandle and then we headed towards Amarillo
We pulled up where Henry Porter used to live. He owned a wreckin' lot outside of town about a mile
Ruby was in the backyard hanging clothes, she had her red hair tied back
She saw us come rolling up in a trail of dust
She said, "Henry ain't here but you can come on in, he'll be back in a little while"

8. Then she told us how times were tough and about how she was thinkin' of bummin' a ride back to from where she started
But ya know, she changed the subject every time money came up
She said, "Welcome to the land of the living dead." You could tell she was so broken hearted
She said, "Even the swap meets around here are getting pretty corrupt"

9. "How far are y'all going?" Ruby asked us with a sigh
"We're going all the way 'til the wheels fall off and burn
'Til the sun peels the paint and the seat covers fade and the water moccasin dies"
Ruby just smiled and said, "Ah, you know some babies never learn"

10. Something about that movie though, well I just can't get it out of my head
But I can't remember why I was in it or what part I was supposed to play
All I remember about it was Gregory Peck and the way people moved
And a lot of them seemed to be lookin' my way

Refrain

11. Well, they were looking for somebody with a pompadour
I was crossin' the street when shots rang out
I didn't know whether to duck or to run, so I ran
"We got him cornered in the churchyard," I heard somebody shout

12. Well, you saw my picture in the *Corpus Christi Tribune*. Underneath it, it said, "A man with no alibi"
You went out on a limb to testify for me, you said I was with you
Then when I saw you break down in front of the judge and cry real tears
It was the best acting I saw anybody do

13. Now I've always been the kind of person that doesn't like to trespass but sometimes you just find yourself over the line
Oh if there's an original thought out there, I could use it right now
You know, I feel pretty good, but that ain't sayin' much. I could feel a whole lot better
If you were just here by my side to show me how

14. Well, I'm standin' in line in the rain to see a movie starring Gregory Peck
Yeah, but you know it's not the one that I had in mind
He's got a new one out now, I don't even know what it's about
But I'll see him in anything so I'll stand in line

Refrain

15. You know, it's funny how things never turn out the way you had 'em planned
The only thing we knew for sure about Henry Porter is that his name wasn't Henry Porter
And you know there was somethin' about you baby that I liked that was always too good for this world
Just like you always said there was somethin' about me you liked that I left behind in the French Quarter

16. Strange how people who suffer together have stronger connections than people who are most content
I don't have any regrets, they can talk about me plenty when I'm gone
You always said people don't do what they believe in, they just do what's most convenient, then they repent
And I always said, "Hang on to me, baby, and let's hope that the roof stays on"

17. There was a movie I seen one time, I think I sat through it twice
I don't remember who I was or where I was bound
All I remember about it was it starred Gregory Peck, he wore a gun and he was shot in the back
Seems like a long time ago, long before the stars were torn down

Refrain

"It has to do with a guy standing on line and waiting to see an old Gregory Peck movie that he can't quite remember – only pieces of it – and this whole memory thing happens, unfolding before his very eyes. He starts speaking internally to a woman, reliving the whole journey they'd gone on. We spent two days writing the lyrics."

Sam Shepard

RING THEM BELLS

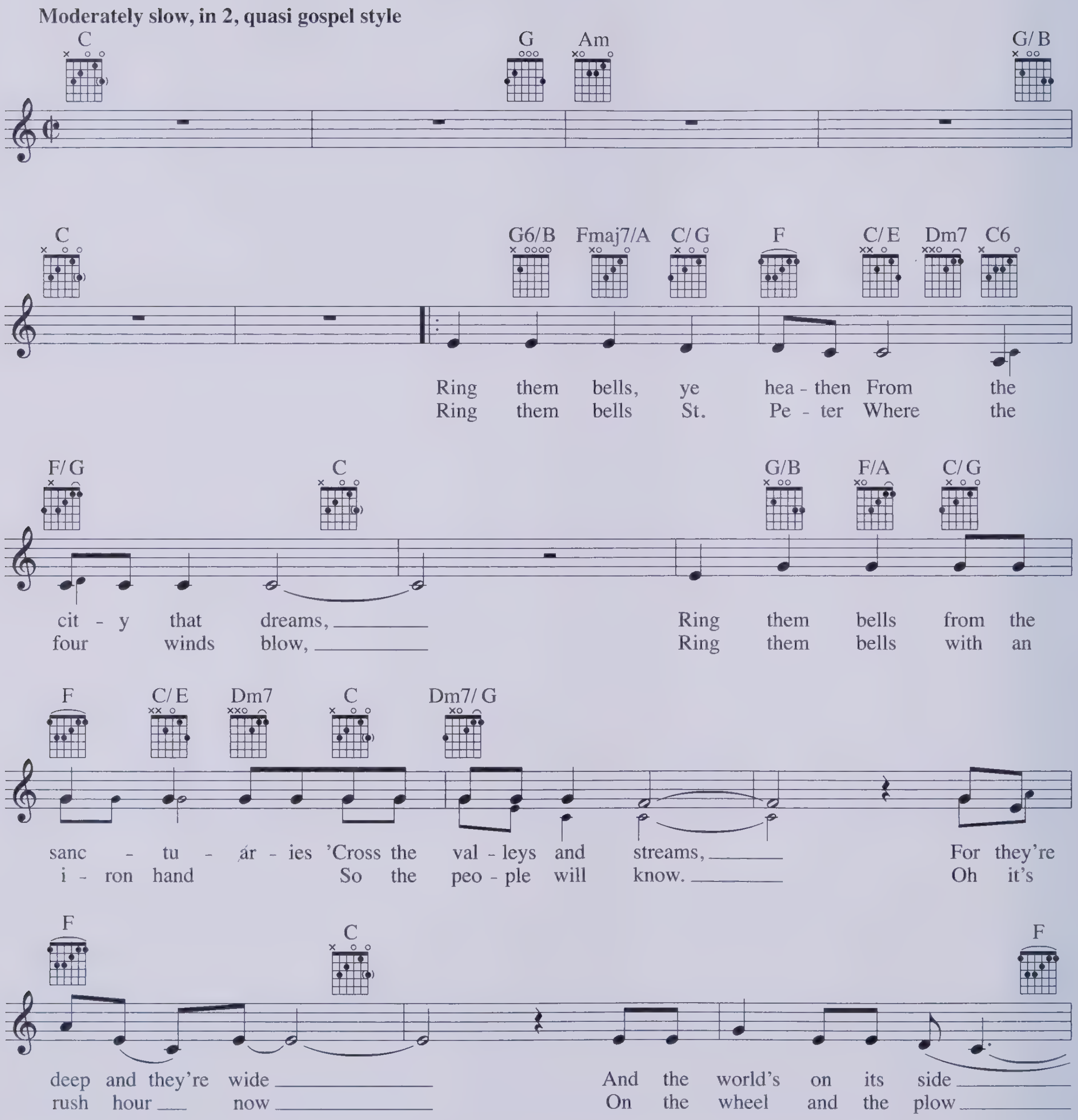
Oh Mercy, 1989

After its initial appearance on *Oh Mercy* in 1989, 'Ring Them Bells' emerged as one of Dylan's most effective vehicles in concert – and rarely performed better than at the globally-televised Great Music Experience festival from Japan in 1994. Joan Baez also utilized the song as the title track of a 1990s album.

"It's mysterious and dark… Some of the songs on this record are the best songs I've heard in a while. And his voice sounds very sensuous. He's such a fine lyricist and craftsman with words. He's staggering, the concentration that he has for lyrics."

Daniel Lanois, producer of *Oh Mercy*

RING THEM BELLS


Moderately slow, in 2, quasi gospel style
C
G
Am
G/B
C
G6/B
Fmaj7/A
C/G
F
C/E
Dm7
C6
Ring them bells, ye hea - then From the
Ring them bells St. Pe - ter Where the
F/G
C
G/B
F/A
C/G
cit - y that dreams,
four winds blow,
Ring them bells from the
Ring them bells with an
F
C/E
Dm7
C
Dm7/G
sanc - tu - ar - ies 'Cross the val - leys and streams,
i - ron hand So the peo - ple will know.
For they're
Oh it's
F
C
F
deep and they're wide
rush hour now
And the world's on its side
On the wheel and the plow

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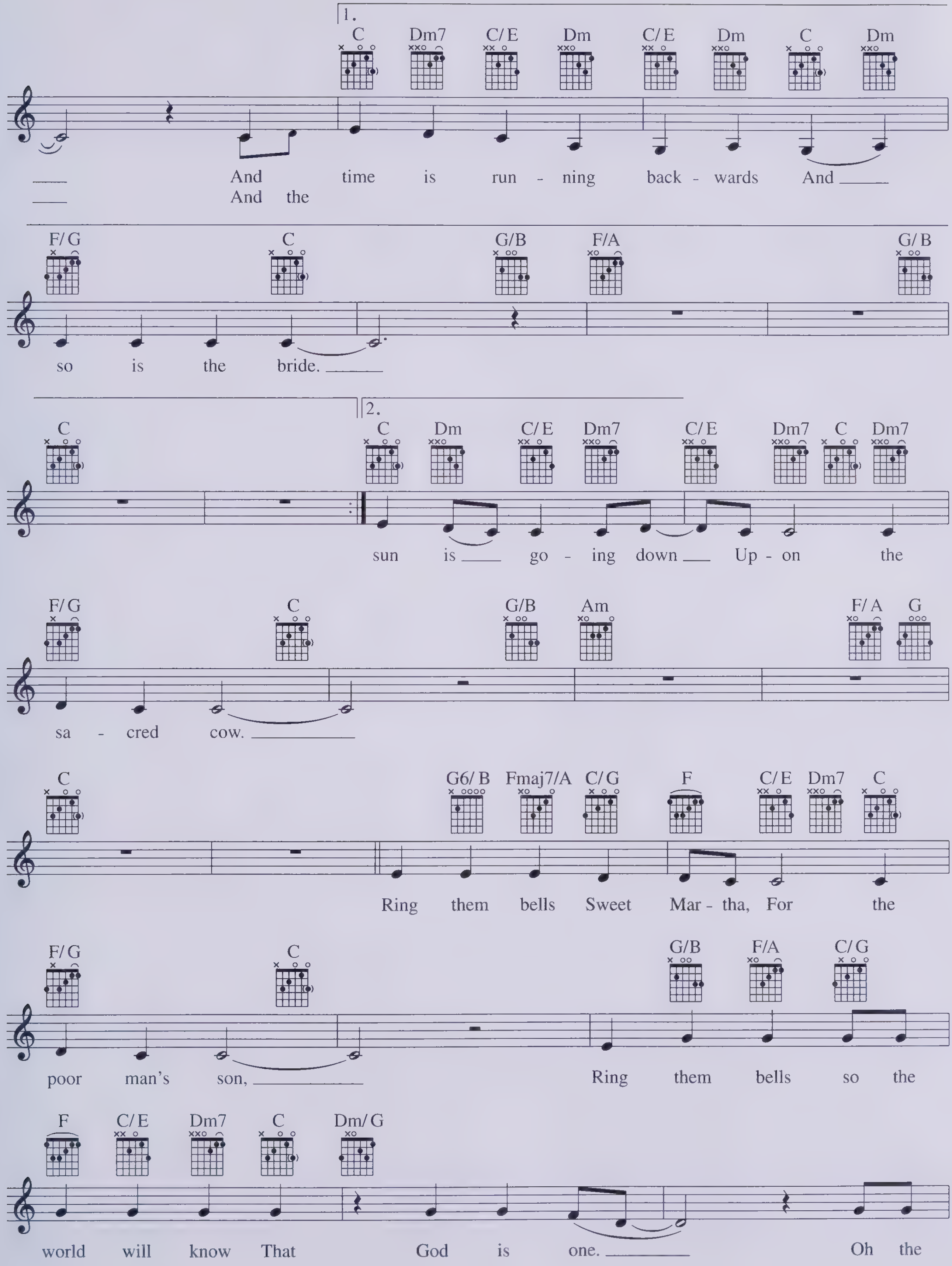
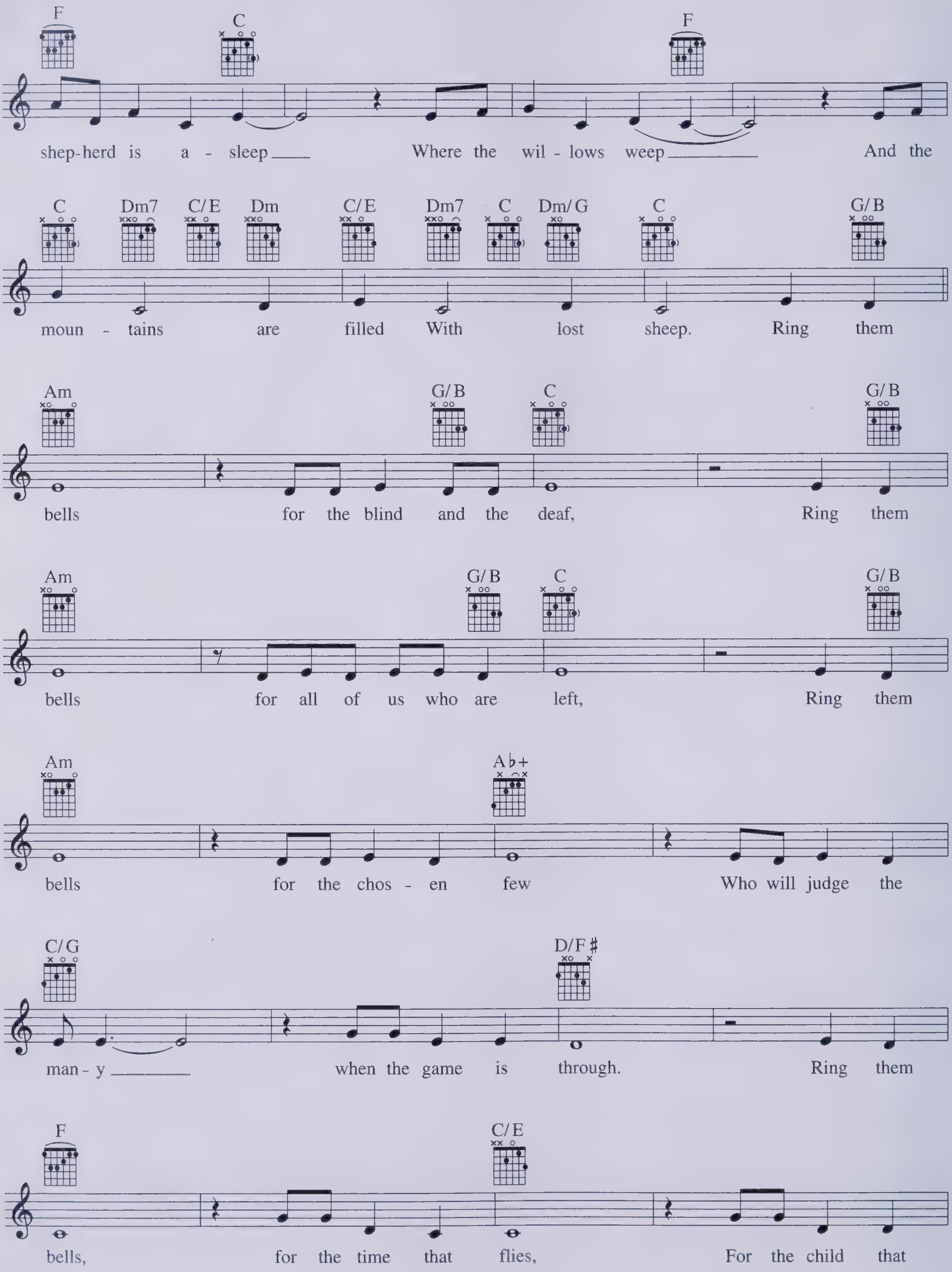
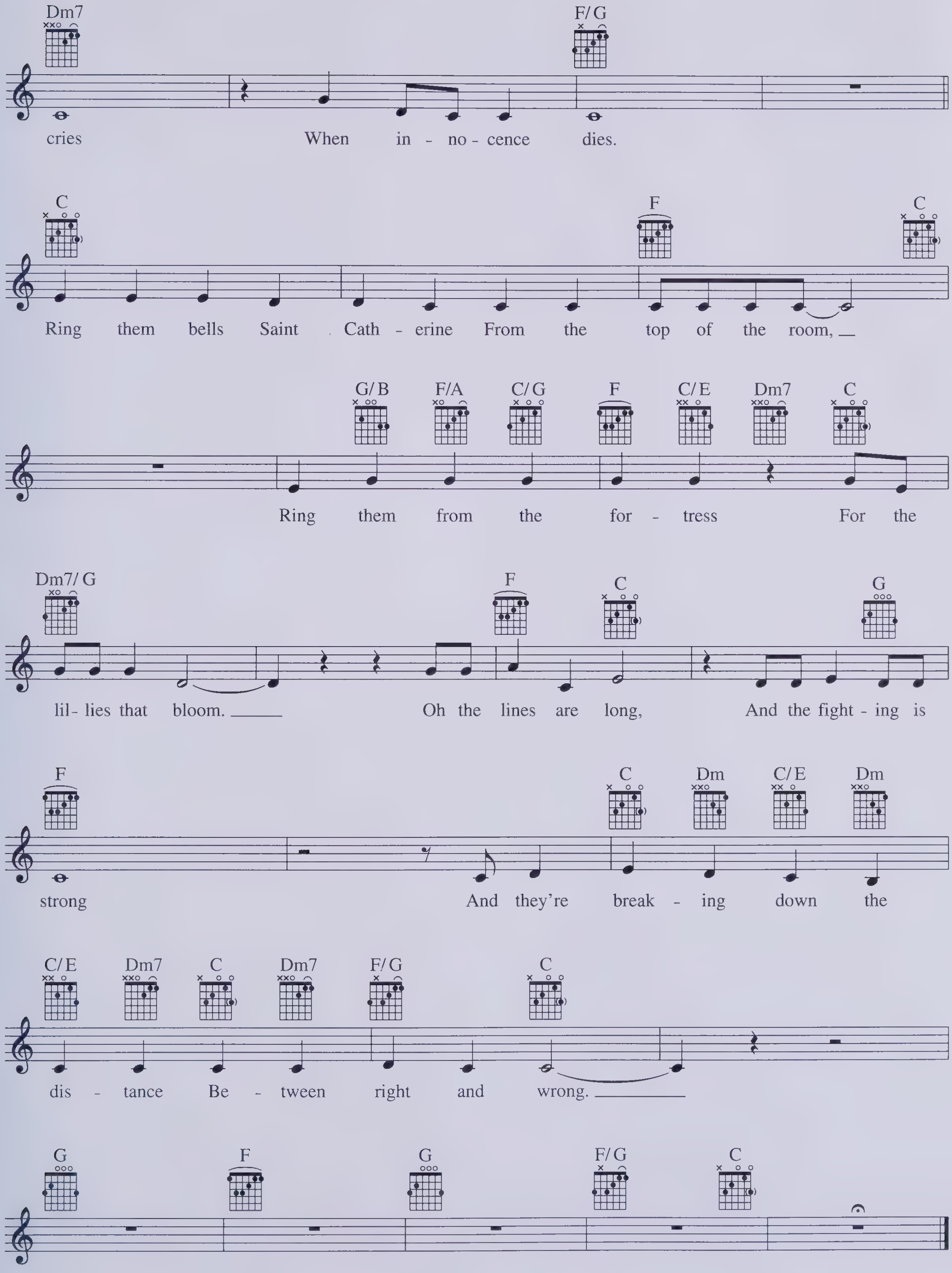

1.
C Dm7 C/E Dm C/E Dm C Dm
And time is run - ning back - wards And
And the
F/G C G/B F/A G/B
so is the bride.
C
2.
C Dm C/E Dm7 C/E Dm7 C Dm7
sun is go - ing down Up - on the
F/G C G/B Am F/A G
sa - cred cow.
C G6/B Fmaj7/A C/G F C/E Dm7 C
Ring them bells Sweet Mar - tha, For the
F/G C G/B F/A C/G
poor man's son, Ring them bells so the
F C/E Dm7 C Dm/G
world will know That God is one. Oh the


F C F
shep-herd is a - sleep Where the wil - lows weep And the
C Dm7 C/E Dm C/E Dm7 C Dm/G C G/B
moun - tains are filled With lost sheep. Ring them
Am G/B C G/B
bells for the blind and the deaf, Ring them
Am G/B C G/B
bells for all of us who are left, Ring them
Am A♭+
bells for the chos - en few Who will judge the
C/G D/F♯
man - y when the game is through. Ring them
F C/E
bells, for the time that flies, For the child that


Dm7 F/G
cries When in - no - cence dies.
C F C
Ring them bells Saint Cath - erine From the top of the room, __
G/B F/A C/G F C/E Dm7 C
Ring them from the for - tress For the
Dm7/G F C G
lil- lies that bloom. ______ Oh the lines are long, And the fight - ing is
F C Dm C/E Dm
strong And they're break - ing down the
C/E Dm7 C Dm7 F/G C
dis - tance Be - tween right and wrong. ________
G F G F/G C

MOST OF THE TIME

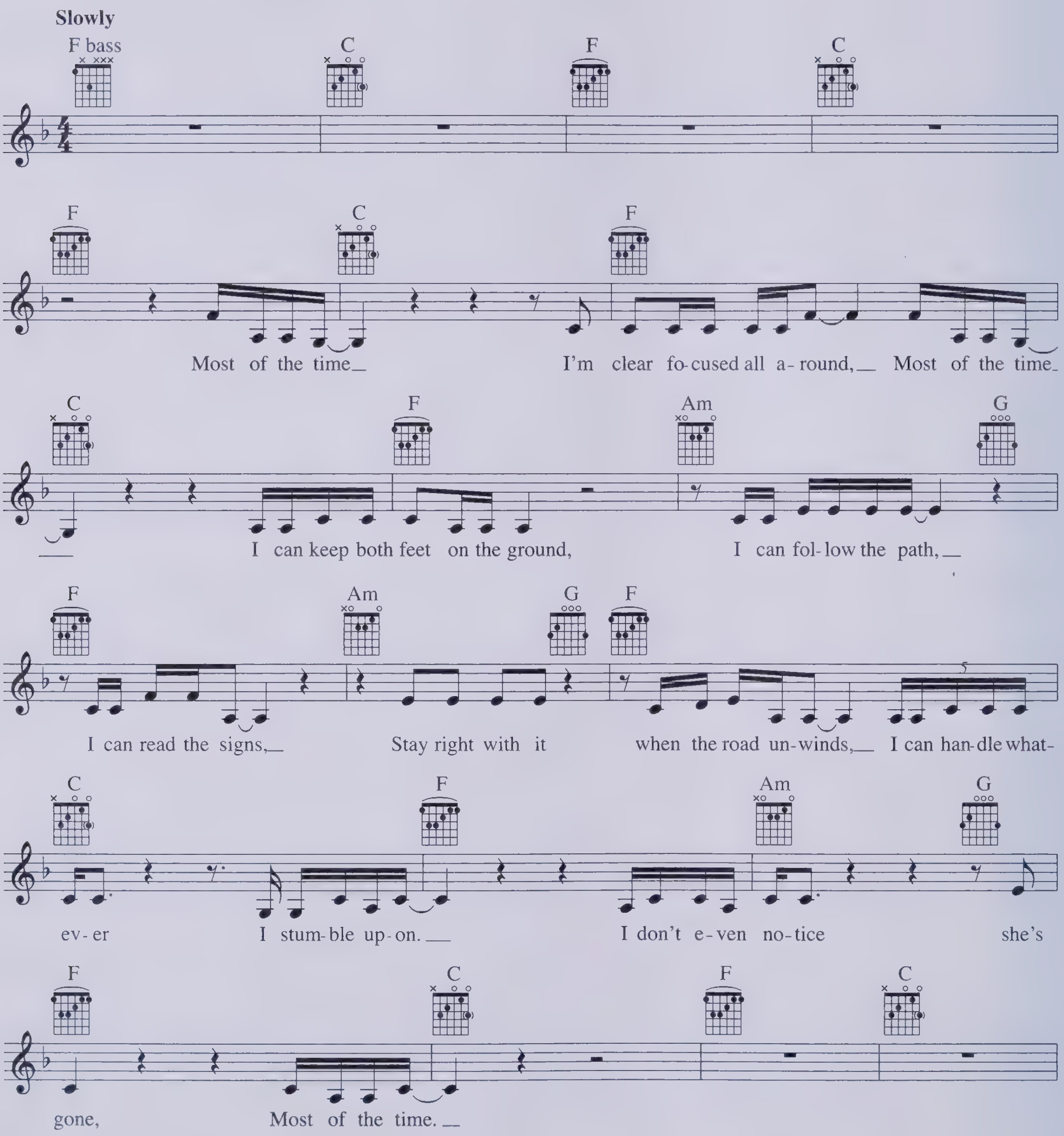
Oh Mercy, 1989

This emotionally compelling song was one of the highlights of 1989's *Oh Mercy* album. Dylan subsequently recorded a second version for a promotional video, and performed the song sporadically in concert over the next three years.

"I think he's amazingly sensitive to all kinds of outside experience, the same as any artist who is really good at something. His songs take us to another level. He is absolutely a poet. He made songwriting into an art form, and made it worthy of committing your soul to."

Kris Kristofferson

MOST OF THE TIME


Slowly
F bass
C
F
C
F
C
F
Most of the time
I'm clear focused all around,
Most of the time
C
F
Am
G
I can keep both feet on the ground,
I can follow the path,
F
Am
G
F
I can read the signs,
Stay right with it
when the road unwinds,
I can handle whatever
5
C
F
Am
G
I stumble upon.
I don't even notice
she's
F
C
F
C
gone,
Most of the time.

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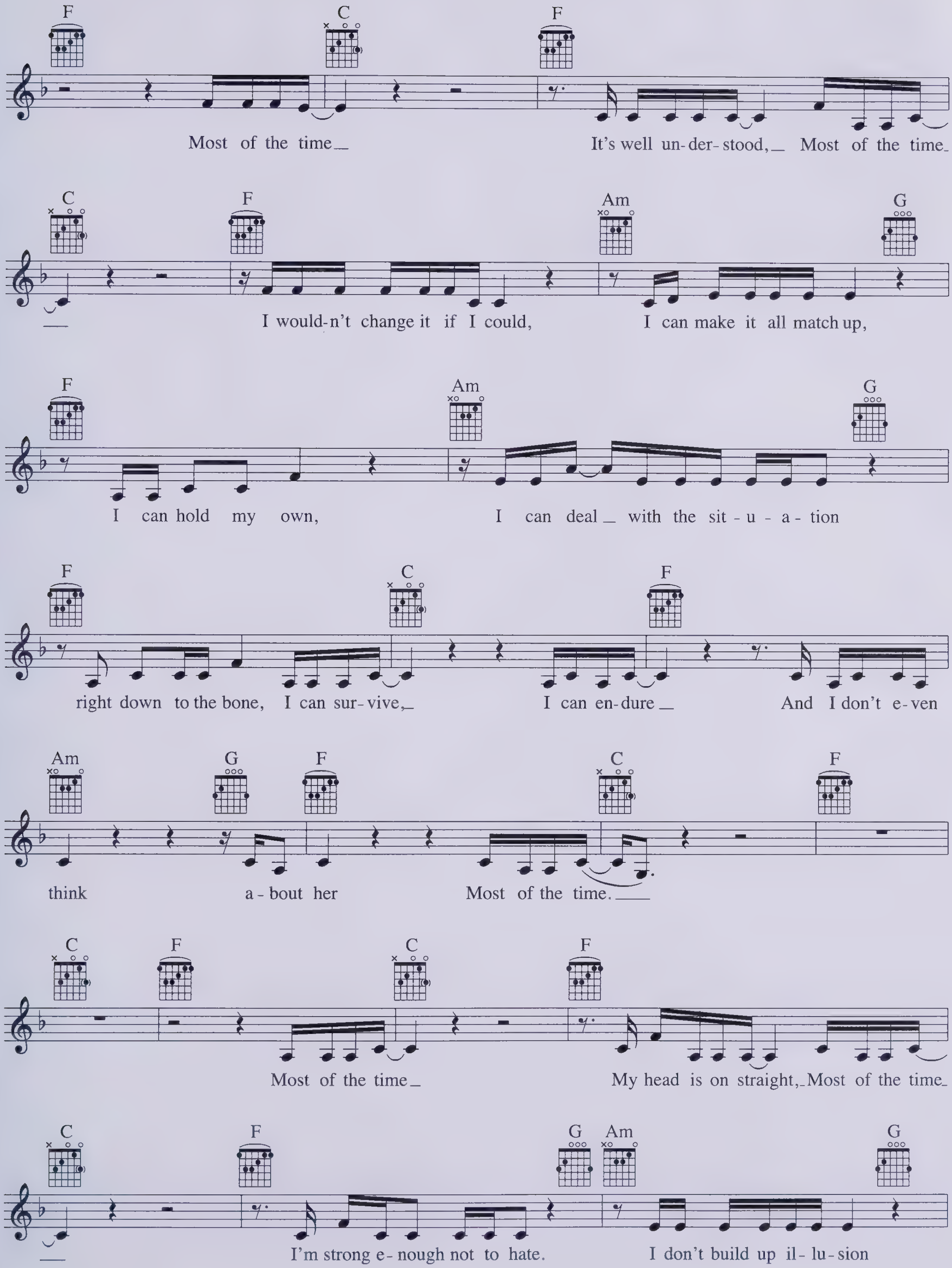
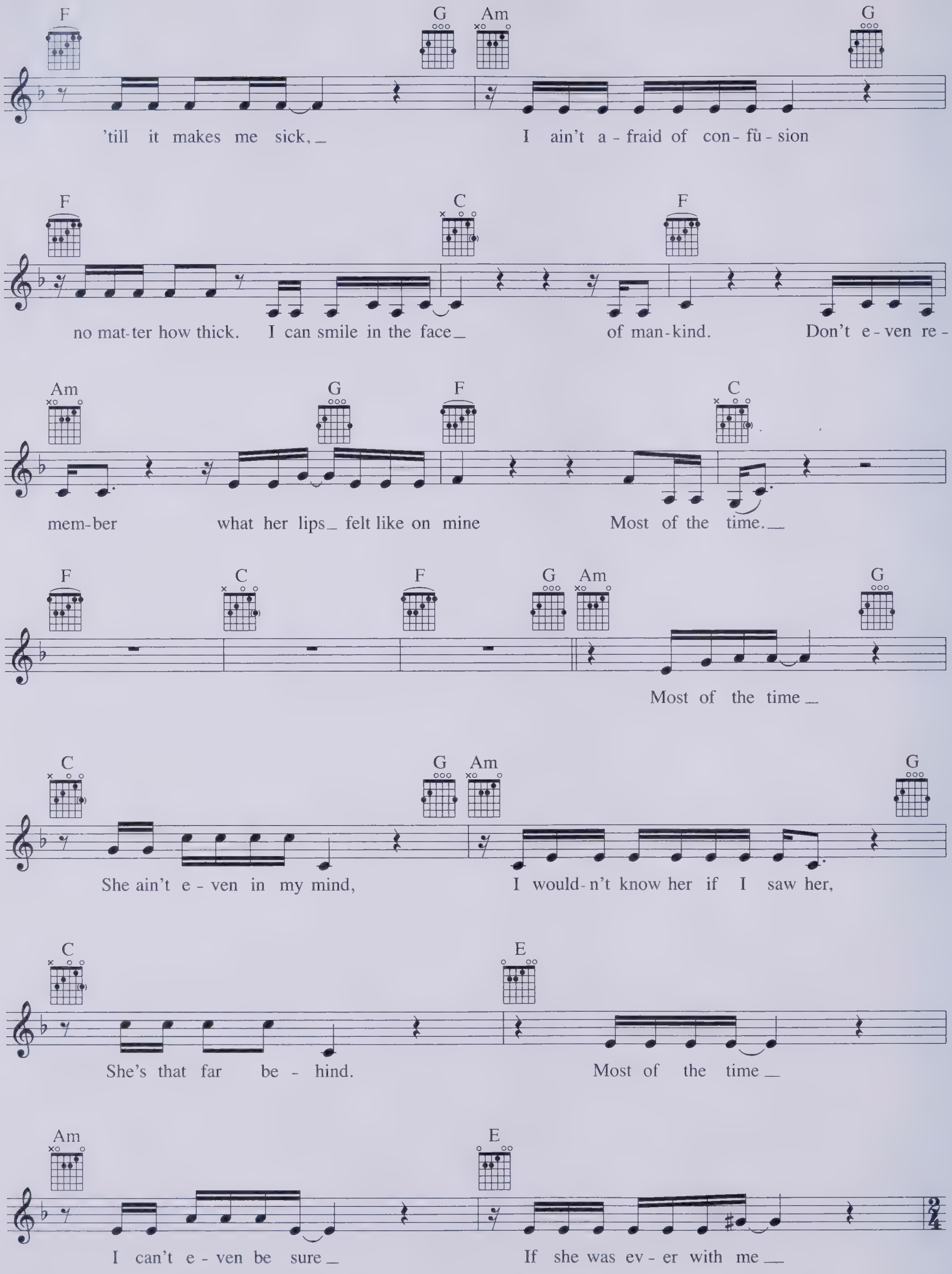
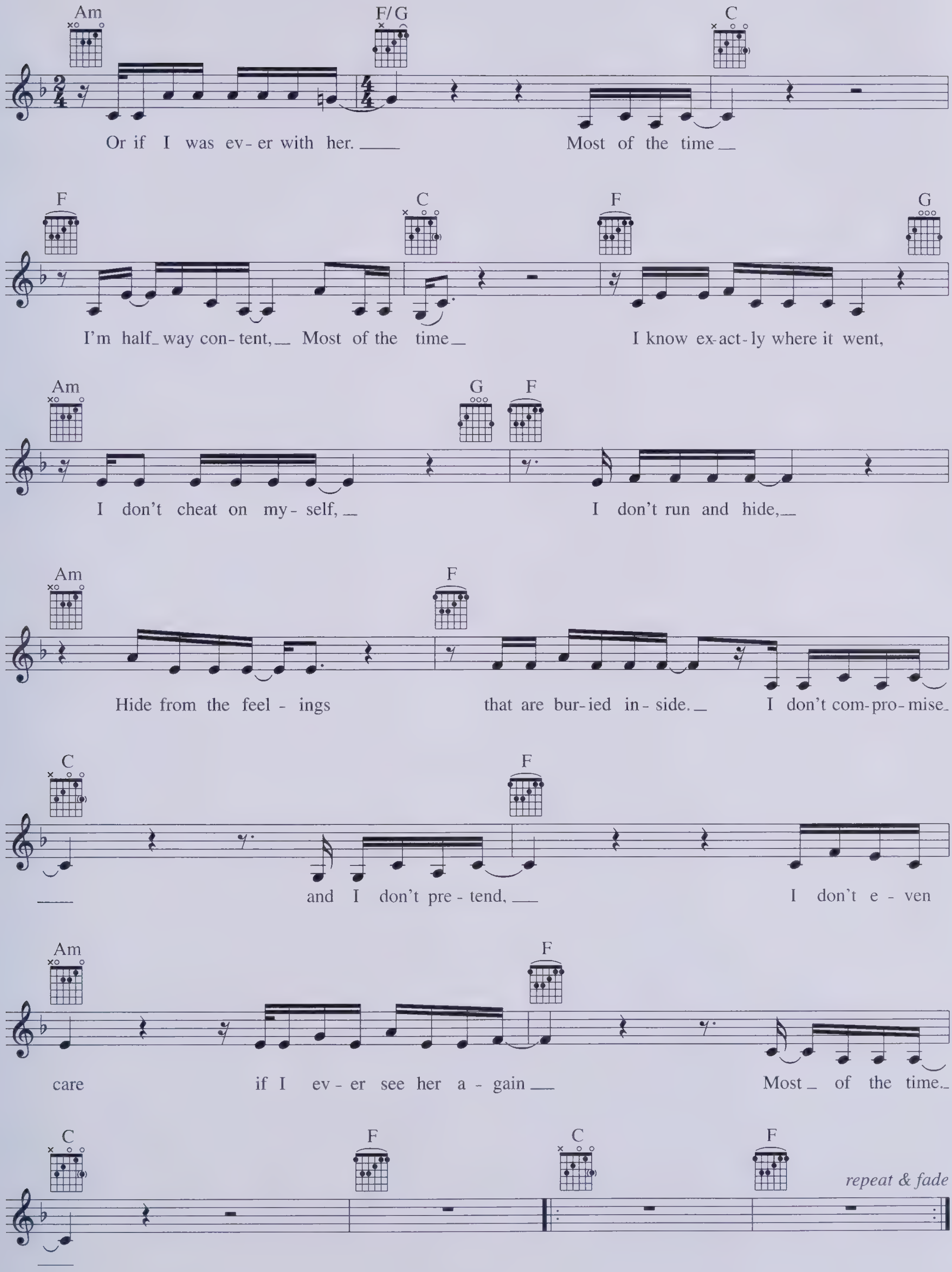
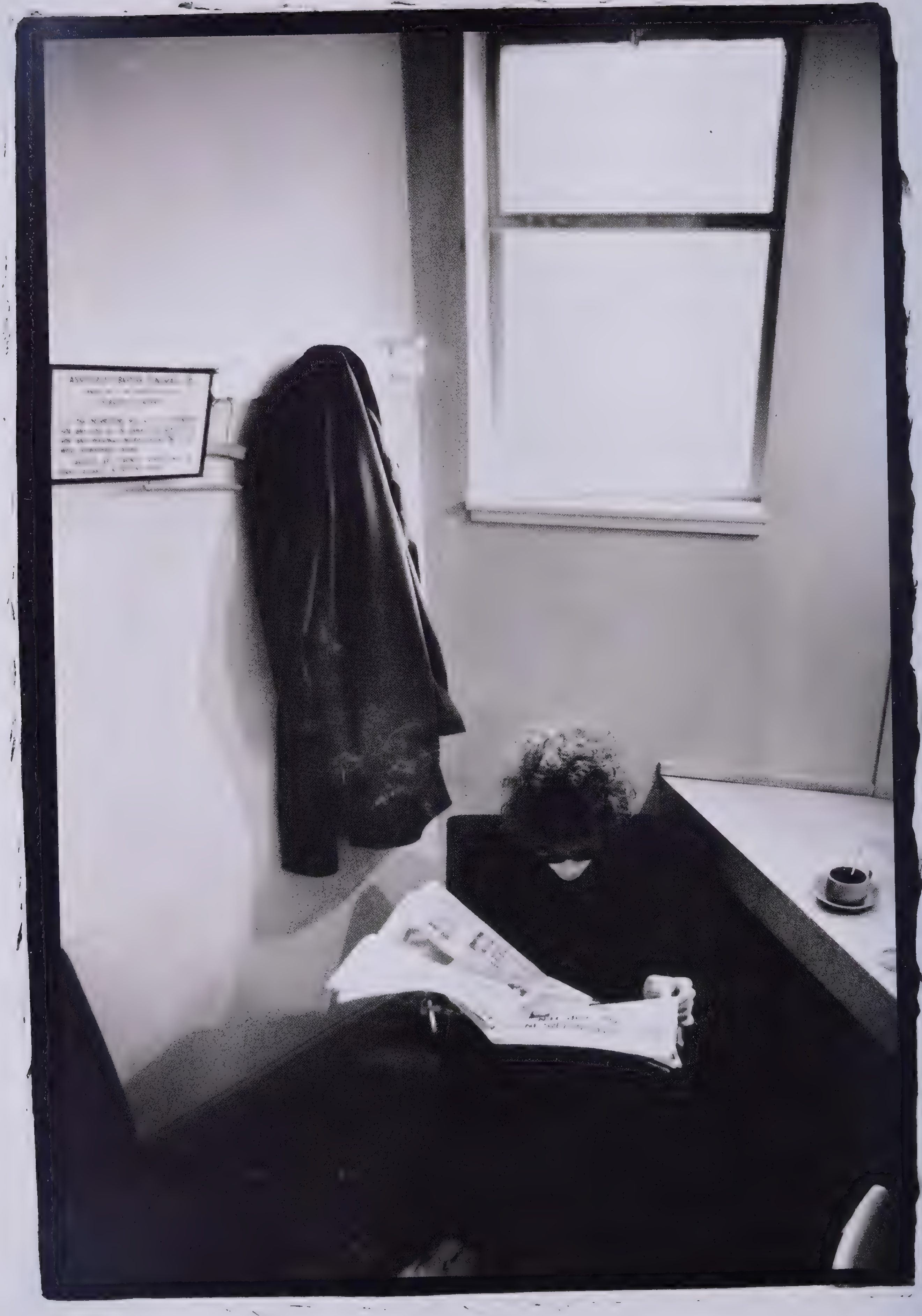

F C F
Most of the time___ It's well un-der-stood,___ Most of the time___
C F Am G
I would-n't change it if I could, I can make it all match up,
F Am G
I can hold my own, I can deal___ with the sit-u-a-tion
F C F
right down to the bone, I can sur-vive,___ I can en-dure___ And I don't e-ven
Am G F C F
think a-bout her Most of the time.___
C F C F
Most of the time___ My head is on straight,_Most of the time___
C F G Am G
I'm strong e-nough not to hate. I don't build up il-lu-sion


F G Am G
'till it makes me sick, I ain't a - fraid of con - fu - sion
F C F
no mat-ter how thick. I can smile in the face of man-kind. Don't e - ven re -
Am G F C
mem-ber what her lips felt like on mine Most of the time.
F C F G Am G
Most of the time
C G Am G
She ain't e - ven in my mind, I would-n't know her if I saw her,
C E
She's that far be - hind. Most of the time
Am E
I can't e - ven be sure If she was ev - er with me


Am
F/G
C
Or if I was ev-er with her.
Most of the time
F
C
F
G
I'm half way con-tent, Most of the time
I know ex-act-ly where it went,
Am
G
F
I don't cheat on my-self,
I don't run and hide,
Am
F
Hide from the feel-ings
that are bur-ied in-side.
I don't com-pro-mise
C
F
and I don't pre-tend,
I don't e-ven
Am
F
care
if I ev-er see her a-gain
Most of the time.
C
F
C
F

repeat & fade

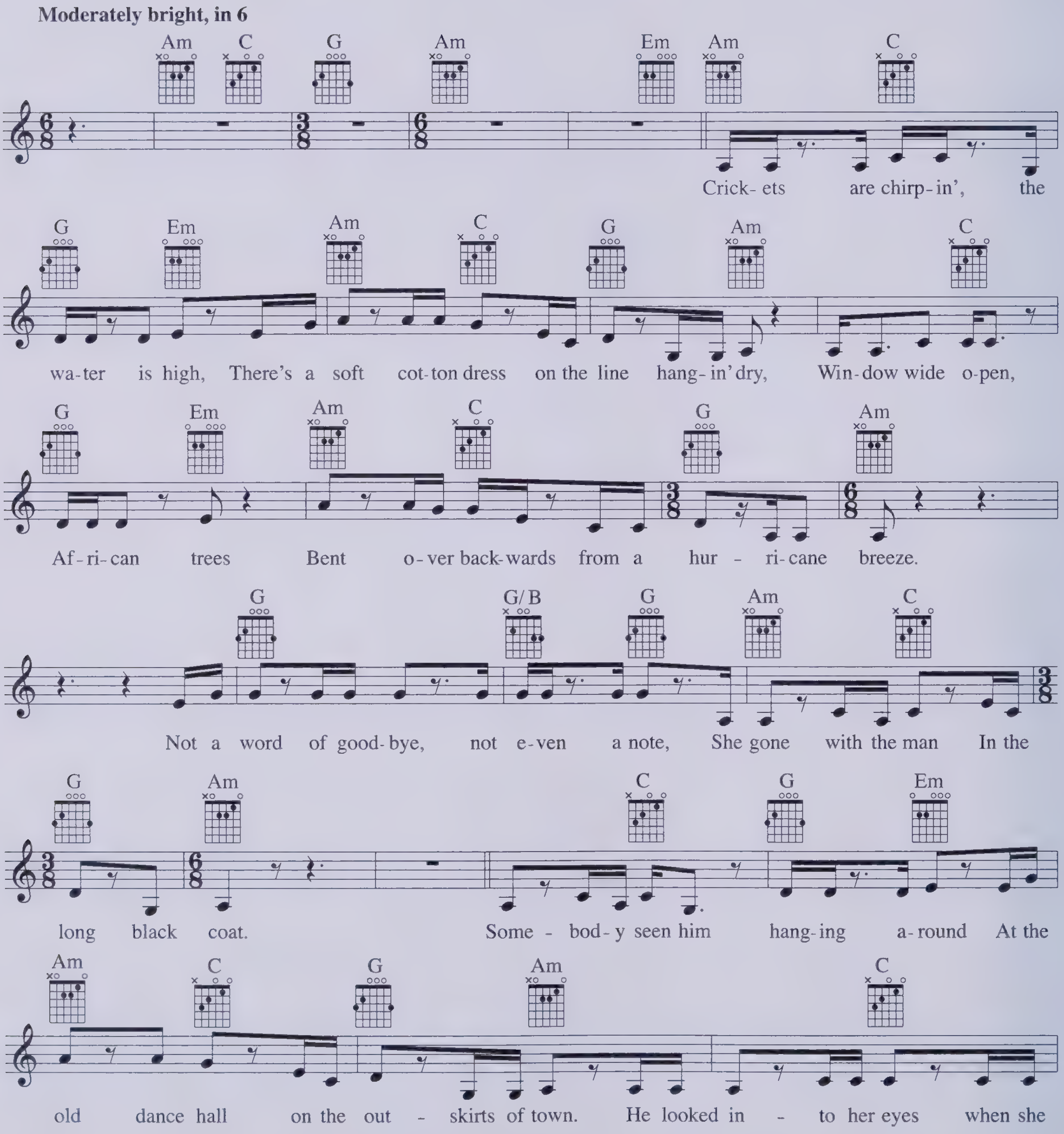


MAN IN THE LONG BLACK COAT

Oh Mercy, 1989

This faintly chilling portrait was recorded in spring 1989 for the *Oh Mercy* album, produced by Daniel Lanois in New Orleans. He added the song to his stage repertoire that October, and it remains one of his most effective concert showcases.

MAN IN THE LONG BLACK COAT


Moderately bright, in 6
Am C G Am Em Am C
Crick- ets are chirp- in', the
G Em Am C G Am C
wa- ter is high, There's a soft cot- ton dress on the line hang- in' dry, Win- dow wide o- pen,
G Em Am C G Am
Af- ri- can trees Bent o- ver back- wards from a hur - ri- cane breeze.
G G/B G Am C
Not a word of good- bye, not e- ven a note, She gone with the man In the
G Am C G Em
long black coat. Some - bod- y seen him hang- ing a- round At the
Am C G Am C
old dance hall on the out - skirts of town. He looked in - to her eyes when she

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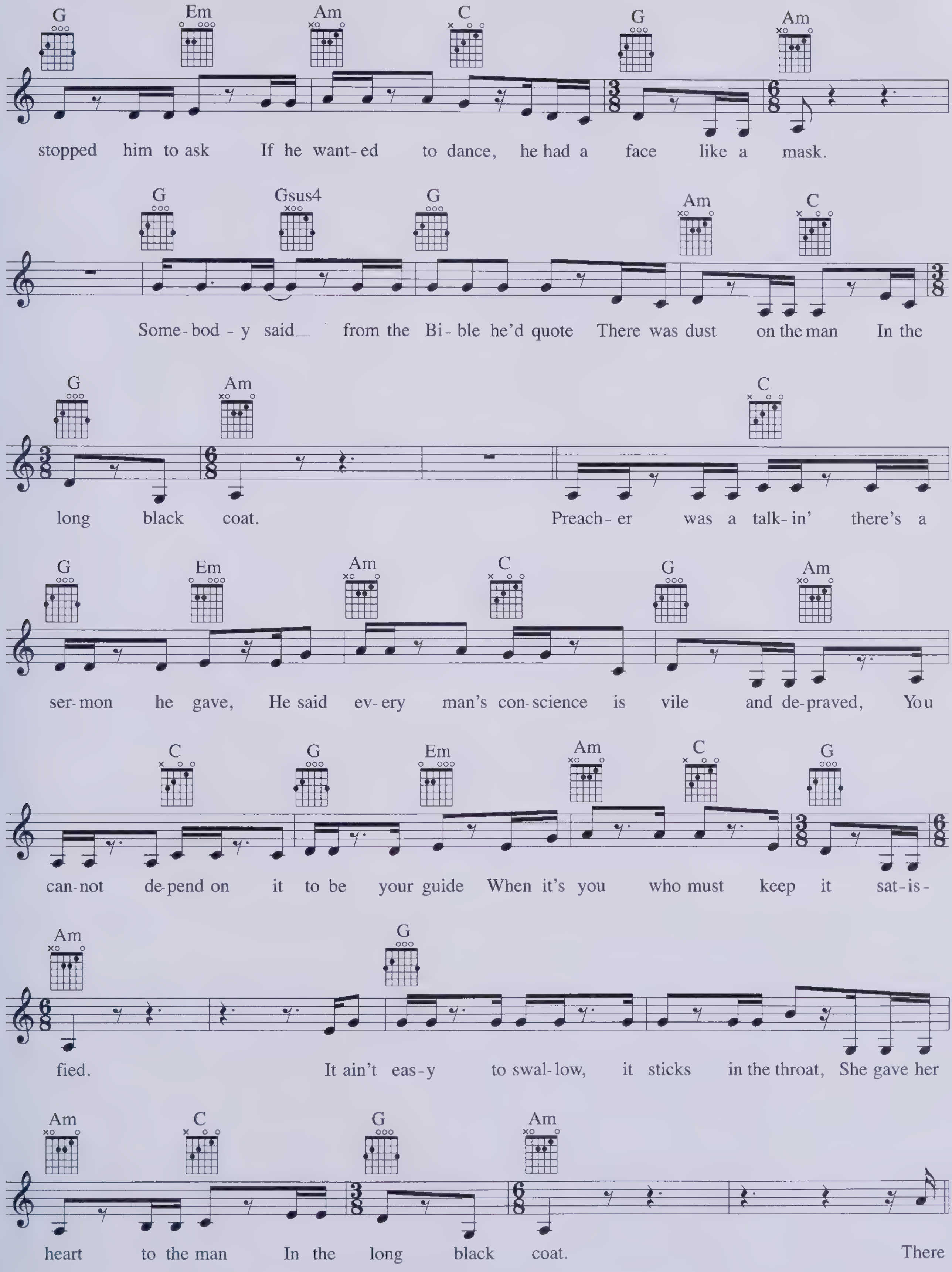
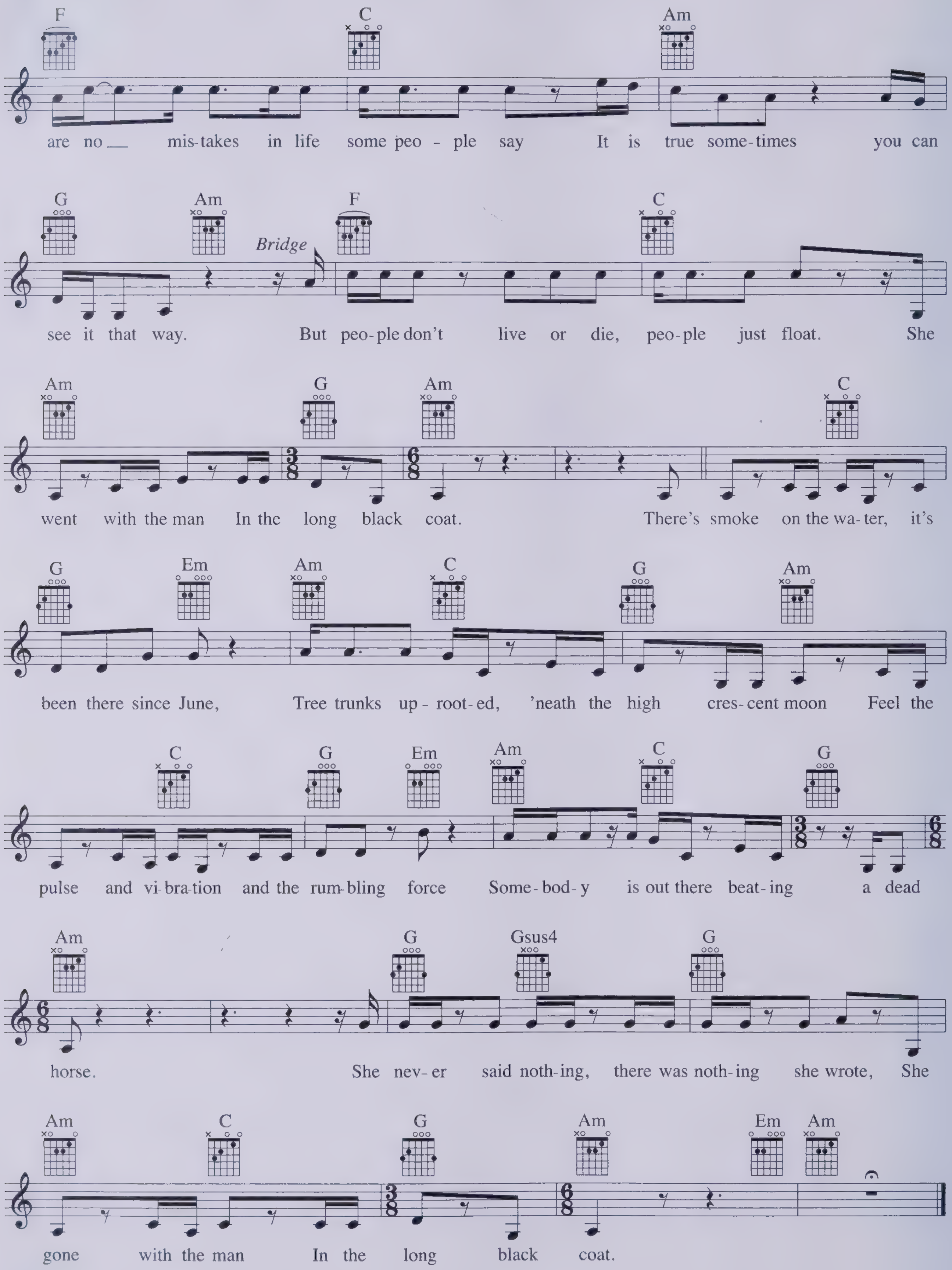
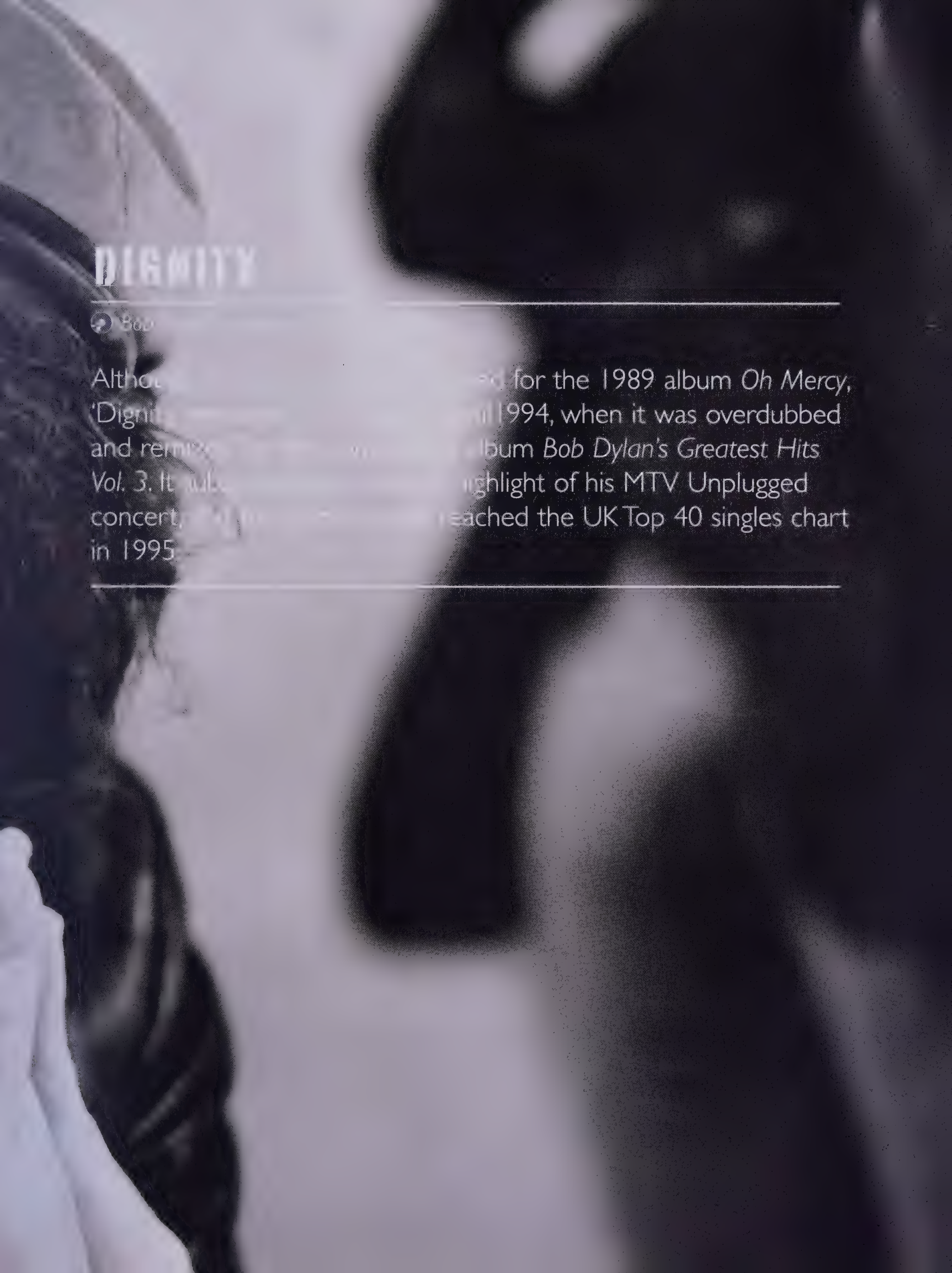

G Em Am C G Am
stopped him to ask If he want-ed to dance, he had a face like a mask.
G Gsus4 G Am C
Some-bod-y said_ from the Bi-ble he'd quote There was dust on the man In the
G Am C
long black coat. Preach-er was a talk-in' there's a
G Em Am C G Am
ser-mon he gave, He said ev-ery man's con-science is vile and de-praved, You
C G Em Am C G
can-not de-pend on it to be your guide When it's you who must keep it sat-is-
Am G
fied. It ain't eas-y to swal-low, it sticks in the throat, She gave her
Am C G Am
heart to the man In the long black coat. There


F C Am
are no mis-takes in life some peo - ple say It is true some-times you can
G Am F C
Bridge
see it that way. But peo-ple don't live or die, peo-ple just float. She
Am G Am C
went with the man In the long black coat. There's smoke on the wa-ter, it's
G Em Am C G Am
been there since June, Tree trunks up - root-ed, 'neath the high cres-cent moon Feel the
C G Em Am C G
pulse and vi-bra-tion and the rum-bling force Some-bod-y is out there beat-ing a dead
Am G Gsus4 G
horse. She nev-er said noth-ing, there was noth-ing she wrote, She
Am C G Am Em Am
gone with the man In the long black coat.

"It's one of my favourites. It paints a picture of small town Americana, a dance hall on the outskirts of town, and how a strange individual comes in, and 'Not a word of goodbye, not even a note, she's gone with the man in the long black coat'."

Daniel Lanois



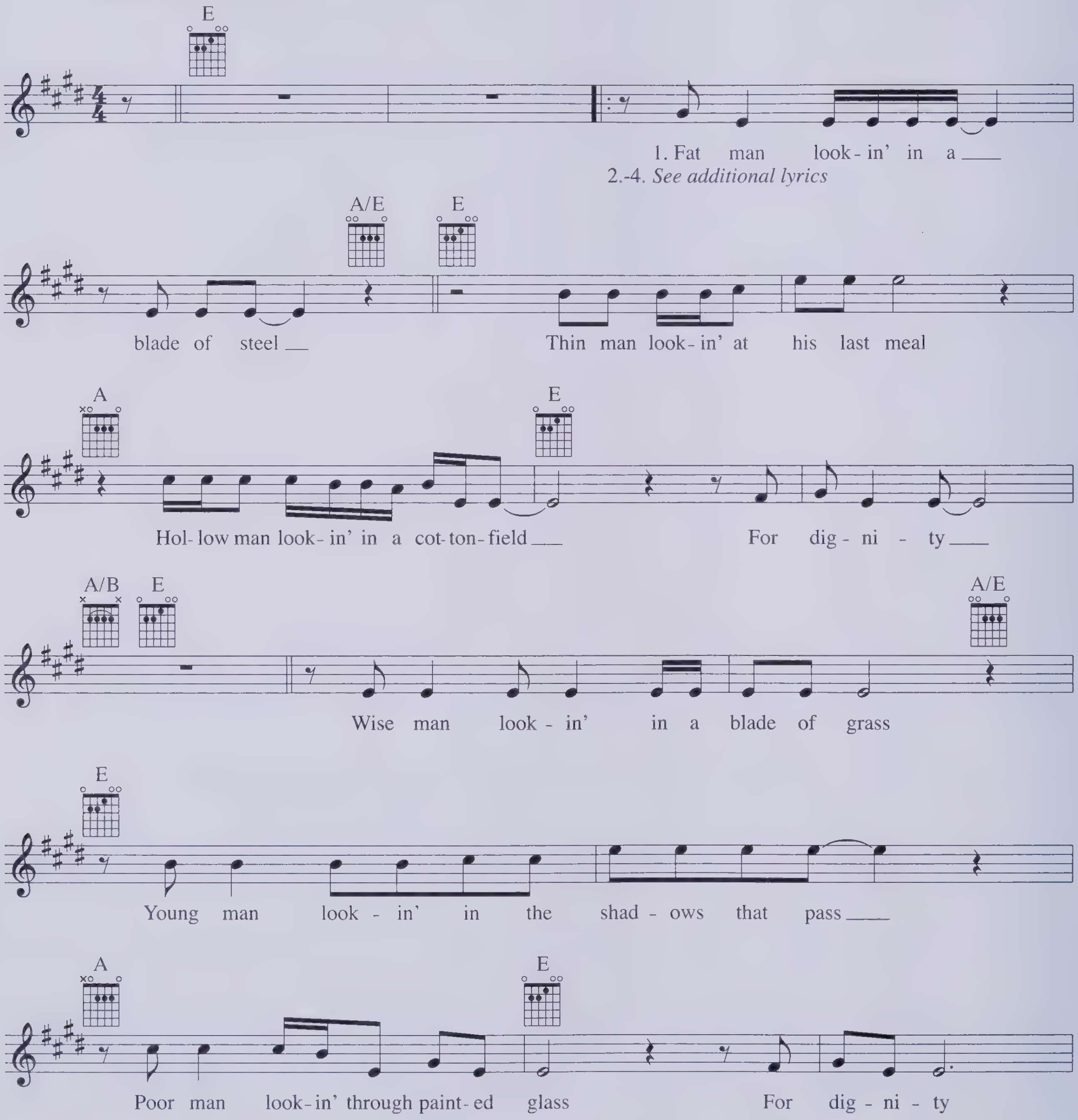
DIGNITY

Bob [illegible]

Althou[illegible]d for the 1989 album *Oh Mercy*, 'Digni[illegible] 1994, when it was overdubbed and remix[illegible]lbum *Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits Vol. 3*. It [illegible]ighlight of his MTV Unplugged concert, [illegible]eached the UK Top 40 singles chart in 1995.

DIGNITY

Moderate shuffle beat


E
1. Fat man look-in' in a
2.-4. *See additional lyrics*
A/E
E
blade of steel
Thin man look-in' at his last meal
A
E
Hol-low man look-in' in a cot-ton-field
For dig-ni-ty
A/B
E
A/E
Wise man look-in' in a blade of grass
E
Young man look-in' in the shad-ows that pass
A
E
Poor man look-in' through paint-ed glass
For dig-ni-ty

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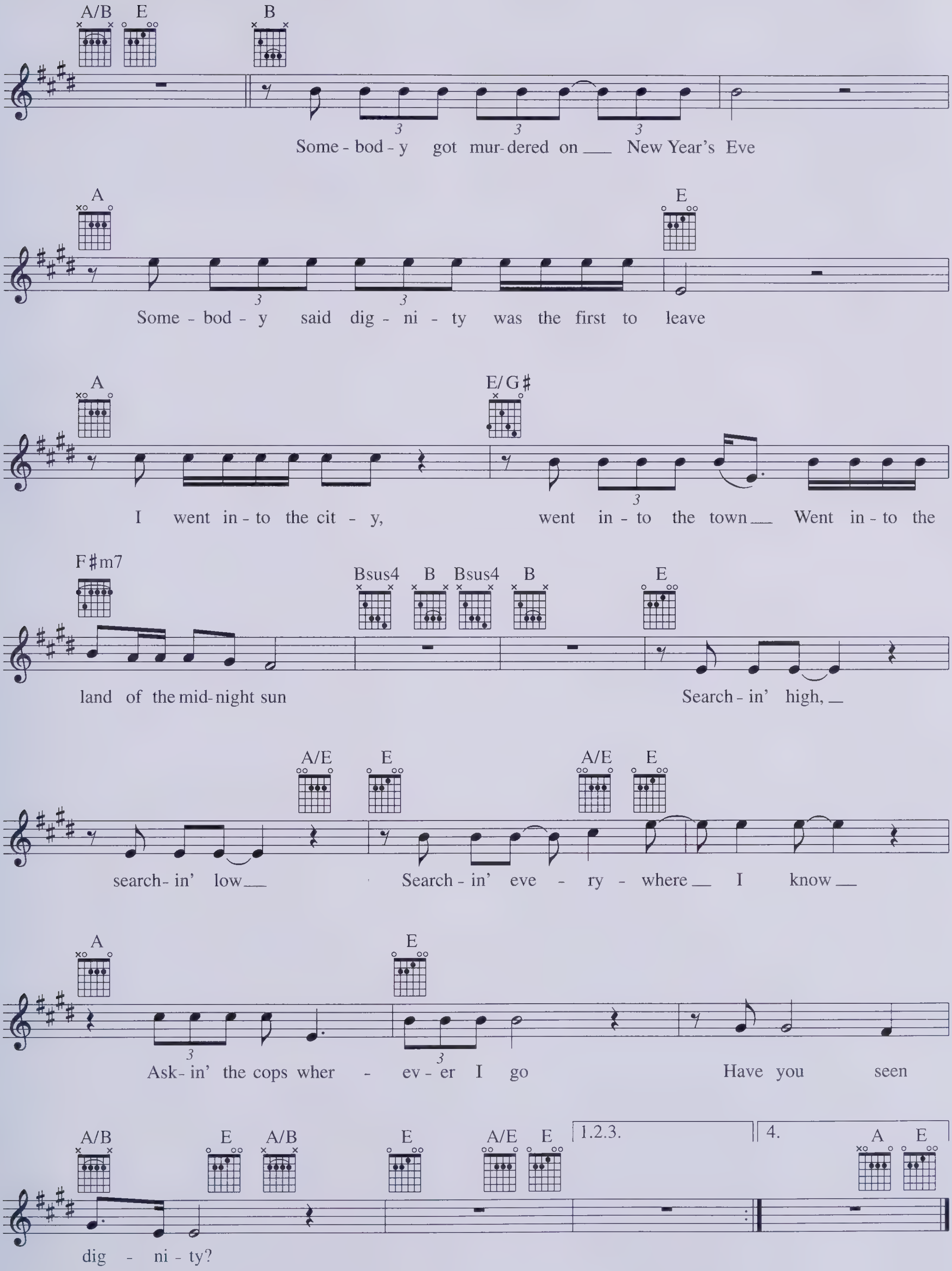

A/B E B
Some - bod - y got mur - dered on New Year's Eve
A E
Some - bod - y said dig - ni - ty was the first to leave
A E/G♯
I went in - to the cit - y, went in - to the town Went in - to the
F♯m7 Bsus4 B Bsus4 B E
land of the mid - night sun Search - in' high,
A/E E A/E E
search - in' low Search - in' eve - ry - where I know
A E
Ask - in' the cops wher - ev - er I go Have you seen
A/B E A/B E A/E E
dig - ni - ty?
1.2.3.
4.
A E

Additional lyrics

2. Blind man breakin' out of a trance
Puts both his hands in the pockets of chance
Hopin' to find one circumstance
Of dignity

I went to the wedding of Mary Lou
She said "I don't want nobody see me talkin' to you"
Said she could get killed if she told me what she knew
About dignity

I went down where the vultures feed
I would've gone deeper, but there wasn't any need
Heard the tongues of angels and the tongues of men
Wasn't any difference to me

Chilly wind sharp as a razor blade
House on fire, debts unpaid
Gonna stand at the window, gonna ask the maid
Have you seen dignity?

3. Drinkin' man listens to the voice he hears
In a crowded room full of covered up mirrors
Lookin' into the lost forgotten years
For dignity

Met Prince Phillip at the home of the blues
Said he'd give me information if his name wasn't used
He wanted money up front, said he was abused
By dignity

Footprints runnin' cross the silver sand
Steps goin' down into tattoo land
I met the sons of darkness and the sons of light
In the bordertowns of despair

Got no place to fade, got no coat
I'm on the rollin' river in a jerkin' boat
Tryin' to read a note somebody wrote
About dignity

4. Sick man lookin' for the doctor's cure
Lookin' at his hands for the lines that were
And into every masterpiece of literature
For dignity

Englishman stranded in the blackheart wind
Combin' his hair back, his future looks thin
Bites the bullet and he looks within
For dignity

Someone showed me a picture and I just laughed
Dignity never been photographed
I went into the red, went into the black
Into the valley of dry bone dreams

So many roads, so much at stake
So many dead ends, I'm at the edge of the lake
Sometimes I wonder what it's gonna take
To find dignity

"People can learn everything
about me through my songs,
if they know where to look."

Bob Dylan, 1990

SERIES OF DREAMS

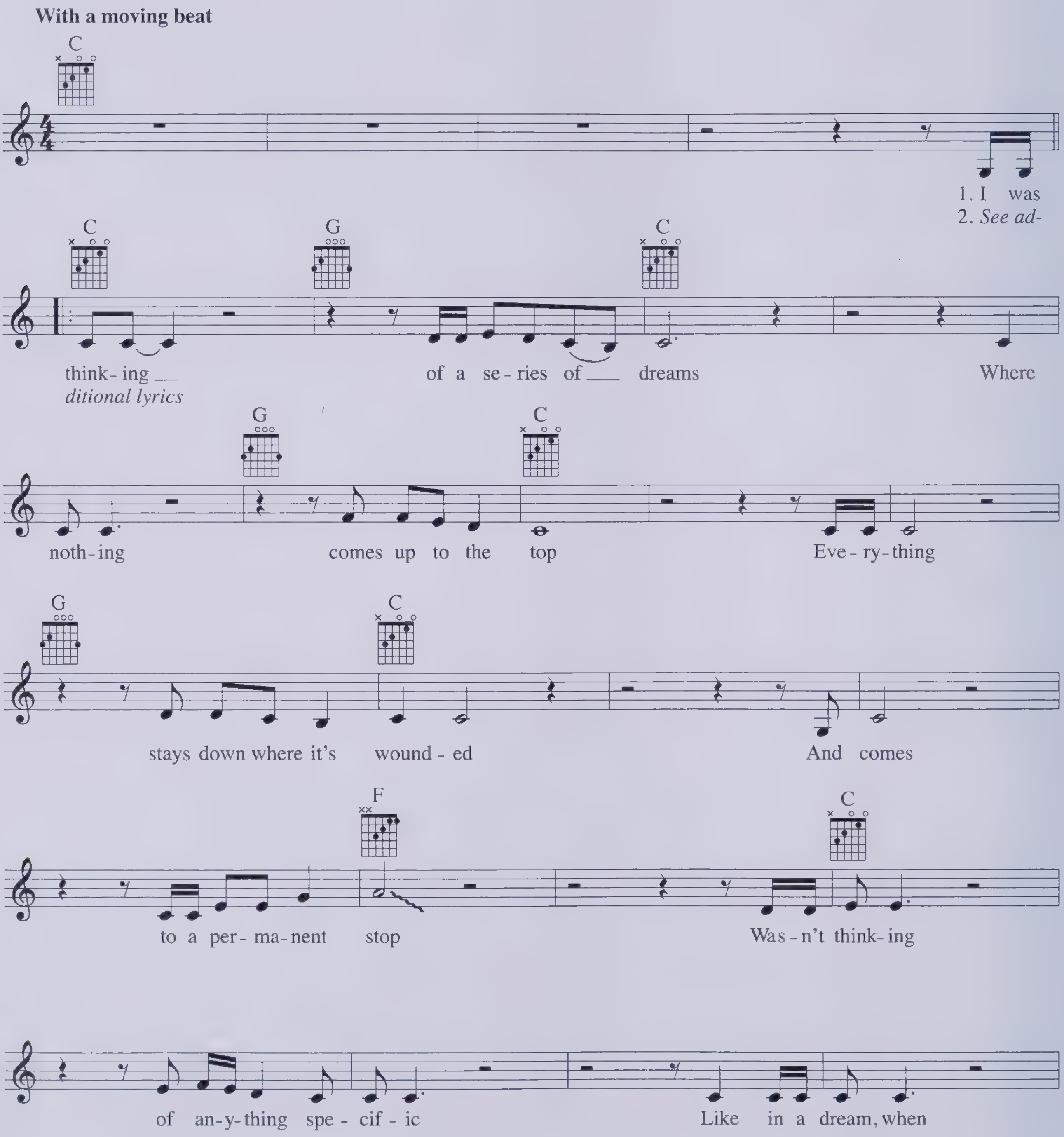
The Bootleg Series Volumes 1–3, 1991

The release of *The Bootleg Series Vols. 1–3* confirmed what Dylan fans had long suspected, that the man had amassed a remarkable catalogue of unreleased material. Foremost amongst the unheard songs was this exhibition of sustained lyrical genius, considered for the *Oh Mercy* album but omitted from the final running order.

"'Series Of Dreams' was a fantastic turbulent track that I felt should have been on the record [*Oh Mercy*]. But Dylan had the final word."

Daniel Lanois, producer of *Oh Mercy*

SERIES OF DREAMS


With a moving beat
C
1. I was
2. See ad-
C G C
think-ing of a se-ries of dreams Where
ditional lyrics
G C
noth-ing comes up to the top Eve-ry-thing
G C
stays down where it's wound-ed And comes
F C
to a per-ma-nent stop Was-n't think-ing
of an-y-thing spe-cif-ic Like in a dream, when

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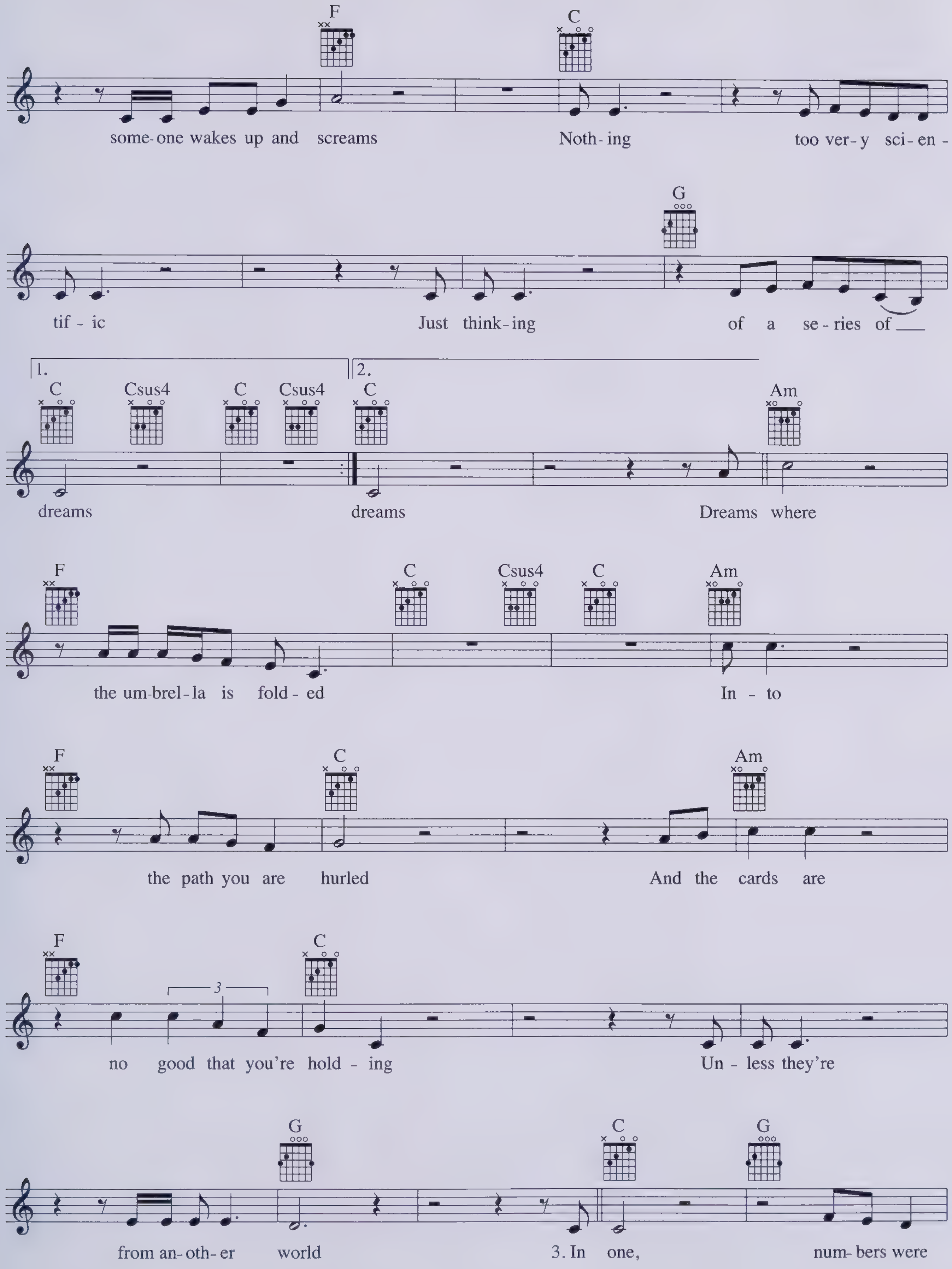
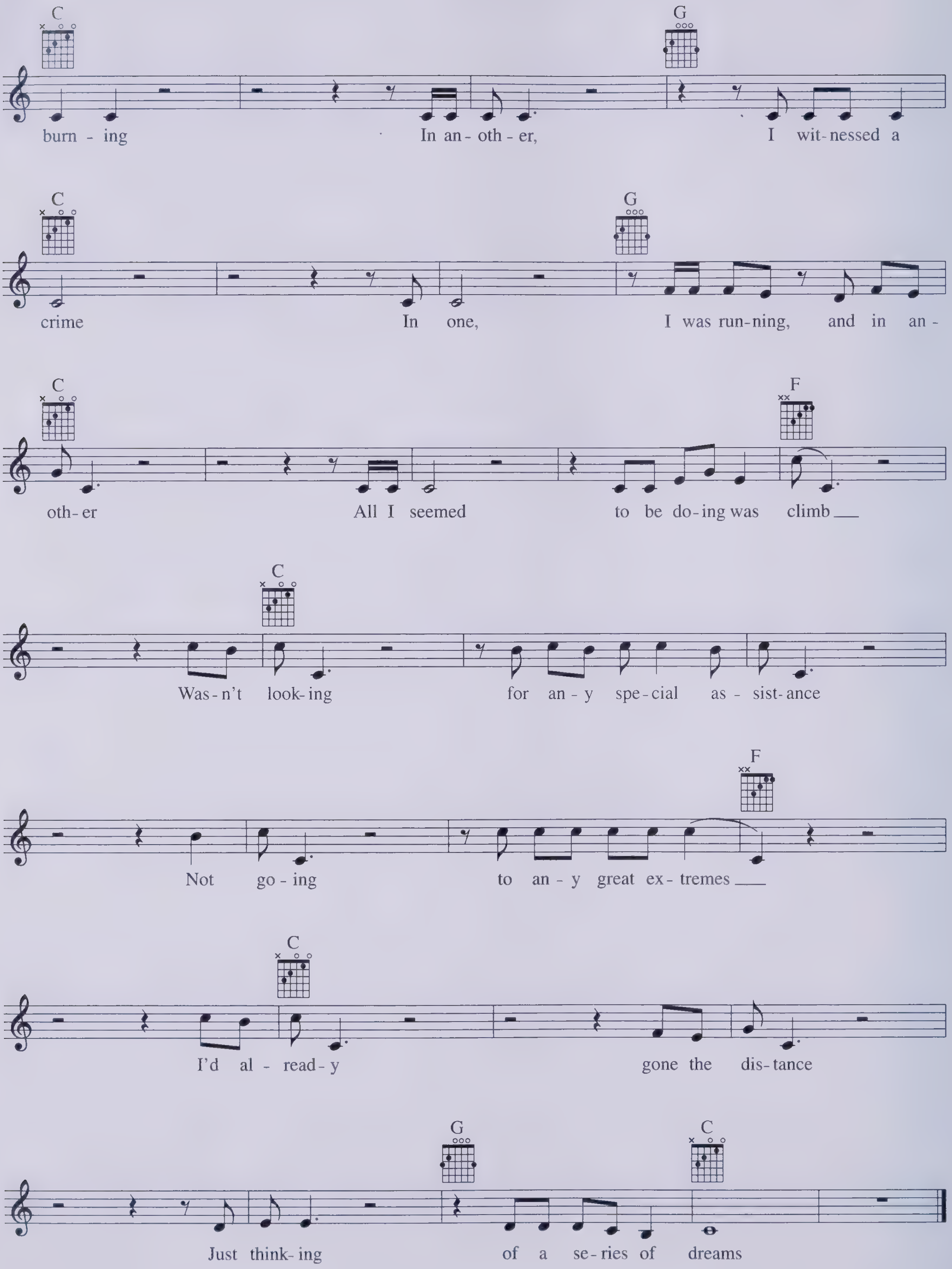
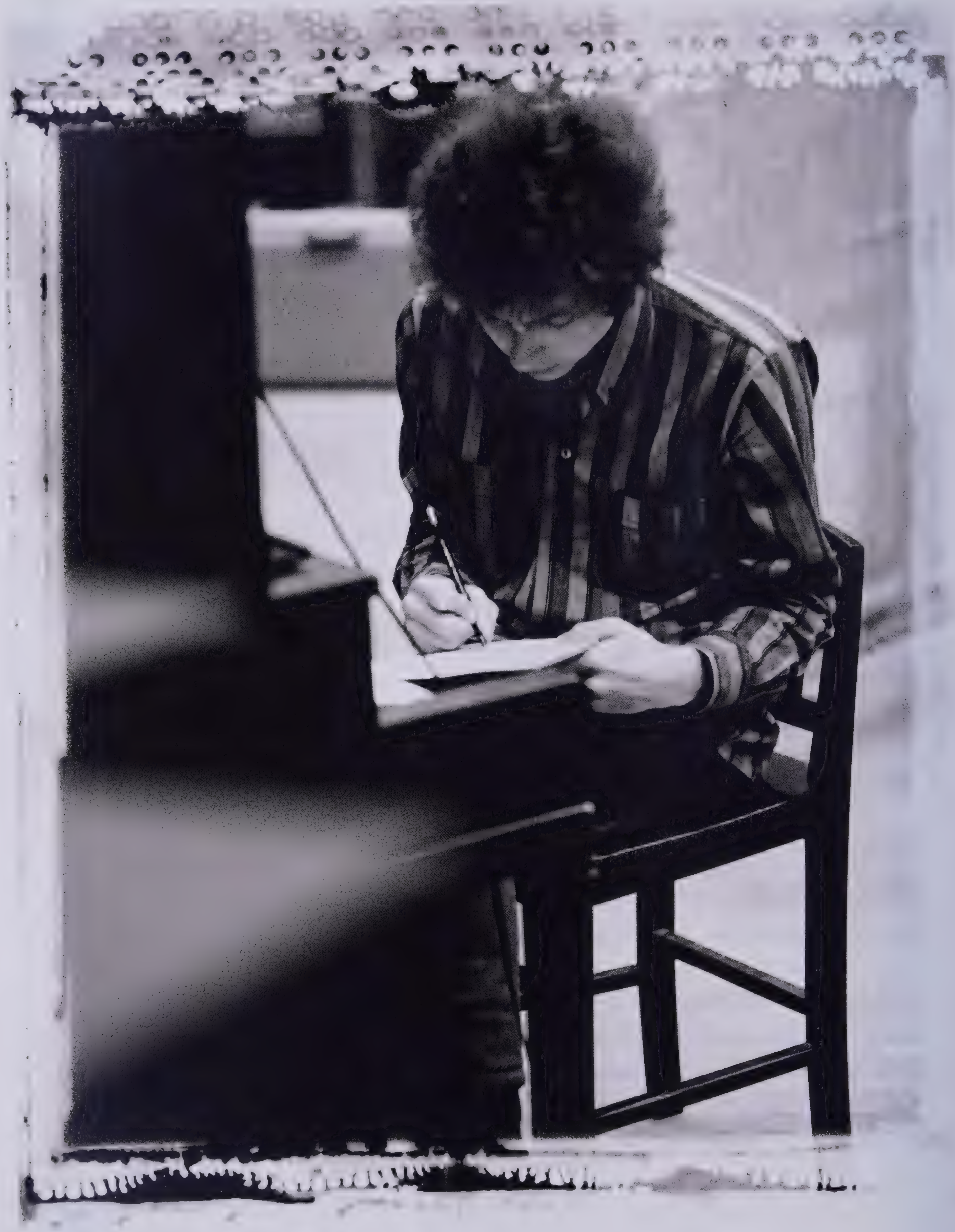

F C
some-one wakes up and screams Noth-ing too ver-y sci-en-
G
tif-ic Just think-ing of a se-ries of
1. C Csus4 C Csus4 2. C Am
dreams dreams Dreams where
F C Csus4 C Am
the um-brel-la is fold-ed In-to
F C Am
the path you are hurled And the cards are
F C
3
no good that you're hold-ing Un-less they're
G C G
from an-oth-er world 3. In one, num-bers were


C G
burn - ing In an - oth - er, I wit - nessed a
C G
crime In one, I was run - ning, and in an -
C F
oth - er All I seemed to be do - ing was climb
C
Was - n't look - ing for an - y spe - cial as - sist - ance
F
Not go - ing to an - y great ex - tremes
C
I'd al - read - y gone the dis - tance
G C
Just think - ing of a se - ries of dreams

Additional lyrics

2. Thinking of a series of dreams
Where the time and the tempo fly
And there's no exit in any direction
'Cept the one that you can't see with your eyes
Wasn't making any great connection
Wasn't falling for any intricate scheme
Nothing that would pass inspection
Just thinking of a series of dreams



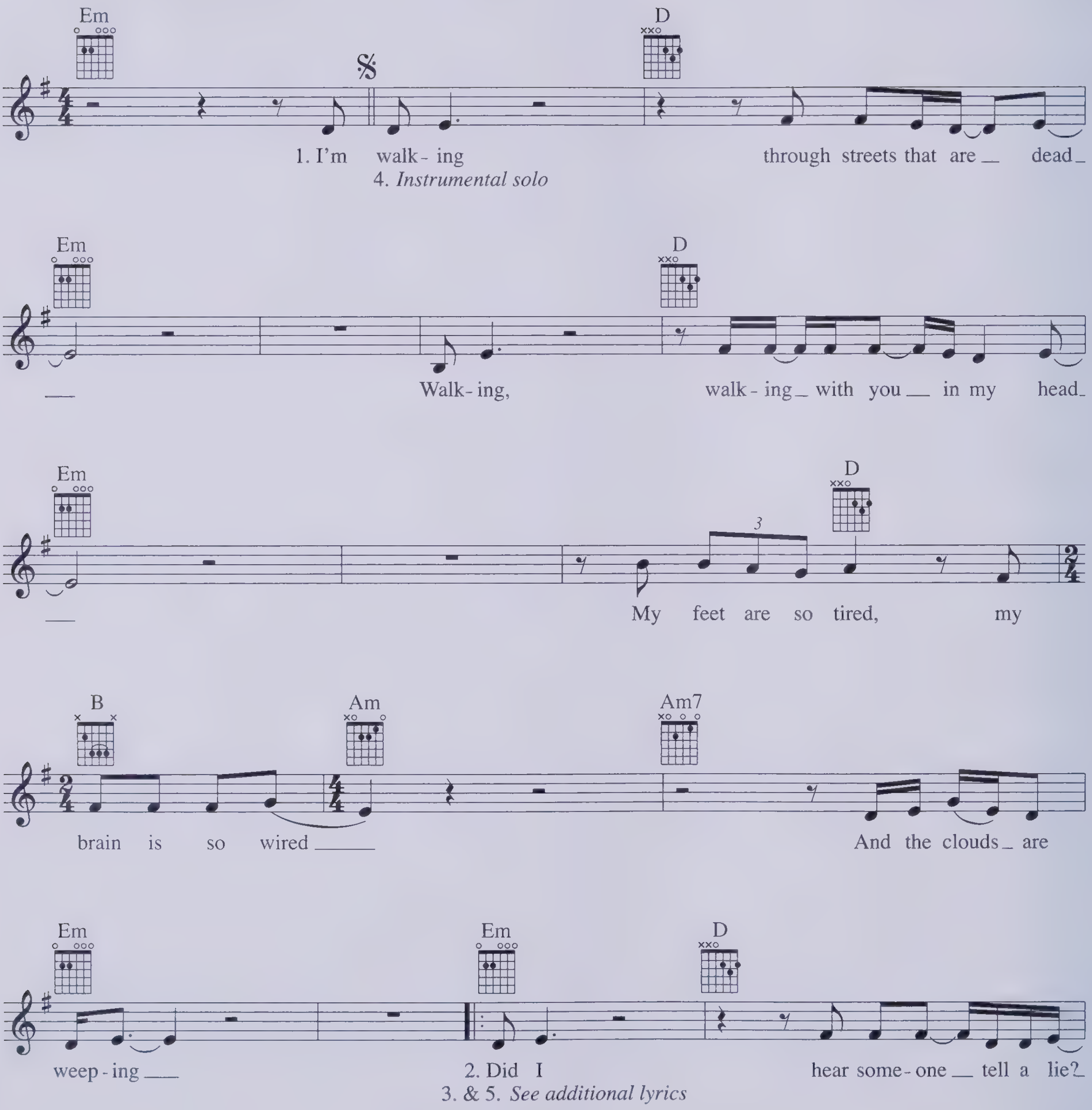
LOVE SICK

Time Out Of Mind, 1997

This brooding essay on romantic disillusion provided a suitably atmospheric opening to the long-awaited 1997 album, *Time Out Of Mind*, Dylan's first album of new original material in seven years. He debuted the song in concert the night before the album was released, and performed it at the Grammy Awards ceremony the following year.

LOVE SICK

Moderately, with a beat



Em
D
1. I'm walk - ing through streets that are dead
4. Instrumental solo
Em
D
Walk - ing, walk - ing with you in my head
Em
D
3
My feet are so tired, my
B
Am
Am7
brain is so wired
And the clouds are
Em
Em
D
weep - ing
2. Did I hear some - one tell a lie?
3. & 5. See additional lyrics

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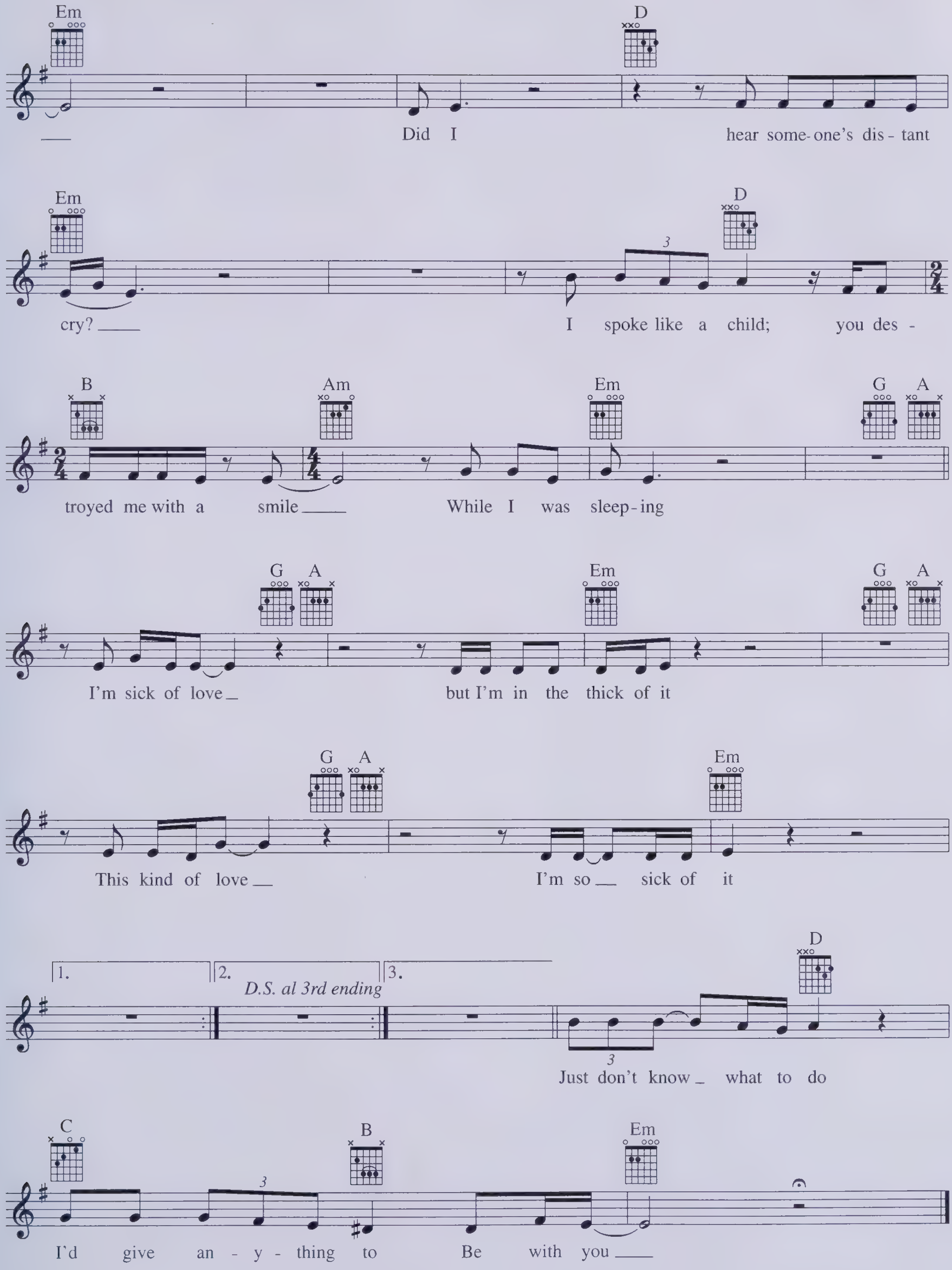

Em
D
Did I hear some-one's dis-tant
Em
D
cry?
I spoke like a child; you des-
B
Am
Em
G
A
troyed me with a smile
While I was sleep-ing
G
A
Em
G
A
I'm sick of love
but I'm in the thick of it
G
A
Em
This kind of love
I'm so sick of it
1.
2.
D.S. al 3rd ending
3.
D
Just don't know what to do
C
B
Em
I'd give an-y-thing to Be with you

Additional lyrics

3. I see, I see lovers in the meadow
I see, I see silhouettes in the window
I watch them ’til they’re gone and they leave me hanging on
To a shadow

I’m sick of love; I hear the clock tick
This kind of love; I’m love sick

4. *Instrumental*

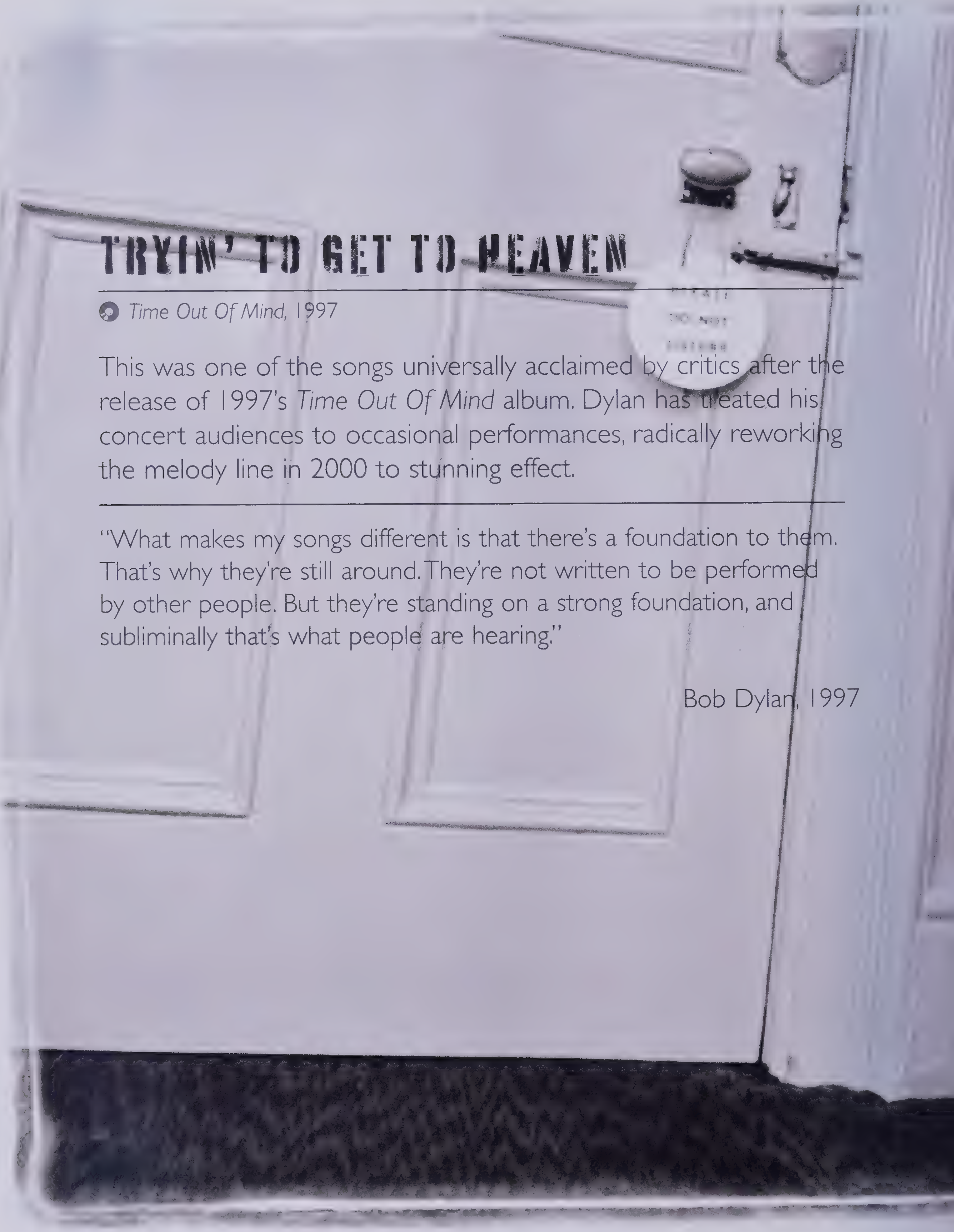
5. Sometimes the silence can be like the thunder
Sometimes I wanna take to the road and plunder
Could you ever be true?
I think of you
And I wonder

I’m sick of love; I wish I’d never met you
I’m sick of love; I’m trying to forget you

Just don’t know what to do
I’d give anything to
Be with you

"To think entertainers always have to be happy is a kind of shallow thing. In fact, I remember one of Bob's quotes: 'Happy? Anybody can be happy. What's the purpose of that?'"

Pete Seeger



TRYIN' TO GET TO HEAVEN

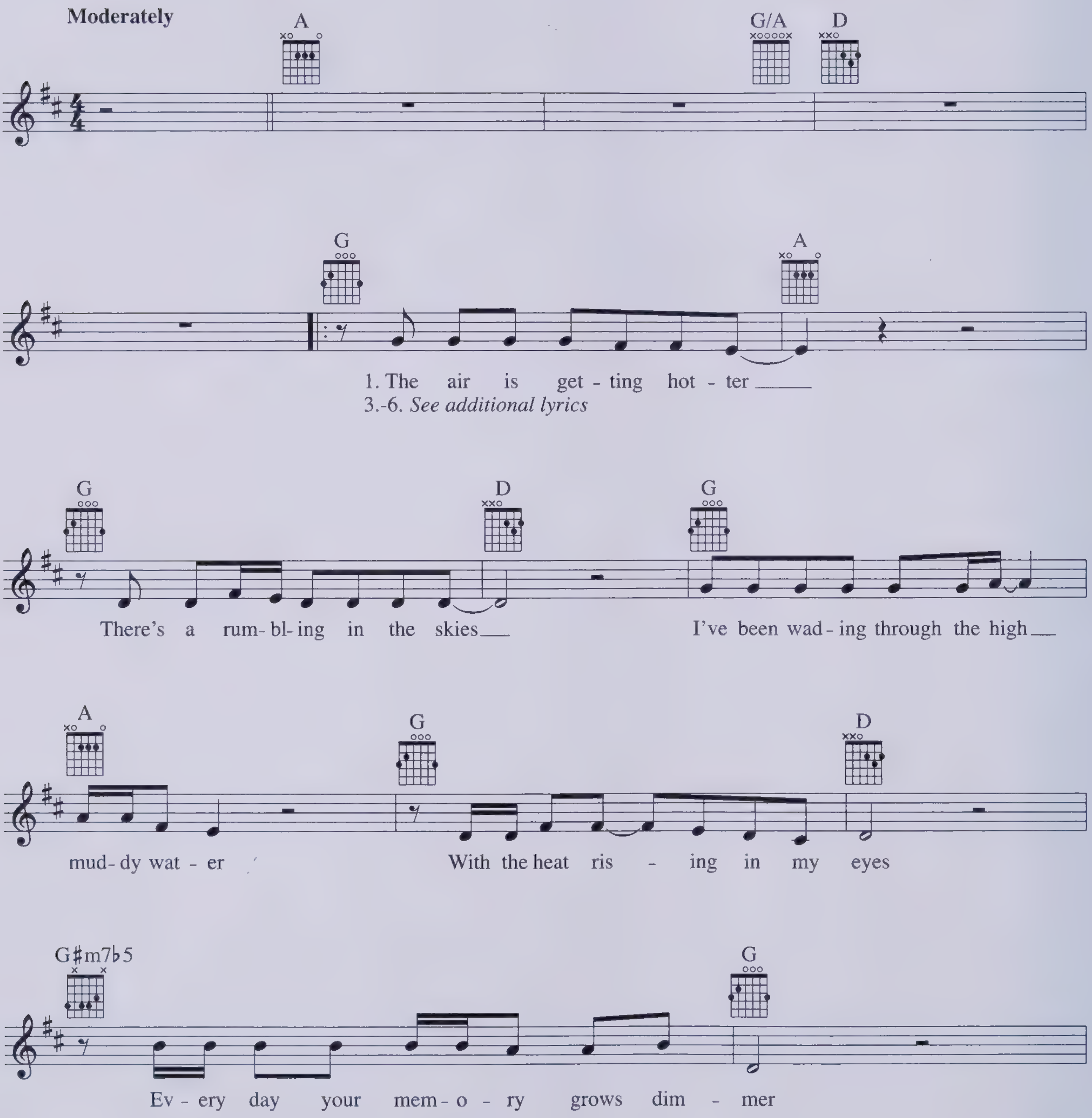
Time Out Of Mind, 1997

This was one of the songs universally acclaimed by critics after the release of 1997's *Time Out Of Mind* album. Dylan has treated his concert audiences to occasional performances, radically reworking the melody line in 2000 to stunning effect.

"What makes my songs different is that there's a foundation to them. That's why they're still around. They're not written to be performed by other people. But they're standing on a strong foundation, and subliminally that's what people are hearing."

Bob Dylan, 1997

TRYIN' TO GET TO HEAVEN


Moderately
A
G/A
D
G
A
1. The air is get - ting hot - ter
3.-6. See additional lyrics
G
D
G
There's a rum- bl- ing in the skies
I've been wad - ing through the high
A
G
D
mud- dy wat - er
With the heat ris - ing in my eyes
G♯m7♭5
G
Ev - ery day your mem - o - ry grows dim - mer

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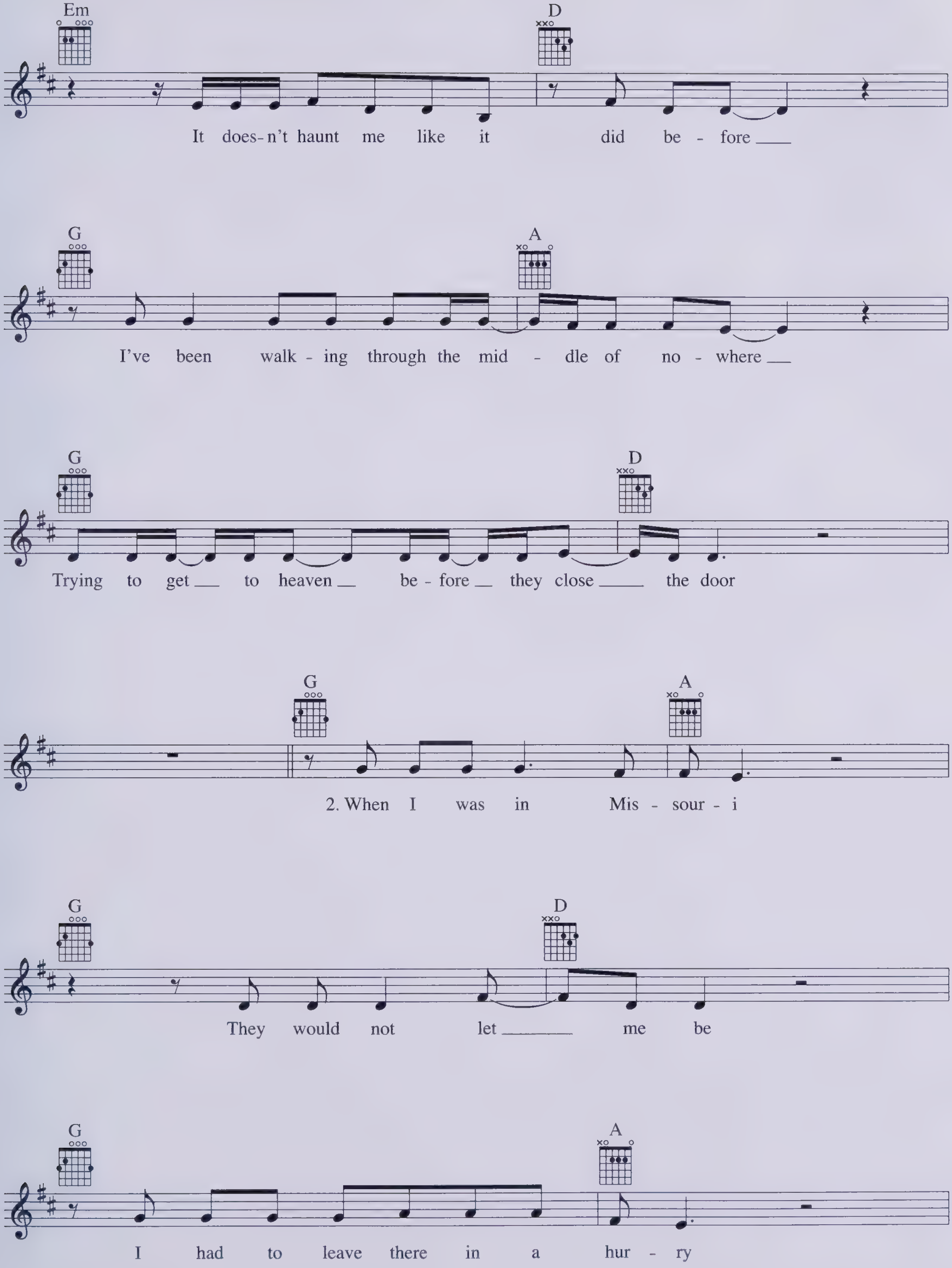
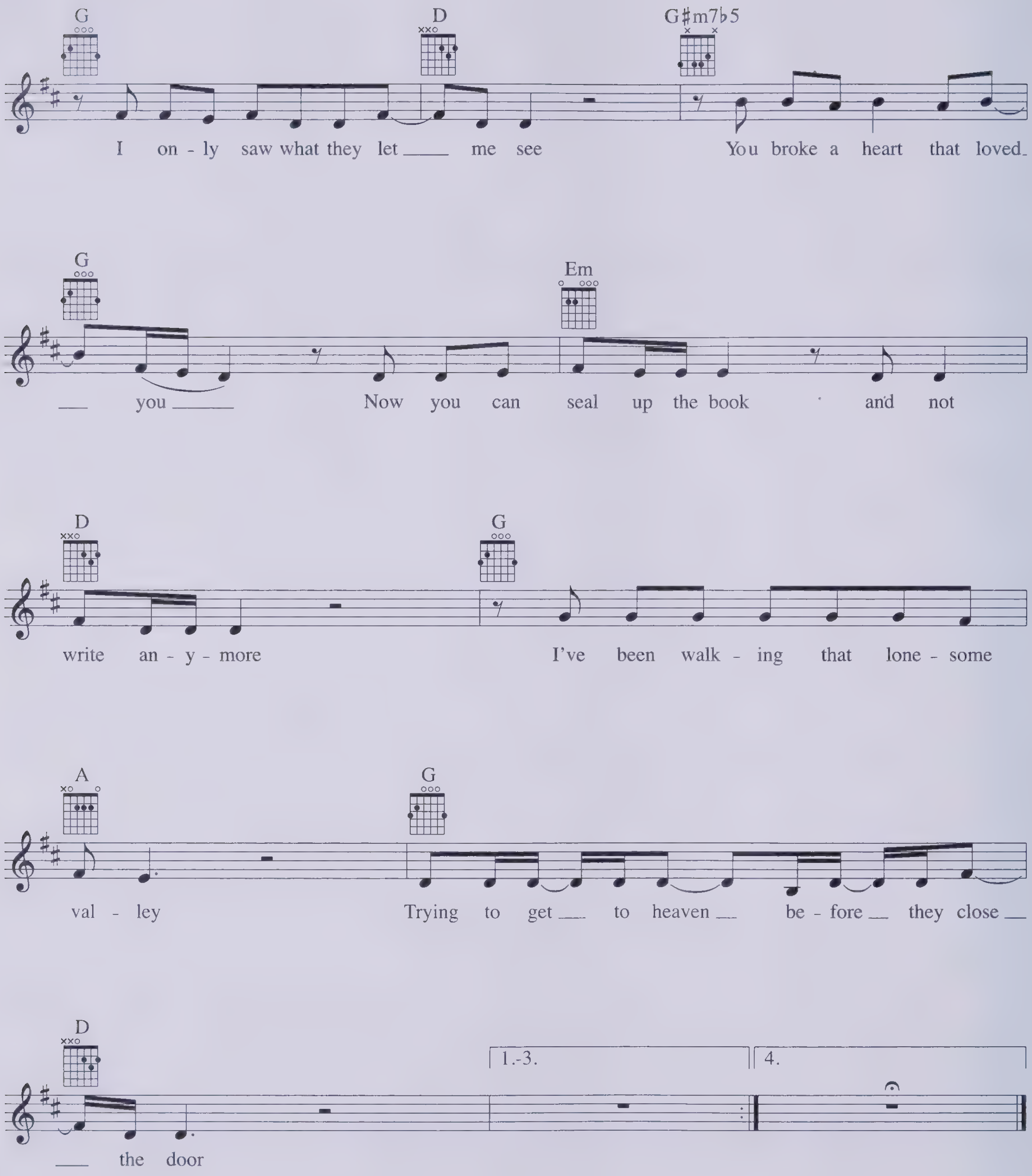

Em
D
It does-n't haunt me like it did be - fore
G
A
I've been walk - ing through the mid - dle of no - where
G
D
Trying to get to heaven be - fore they close the door
G
A
2. When I was in Mis - sour - i
G
D
They would not let me be
G
A
I had to leave there in a hur - ry


G
D
G♯m7♭5
I on - ly saw what they let me see
You broke a heart that loved
G
Em
you
Now you can seal up the book and not
D
G
write an - y - more
I've been walk - ing that lone - some
A
G
val - ley
Trying to get to heaven be - fore they close
D
the door
1.-3.
4.

Additional lyrics

3. People on the platforms
Waiting for the trains
I can hear their hearts a-beatin'
Like pendulums swinging on chains
When you think that you lost everything
You find out you can always lose a little more
I'm just going down the road feeling bad
Trying to get to heaven before they close the door

4. *Instrumental*

5. I'm going down the river
Down to New Orleans
They tell me everything is gonna be all right
But I don't know what "all right" even means
I was riding in a buggy with Miss Mary-Jane
Miss Mary-Jane got a house in Baltimore
I been all around the world, boys
Now I'm trying to get to heaven before they close the door

6. Gonna sleep down in the parlor
And relive my dreams
I'll close my eyes and I wonder
If everything is as hollow as it seems
Some trains don't pull no gamblers
No midnight ramblers, like they did before
I been to Sugar Town, I shook the sugar down
Now I'm trying to get to heaven before they close the door

NOT DARK YET

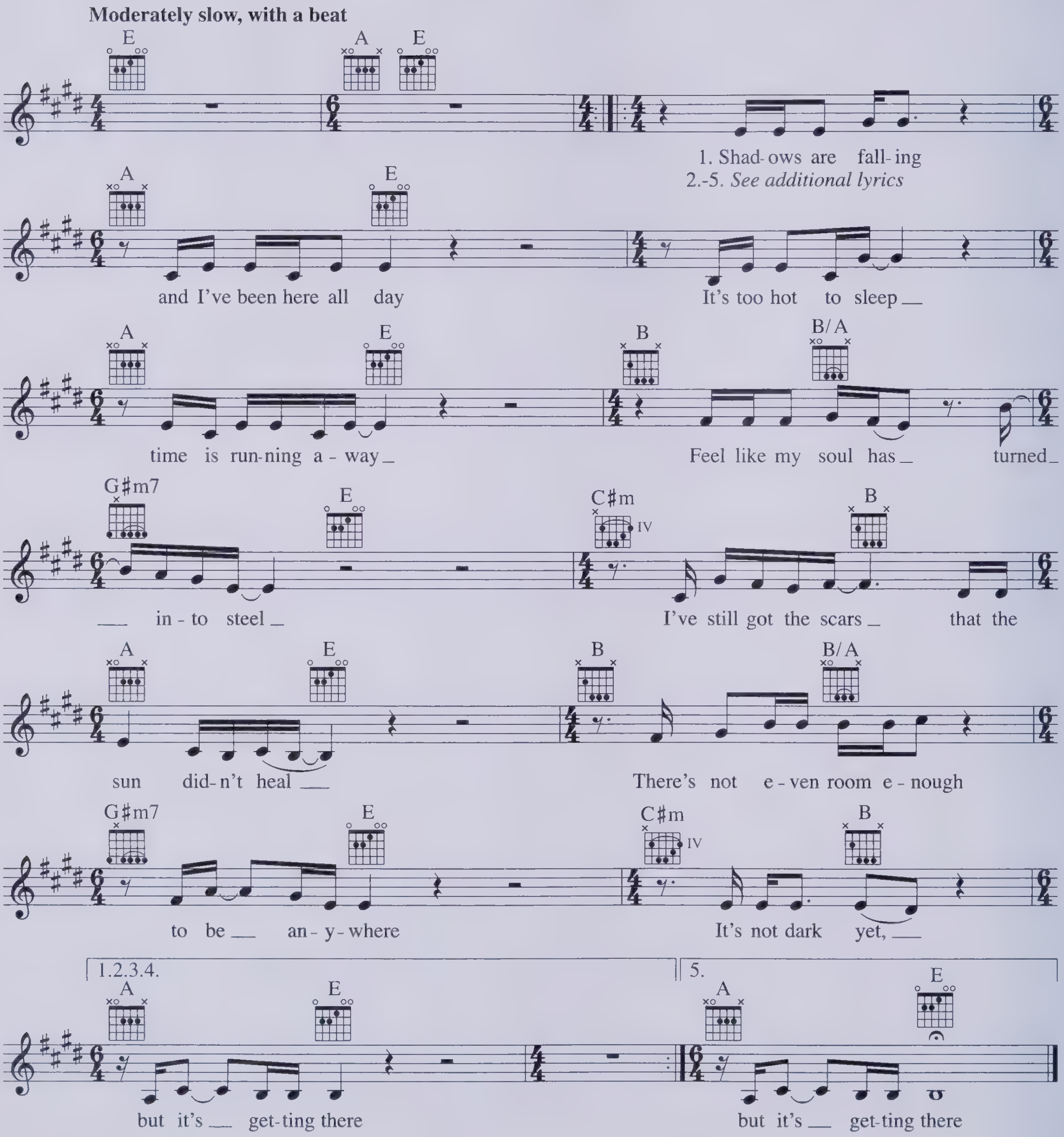
Time Out Of Mind, 1997

Stark and uncompromising, this deceptively gentle song was one of the key tracks on *Time Out Of Mind*, released in 1997. The album marked his second collaboration with Daniel Lanois, who had previously produced *Oh Mercy* for Dylan eight years earlier.

"I try to live within that line between despondency and hope.
I'm suited to walk that line, right between the fire."

Bob Dylan, 1997

NOT DARK YET


Moderately slow, with a beat
E
A
E
1. Shad-ows are fall-ing
2.-5. See additional lyrics
A
E
and I've been here all day
It's too hot to sleep
A
E
B
B/A
time is run-ning a-way
Feel like my soul has turned
G♯m7
E
C♯m
IV
B
into steel
I've still got the scars that the
A
E
B
B/A
sun did-n't heal
There's not e-ven room e-nough
G♯m7
E
C♯m
IV
B
to be an-y-where
It's not dark yet,
1.2.3.4.
5.
A
E
A
E
but it's get-ting there
but it's get-ting there

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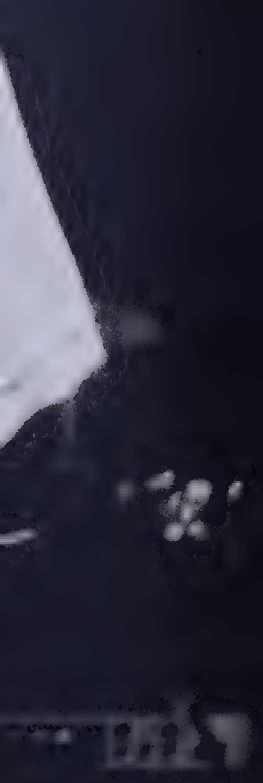
Additional lyrics

2. Well my sense of humanity has gone down the drain
Behind every beautiful thing there's been some kind of pain
She wrote me a letter and she wrote it so kind
She put down in writing what was in her mind
I just don't see why I should even care
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

3. Well, I've been to London and I've been to gay Paree
I've followed the river and I got to the sea
I've been down on the bottom of a world full of lies
I ain't looking for nothing in anyone's eyes
Sometimes my burden seems more than I can bear
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

4. *Instrumental*

5. I was born here and I'll die here against my will
I know it looks like I'm moving, but I'm standing still
Every nerve in my body is so vacant and numb
I can't even remember what it was I came here to get away from
Don't even hear a murmur of a prayer
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

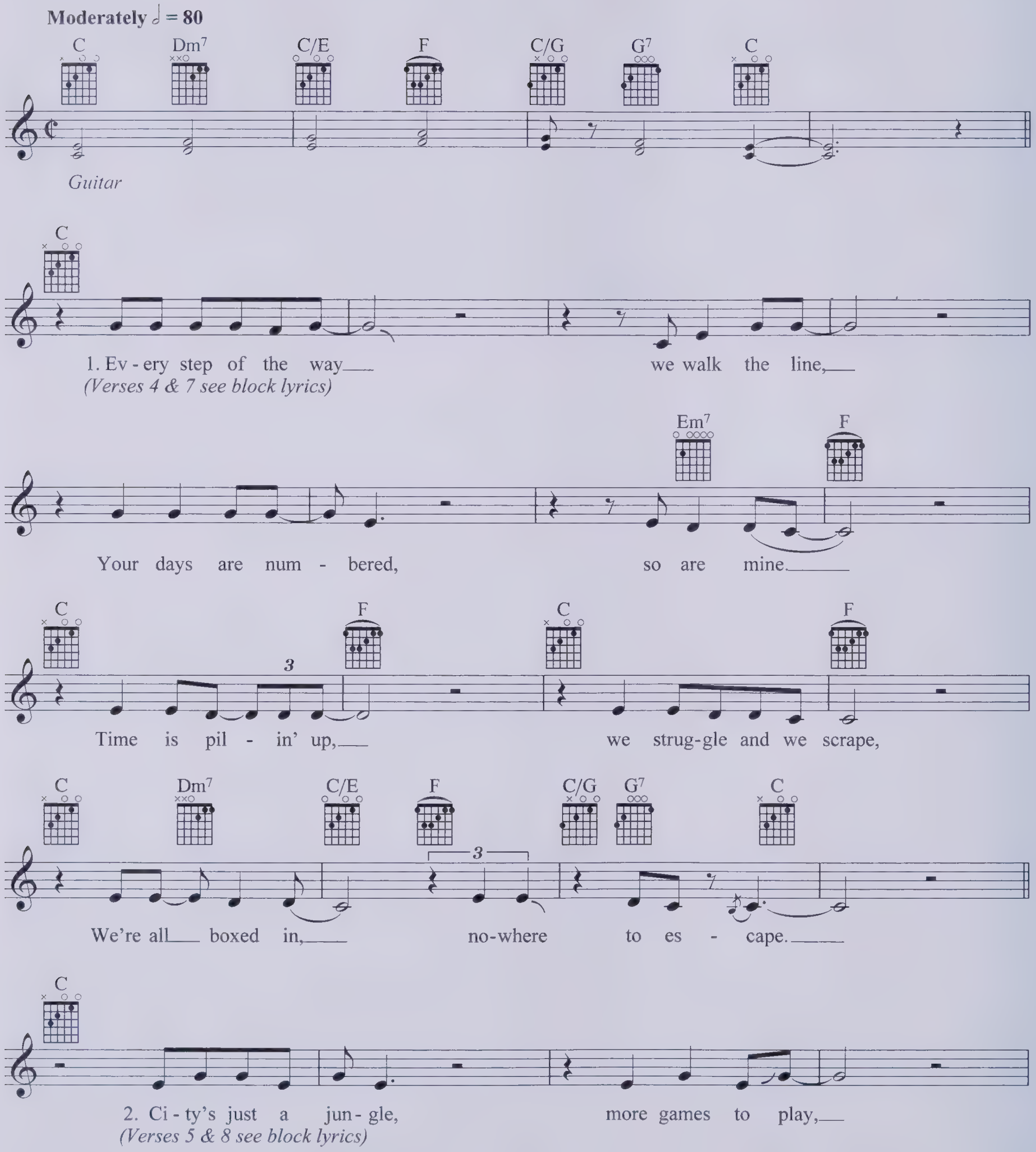


MISSISSIPPI

Love And Theft, 2001

Dylan originally wrote this song for his 1997 album *Time Out Of Mind*, but was unhappy with the result of the session, and omitted 'Mississippi' from the album. Instead, he passed a tape to Sheryl Crow, who covered the tune on her CD, *The Globe Sessions*. Dylan revisited the song in 2001, and it eventually appeared on his *Love And Theft* album.

MISSISSIPPI


Moderately 𝅗𝅥 = 80
C Dm7 C/E F C/G G7 C
Guitar
C
1. Ev - ery step of the way___ we walk the line,___
(Verses 4 & 7 see block lyrics)
Em7 F
Your days are num - bered, so are mine.___
C F C F
3
Time is pil - in' up,___ we strug-gle and we scrape,
C Dm7 C/E F C/G G7 C
3
We're all___ boxed in,___ no-where to es - cape.___
C
2. Ci - ty's just a jun - gle, more games to play,___
(Verses 5 & 8 see block lyrics)

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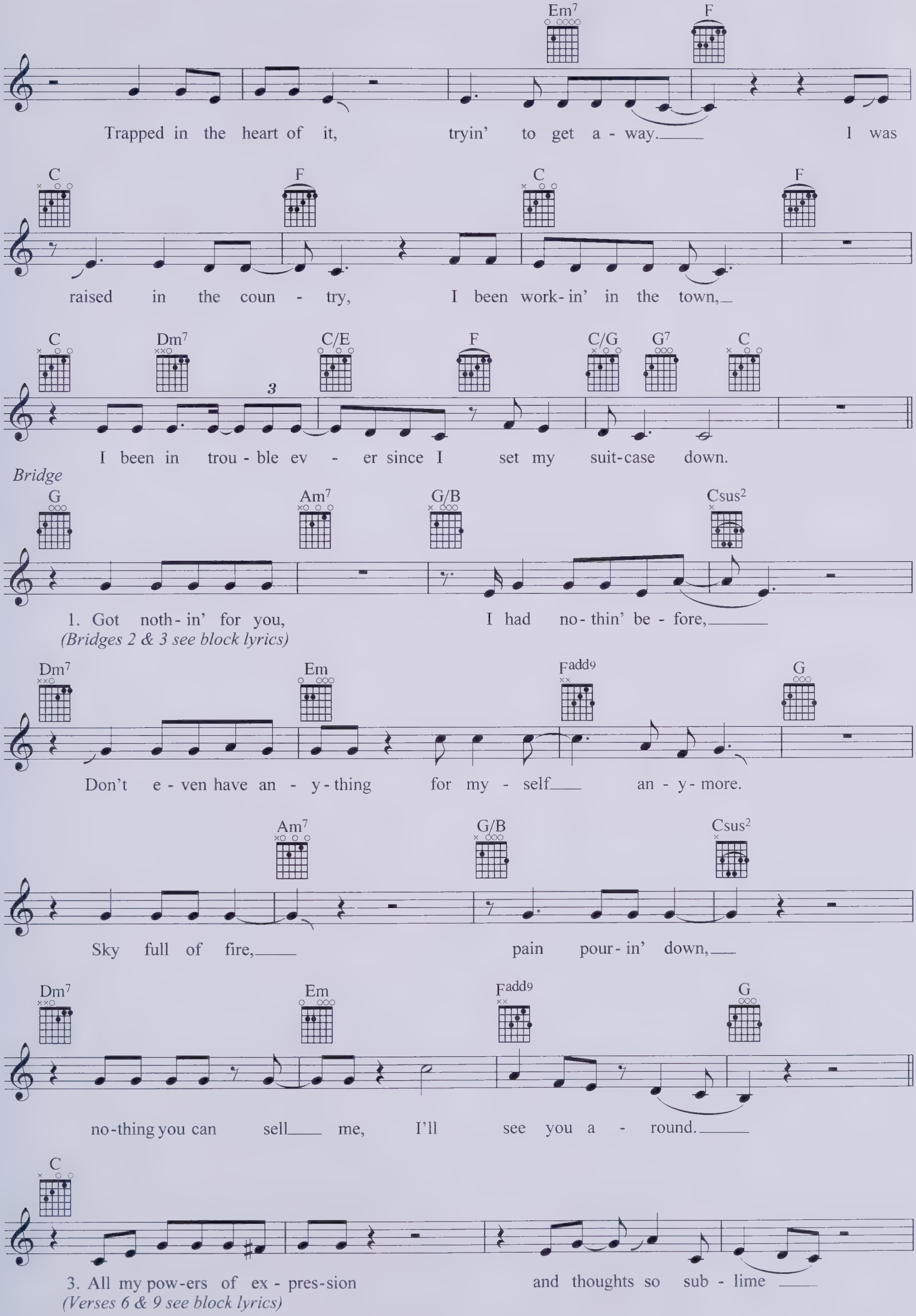
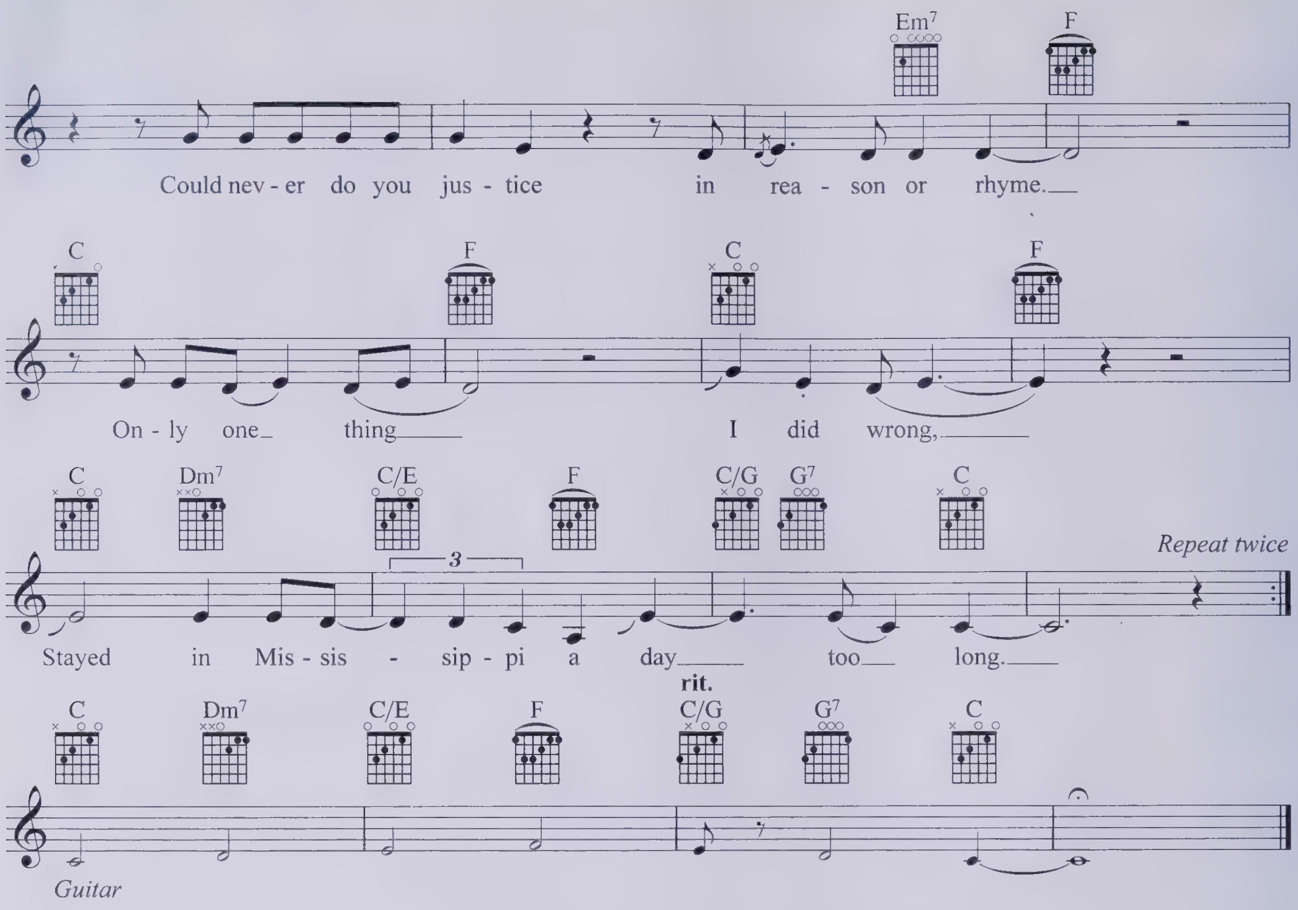

Em7 F
Trapped in the heart of it, tryin' to get a - way. I was
C F C F
raised in the coun - try, I been work - in' in the town,
C Dm7 C/E F C/G G7 C
3
I been in trou - ble ev - er since I set my suit - case down.
Bridge
G Am7 G/B Csus2
1. Got noth - in' for you, I had no - thin' be - fore,
(Bridges 2 & 3 see block lyrics)
Dm7 Em Fadd9 G
Don't e - ven have an - y - thing for my - self an - y - more.
Am7 G/B Csus2
Sky full of fire, pain pour - in' down,
Dm7 Em Fadd9 G
no - thing you can sell me, I'll see you a - round.
C
3. All my pow - ers of ex - pres - sion and thoughts so sub - lime
(Verses 6 & 9 see block lyrics)


Em7
F
Could nev - er do you jus - tice in rea - son or rhyme.
C
F
C
F
On - ly one thing I did wrong,
C
Dm7
C/E
F
C/G
G7
C
3
Repeat twice
Stayed in Mis - sis - sip - pi a day too long.
rit.
C
Dm7
C/E
F
C/G
G7
C
Guitar

4. Well, the devil's in the alley, mule's in the stall
Say anything you wanna, I have heard it all
I was thinkin' 'bout the things that Rosie said
I was dreamin' I was sleepin' in Rosie's bed

5. Walkin' through the leaves fallin' from the trees
Feelin' like a stranger nobody sees
So many things that we never will undo
I know you're sorry, I'm sorry too

Bridge:
2. Some people will offer you their hand and some won't
Last night I knew ya, tonight I don't
I need somethin' strong to distract my mind
I'm gonna look at you 'til my eyes go blind

6. Well, I got here followin' the southern star
I crossed that river just to be where you are
Only one thing I did wrong
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long

7. Well, my ship's been split to splinters and it's sinkin' fast
I'm drownin' in the poison, got no future, got no past
But my heart is not weary, it's light and it's free
I got nothin' but affection for all those who've sailed with me

8. Everybody movin' if they ain't already there
Everybody got to move somewhere
Stick with me baby, stick with me anyhow
Things should start to get interestin' right about now

Bridge:
3. My clothes are wet, tight on my skin
Not as tight as the corner that I painted myself in
I know that fortune is waitin' to be kind
So give me your hand and say you'll be mine

9. Well, the emptiness is endless, cold as the clay
You can always come back
but you can't come back all the way
Only one thing I did wrong
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long

"It was really an honour to get to do it. You can listen to one of his songs and think it's so simple, you don't even realize how intricate it actually is – the arc of the melody, the way he uses just two or three chords but everything builds to a great release. Recording that song made me re-evaluate songwriting."

Sheryl Crow

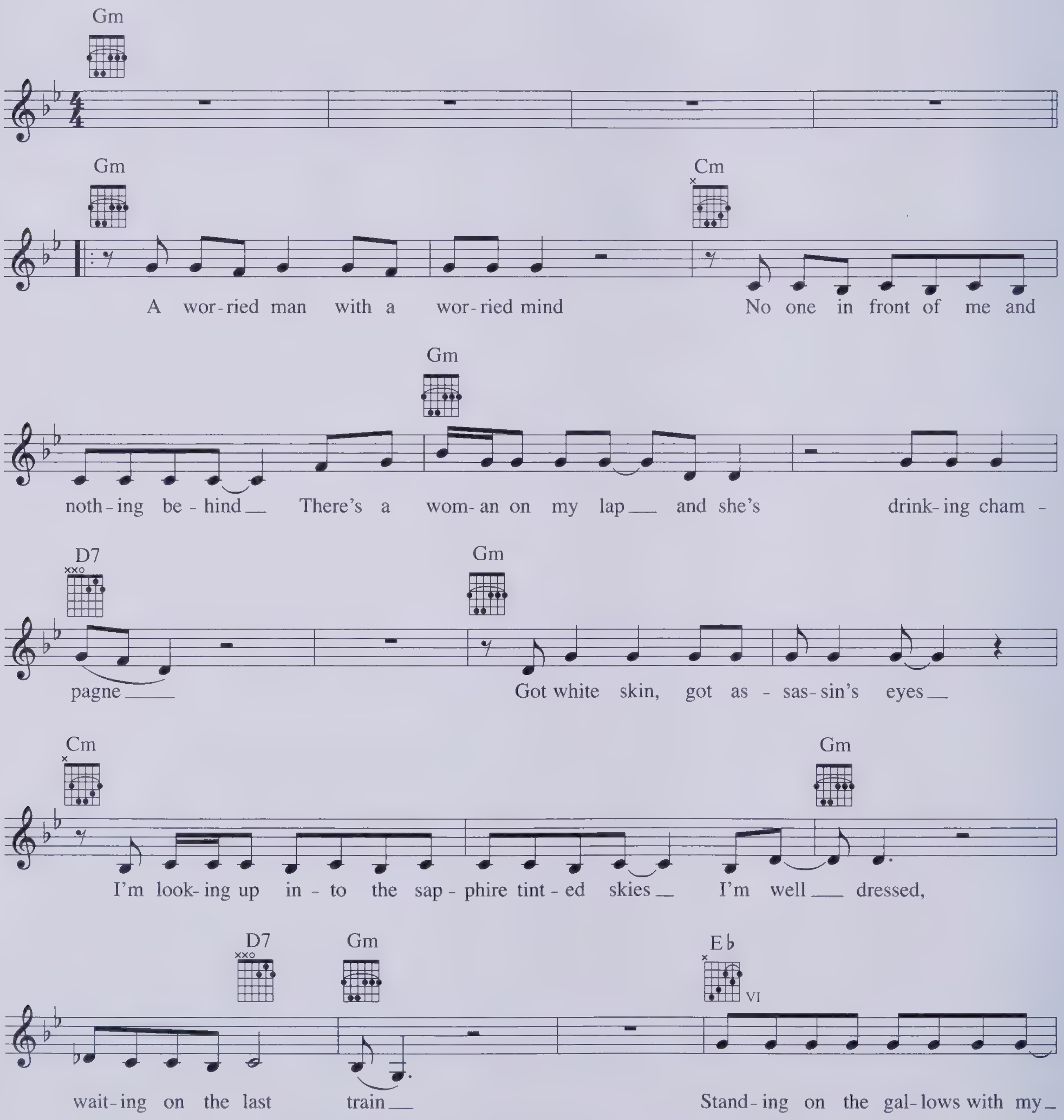
THINGS HAVE CHANGED

◉ *The Essential Bob Dylan*, 2000

Several Dylan songs featured prominently on the soundtrack of the 2000 movie *The Wonder Boys*, including 'Things Have Changed', newly composed for the film. The song won Dylan his first Academy Award, and he has proudly displayed the 'Oscar' as part of his stage set-up ever since. He subsequently received similar awards from the Grammy and Golden Globes judging panels.

THINGS HAVE CHANGED

Moderately fast


Gm
Gm
Cm
A wor-ried man with a wor-ried mind No one in front of me and
Gm
noth-ing be-hind There's a wom-an on my lap and she's drink-ing cham-
D7
Gm
pagne Got white skin, got as-sas-sin's eyes
Cm
Gm
I'm look-ing up in-to the sap-phire tint-ed skies I'm well dressed,
D7
Gm
E♭
VI
wait-ing on the last train Stand-ing on the gal-lows with my

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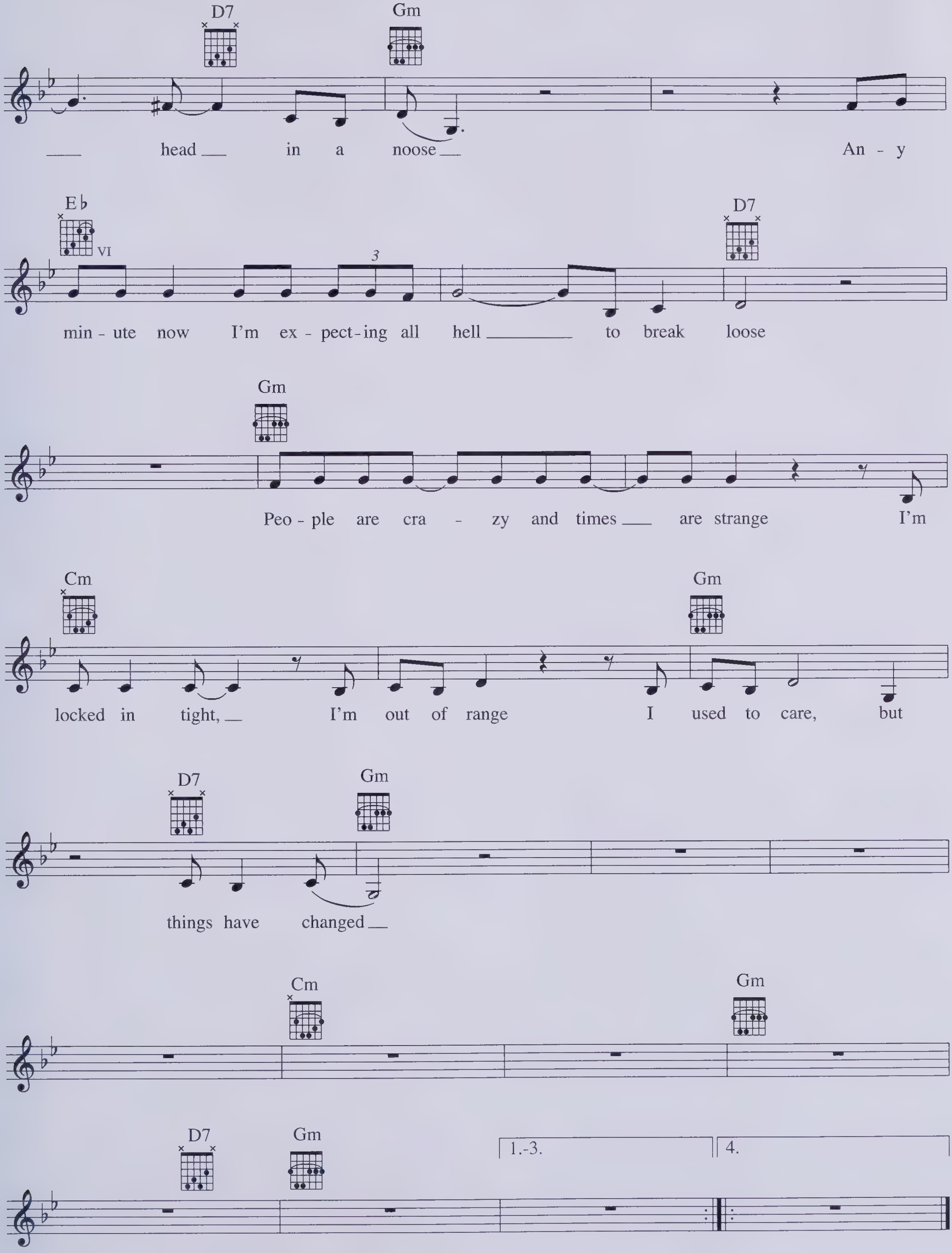

D7
Gm
head in a noose
An - y
E♭
VI
D7
3
min - ute now I'm ex - pect - ing all hell to break loose
Gm
Peo - ple are cra - zy and times are strange
I'm
Cm
Gm
locked in tight, I'm out of range
I used to care, but
D7
Gm
things have changed
Cm
Gm
D7
Gm
1.-3.
4.

Additional lyrics

2. This place ain't doing me any good
I'm in the wrong town, I should be in Hollywood
Just for a second there I thought I saw something move
Gonna take dancing lessons do the jitterbug rag
Ain't no shortcuts, gonna dress in drag
Only a fool in here would think he's got anything to prove

Bridge #2:
Lot of water under the bridge, Lot of other stuff too
Don't get up gentlemen, I'm only passing through

Refrain

3. I've been walking forty miles of bad road
If the Bible is right, the world will explode
I've been trying to get as far away from myself as I can
Some things are too hot to touch
The human mind can only stand so much
You can't win with a losing hand

Bridge #3:
Feel like falling in love with the first woman I meet
Putting her in a wheel barrow and wheeling her down the street

Refrain

4. I hurt easy, I just don't show it
You can hurt someone and not even know it
The next sixty seconds could be like an eternity
Gonna get low down, gonna fly high
All the truth in the world adds up to one big lie
I'm in love with a woman who don't even appeal to me

Bridge #4:
Mr. Jinx and Miss Lucy, they jumped in the lake
I'm not that eager to make a mistake

Refrain

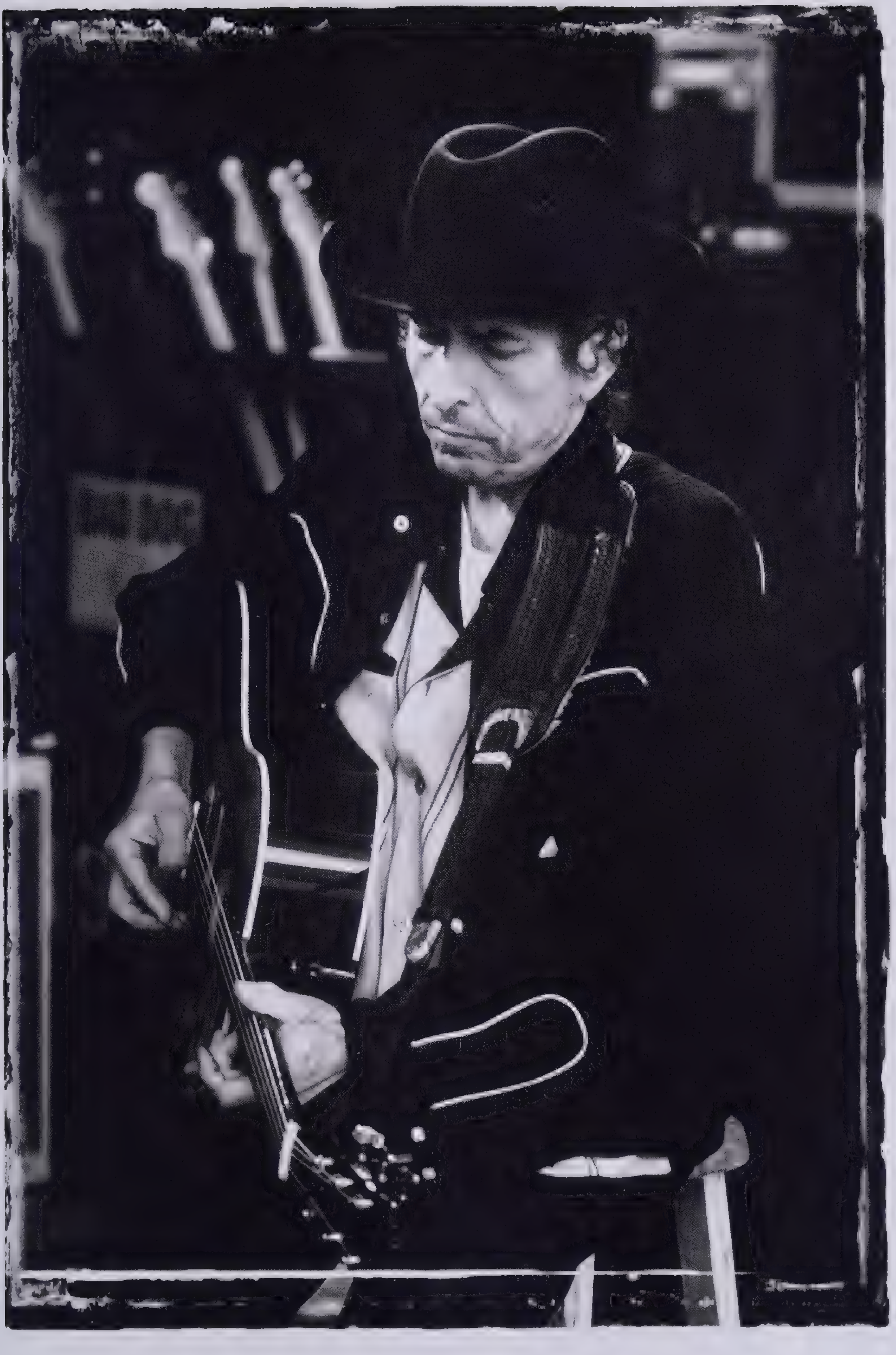
"Who knows more about being a wonder boy than Bob Dylan? He has successfully reinvented himself again and again. One of my biggest thrills as a director was the day when Bob Dylan came into the editing room and I showed him some hours of footage and talked about the imagery of the movie. He went off and wrote this fantastic song on the road using the musicians he was travelling with. He was singing about water under the bridge and many images from the movie. It was great for the movie but also a fabulous, stand-alone Bob Dylan song."

Curtis Hanson, director of *The Wonder Boys*

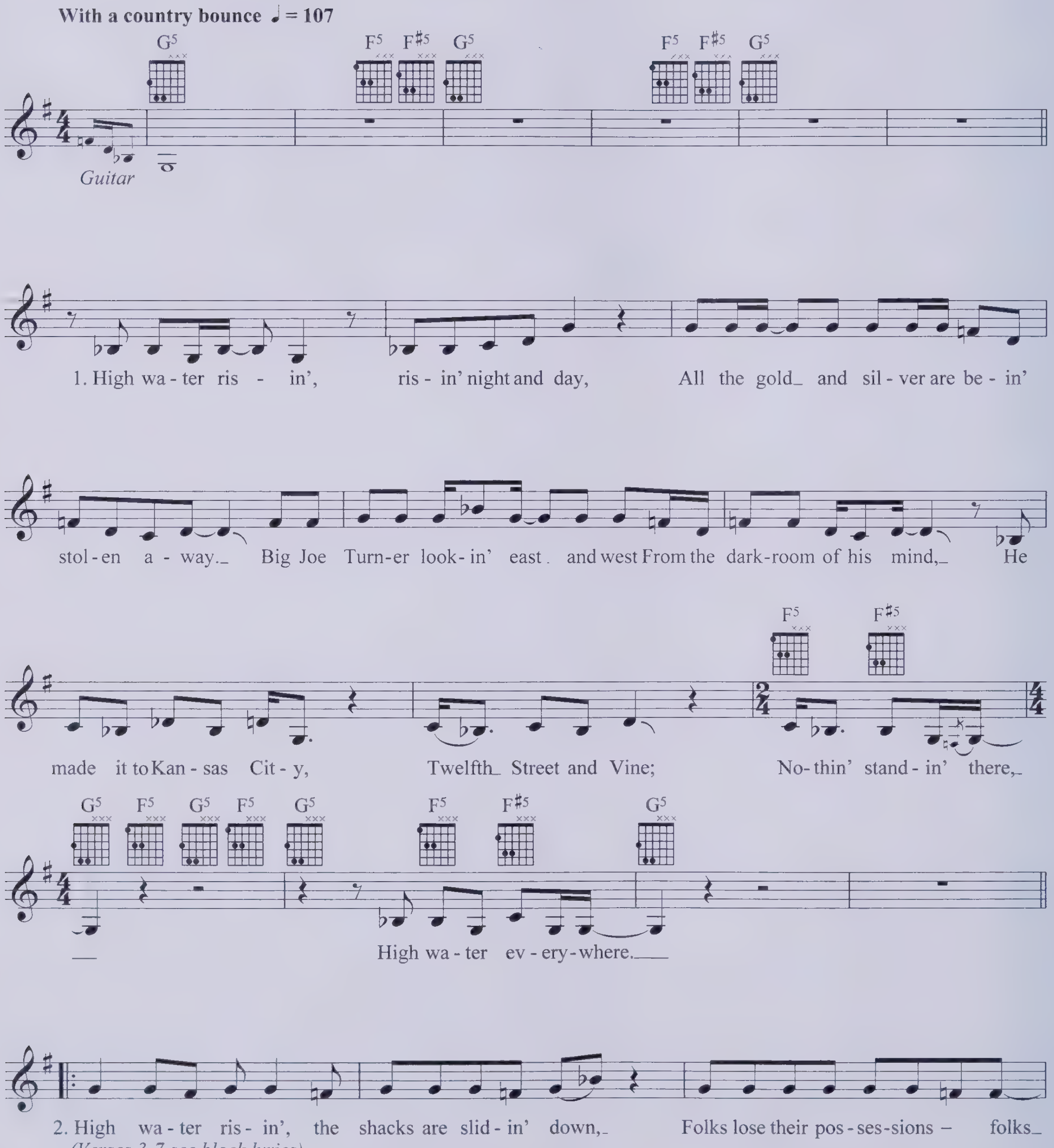
HIGH WATER (FOR CHARLEY PATTON)

Love And Theft, 2001

Taped during the sessions for 2001's album *Love And Theft*, a song already wrapped in foreboding took on a darker resonance after the catastrophic floods that afflicted New Orleans in 2005. Dylan dedicated the tune to Delta blues pioneer Charley Patton, who recorded a song entitled 'High Water Everywhere' in 1930.



HIGH WATER (FOR CHARLEY PATTON)


With a country bounce ♩ = 107
G5
F5 F♯5 G5
F5 F♯5 G5
Guitar
1. High wa - ter ris - in', ris - in' night and day, All the gold_ and sil - ver are be - in'
stol - en a - way._ Big Joe Turn - er look - in' east . and west From the dark - room of his mind,_ He
F5 F♯5
made it to Kan - sas Cit - y, Twelfth_ Street and Vine; No - thin' stand - in' there,_
G5 F5 G5 F5 G5 F5 F♯5 G5
__ High wa - ter ev - ery - where.___
2. High wa - ter ris - in', the shacks are slid - in' down,_ Folks lose their pos - ses - sions – folks_

(Verses 3-7 see block lyrics)

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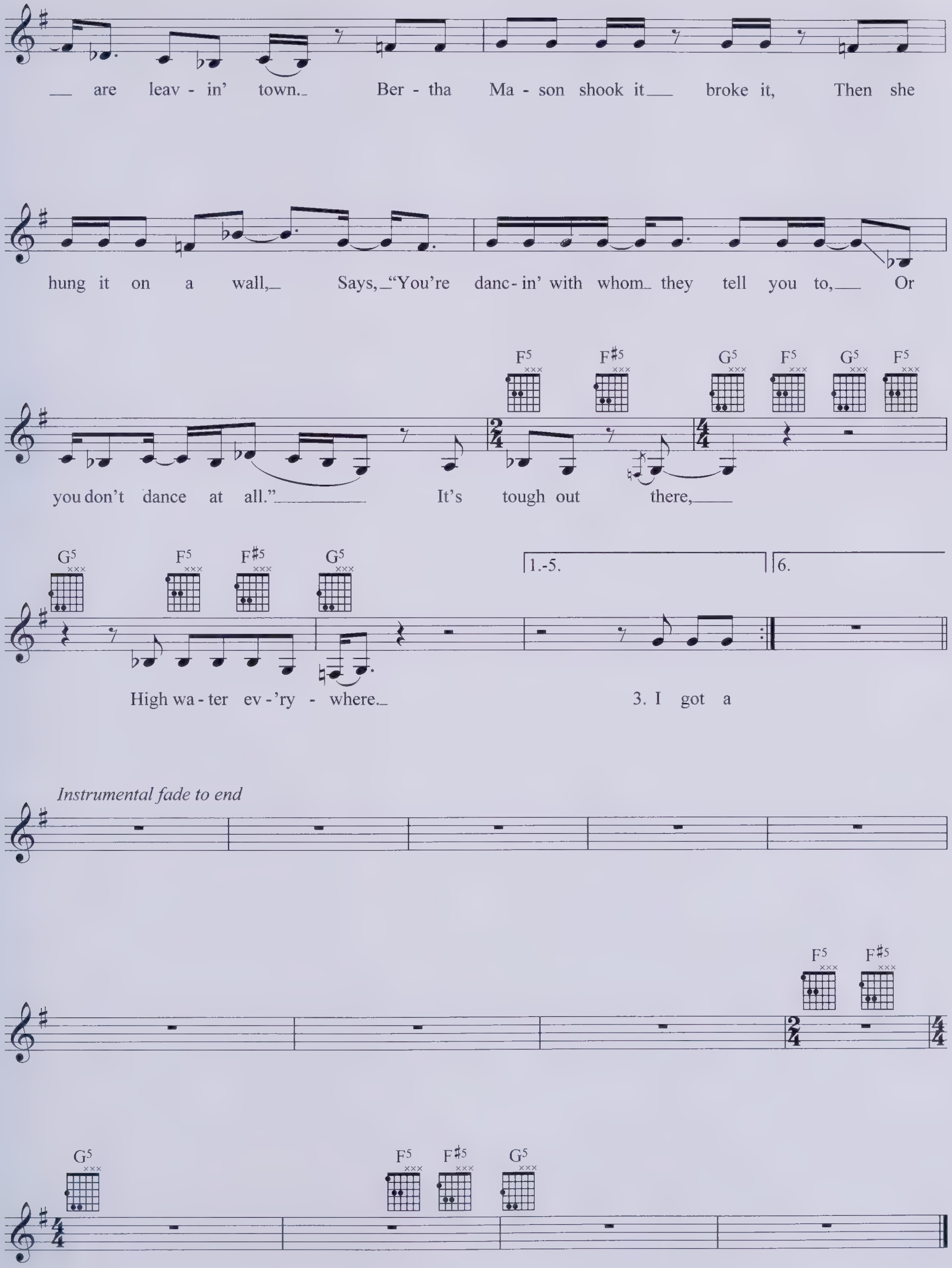

are leav - in' town.
Ber - tha Ma - son shook it broke it, Then she
hung it on a wall, Says, "You're danc - in' with whom they tell you to, Or
you don't dance at all." It's tough out there,
F5 F♯5 G5 F5 G5 F5
High wa - ter ev - 'ry - where.
G5 F5 F♯5 G5
1.-5.
6.
3. I got a
Instrumental fade to end
F5 F♯5
G5 F5 F♯5 G5

1. I got a cravin' love for blazin' speed
Got a hopped up Mustang Ford
Jump into the wagon, love, throw your panties overboard
I can write you poems, make a strong man lose his mind
I'm no pig without a wig
I hope you treat me kind
Things are breakin' up out there
High water everywhere

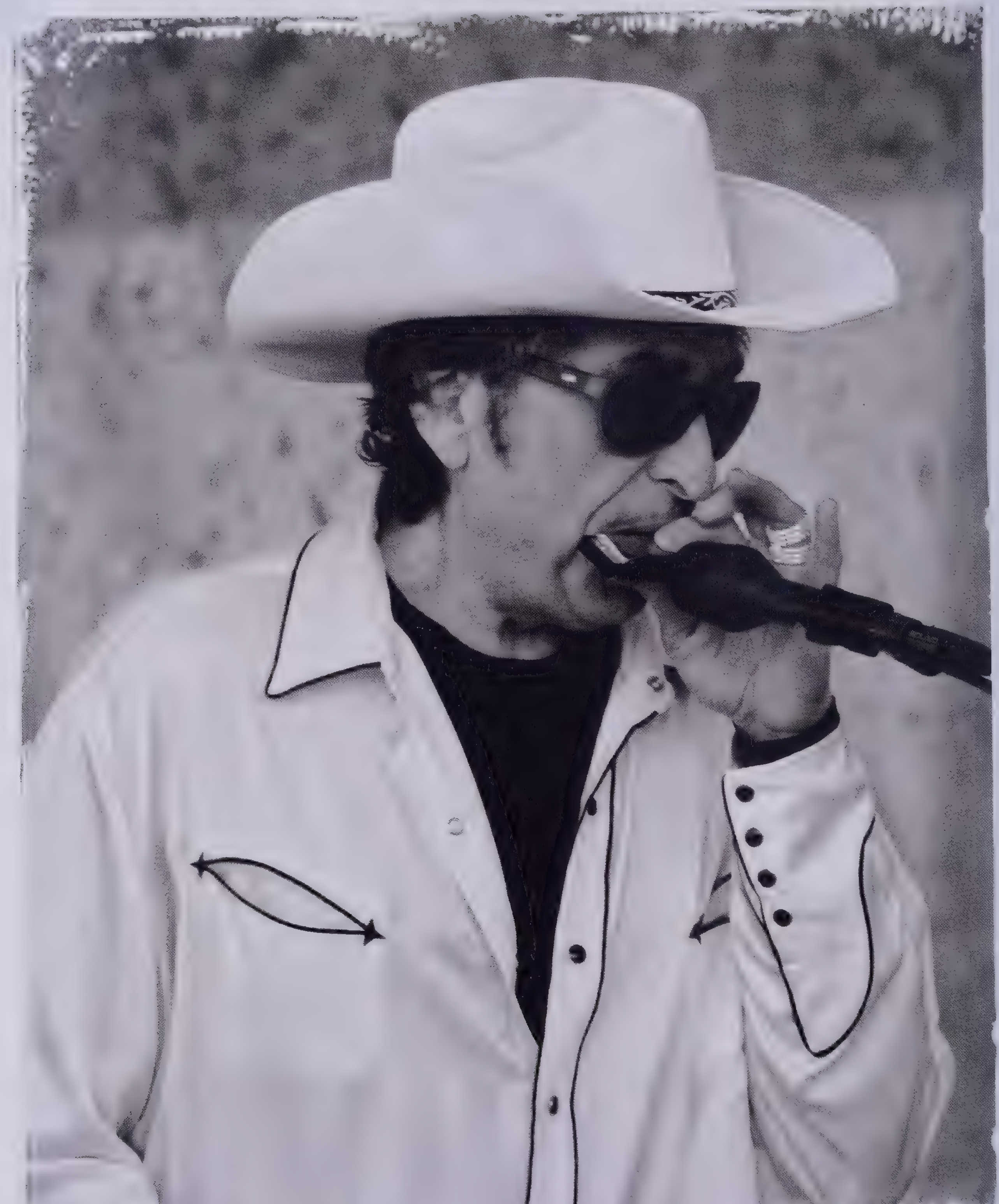
2. High water risin' six inches 'bove my head
Coffins droppin' in the street
Like balloons made out of lead
Water pourin' into Vicksburg, don't know what I'm gonna do
"Don't reach out for me," she said
"Can't you see I'm drownin' too?"
It's rough out there
High water everywhere

3. Well, George Lewis told the Englishman, the Italian and the Jew
"You can't open up your mind, boys
To every conceivable point of view"
They got Charles Darwin trapped out there on Highway Five
Judge says to the High Sheriff
"I want him dead or alive
Either one, I don't care"
High water everywhere

4. The cuckoo is a pretty bird, she warbles as she flies
I'm preachin' the Word of God
I'm puttin' out your eyes
I asked Fat Nancy for somethin' to eat, she said, "Take it off the shelf
As great as you are a man
you'll never be greater than yourself"
I told her I didn't really care
High water everywhere

5. I'm gettin' up in the morning – I believe I'll dust my broom
Keepin' away from the women
I'm givin' 'em lots of room
Thunder rollin' over Clarksdale, everything is lookin' blue
I just can't be happy, love
Unless you're happy too
It's bad out there
High water everywhere

> “‘Bob Dylan! It’s like trying to talk about the Pyramids. What do you do? You just stand back and… gape.’”
>
> Bono

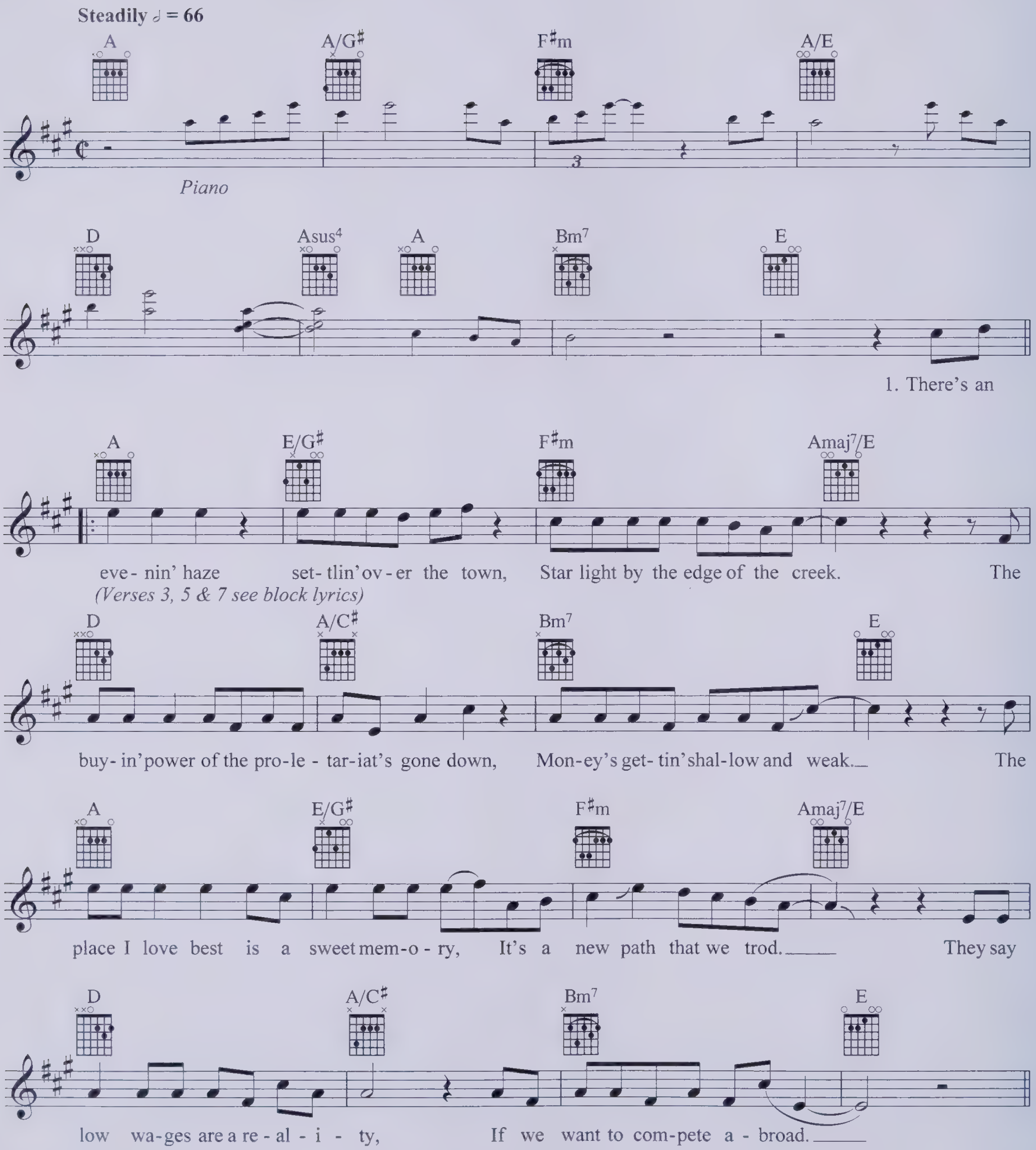


WORKINGMAN'S BLUES #2

◉ *Modern Times*, 2006

As its title suggests, this highlight of Dylan's critically acclaimed *Modern Times* album from 2006 was self-consciously a sequel to an earlier song – 'Workingman's Blues', by country veteran Merle Haggard. Since the album was released, Dylan has performed the song live on several occasions.

WORKINGMAN'S BLUES #2


Steadily 𝅗𝅥 = 66
A
A/G♯
F♯m
A/E
Piano
3
D
Asus4
A
Bm7
E
1. There's an
A
E/G♯
F♯m
Amaj7/E
eve- nin' haze set- tlin' ov - er the town, Star light by the edge of the creek. The
(Verses 3, 5 & 7 see block lyrics)
D
A/C♯
Bm7
E
buy- in' power of the pro- le - tar- iat's gone down, Mon- ey's get- tin' shal- low and weak. The
A
E/G♯
F♯m
Amaj7/E
place I love best is a sweet mem- o - ry, It's a new path that we trod. They say
D
A/C♯
Bm7
E
low wa- ges are a re - al - i - ty, If we want to com- pete a - broad.

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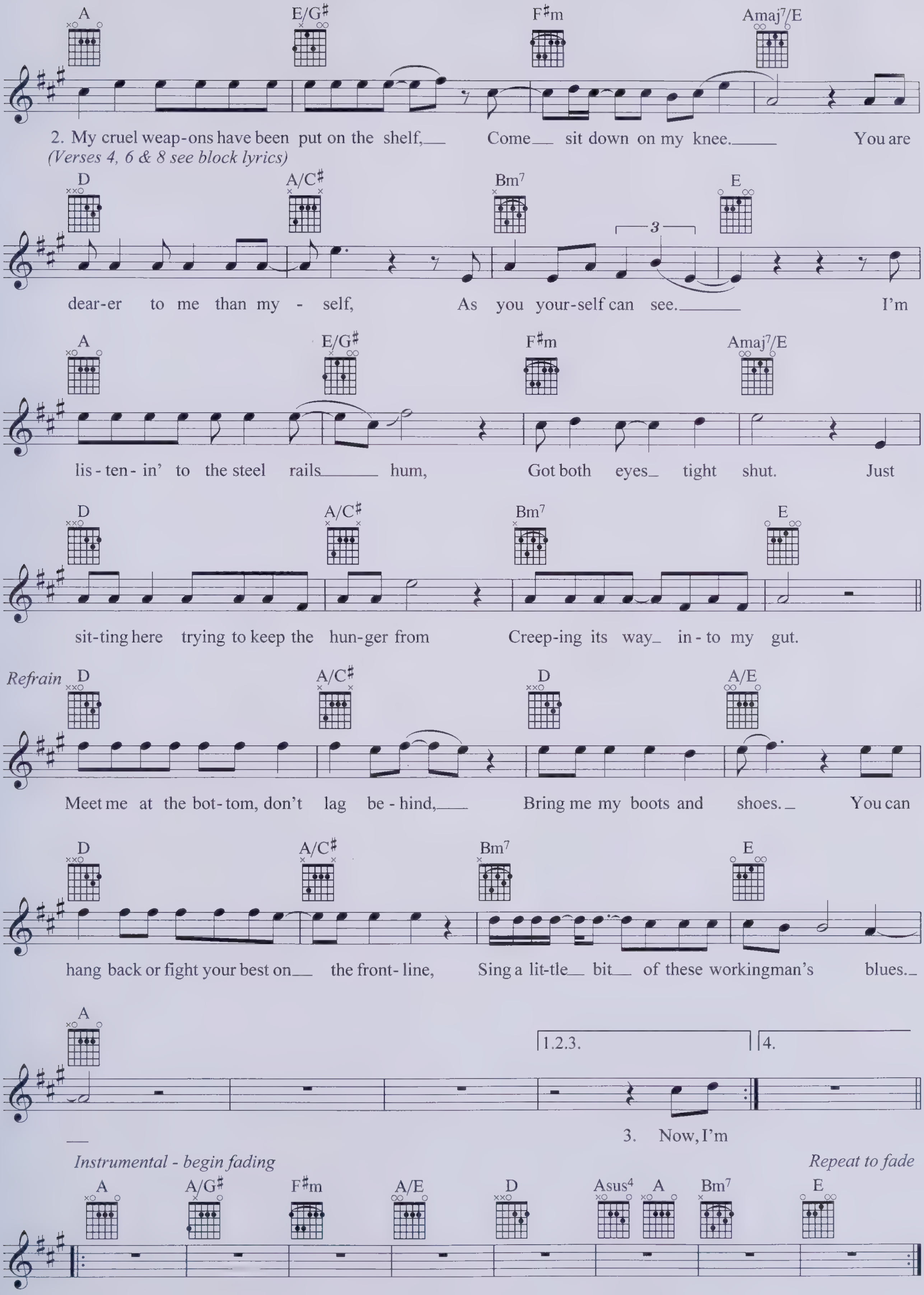

A
E/G♯
F♯m
Amaj7/E
2. My cruel weap-ons have been put on the shelf, Come sit down on my knee. You are
(Verses 4, 6 & 8 see block lyrics)
D
A/C♯
Bm7
E
3
dear-er to me than my - self, As you your-self can see. I'm
A
E/G♯
F♯m
Amaj7/E
lis-ten-in' to the steel rails hum, Got both eyes tight shut. Just
D
A/C♯
Bm7
E
sit-ting here trying to keep the hun-ger from Creep-ing its way in-to my gut.
Refrain
D
A/C♯
D
A/E
Meet me at the bot-tom, don't lag be-hind, Bring me my boots and shoes. You can
D
A/C♯
Bm7
E
hang back or fight your best on the front-line, Sing a lit-tle bit of these workingman's blues.
A
1.2.3.
4.
3. Now, I'm
Instrumental - begin fading
Repeat to fade
A
A/G♯
F♯m
A/E
D
Asus4
A
Bm7
E

3. Now, I'm sailin' on back, ready for the long haul
Tossed by the winds and the seas
I'll drag 'em all down to hell and I'll stand 'em at the wall
I'll sell 'em to the enemies
I'm tryin' to feed my soul with thought
Gonna sleep off the rest of the day
Sometimes no one wants what we got
Sometimes you can't give it away

4. Now the place is ringed with countless foes
Some of them may be deaf and dumb
No man, no woman knows
The hour that sorrow will come
In the dark I hear the night birds call
I can feel a lover's breath
I sleep in the kitchen with my feet in the hall
Sleep is like a temporary death

Refrain

5. Well, they burned my barn and they stole my horse
I can't save a dime
I got to be careful, I don't want to be forced
Into a life of continual crime
I can see for myself that the sun is sinking
How I wish you were here to see
Tell me now, am I wrong in thinking
That you have forgotten me?

6. How, they worry and they hurry and they fuss and they fret
They waste your nights and days
Them I will forget
But you I'll remember always
Old memories of you to me have clung
You've wounded me with words
Gonna have to straighten out your tongue
It's all true, everything you have heard

Refrain

7. In you, my friend, I find no blame
Wanna look in my eyes, please do
No one can ever claim
That I took up arms against you
All across the peaceful sacred fields
They will lay you low
They'll break your horns and slash you with steel
I say it so it must be so

8. Now I'm down on my luck and I'm black and blue
Gonna give you another chance
I'm all alone, I'm expecting you
To lead me off in a cheerful dance
Got a brand new suit and a brand new wife
I can live on rice and beans
Some people never work a day in their life
Don't know what work even means

Refrain

"Dylan's like the Beatles or the Eiffel Tower – he's just there, his presence is so strong that you don't see him anymore."

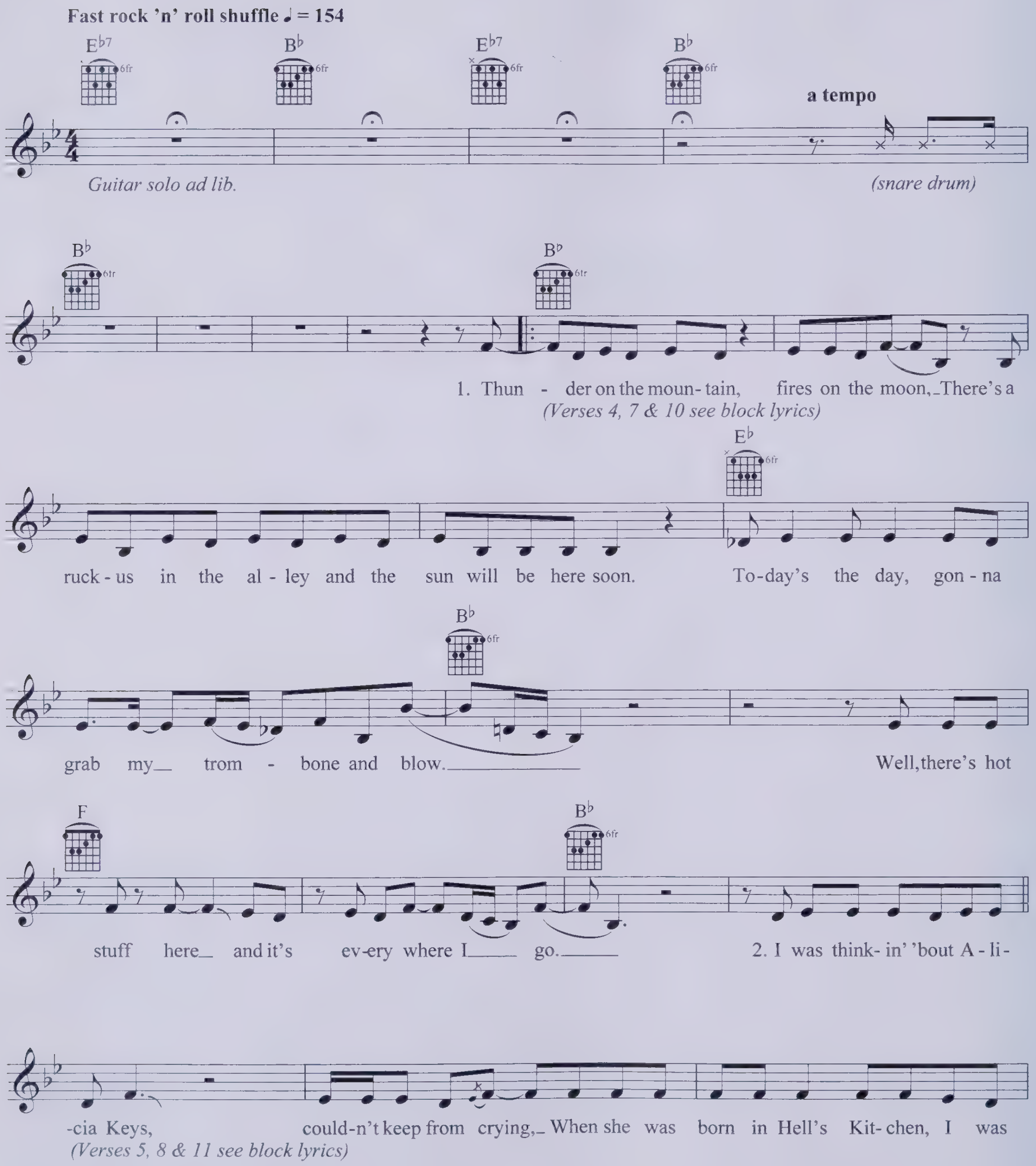
David Gray

THUNDER ON THE MOUNTAIN

Modern Times, 2006

The opening track from the critically acclaimed 2006 album *Modern Times*, 'Thunder On The Mountain' was rapidly incorporated into his live repertoire that year, often featuring among Dylan's encores. Besides its Chuck Berry-styled structure, the song is notable for its reference to young R&B star Alicia Keys, whom Dylan had admired after seeing her on a TV awards show.

THUNDER ON THE MOUNTAIN


Fast rock 'n' roll shuffle ♩ = 154
E♭7
B♭
E♭7
B♭
a tempo
Guitar solo ad lib.
(snare drum)
B♭
B♭
1. Thun - der on the moun- tain, fires on the moon, There's a
(Verses 4, 7 & 10 see block lyrics)
ruck - us in the al - ley and the sun will be here soon.
E♭
To-day's the day, gon - na
B♭
grab my trom - bone and blow.
Well, there's hot
F
stuff here and it's ev-ery where I go.
B♭
2. I was think- in' 'bout A - li-
-cia Keys, could-n't keep from crying, When she was born in Hell's Kit- chen, I was
(Verses 5, 8 & 11 see block lyrics)

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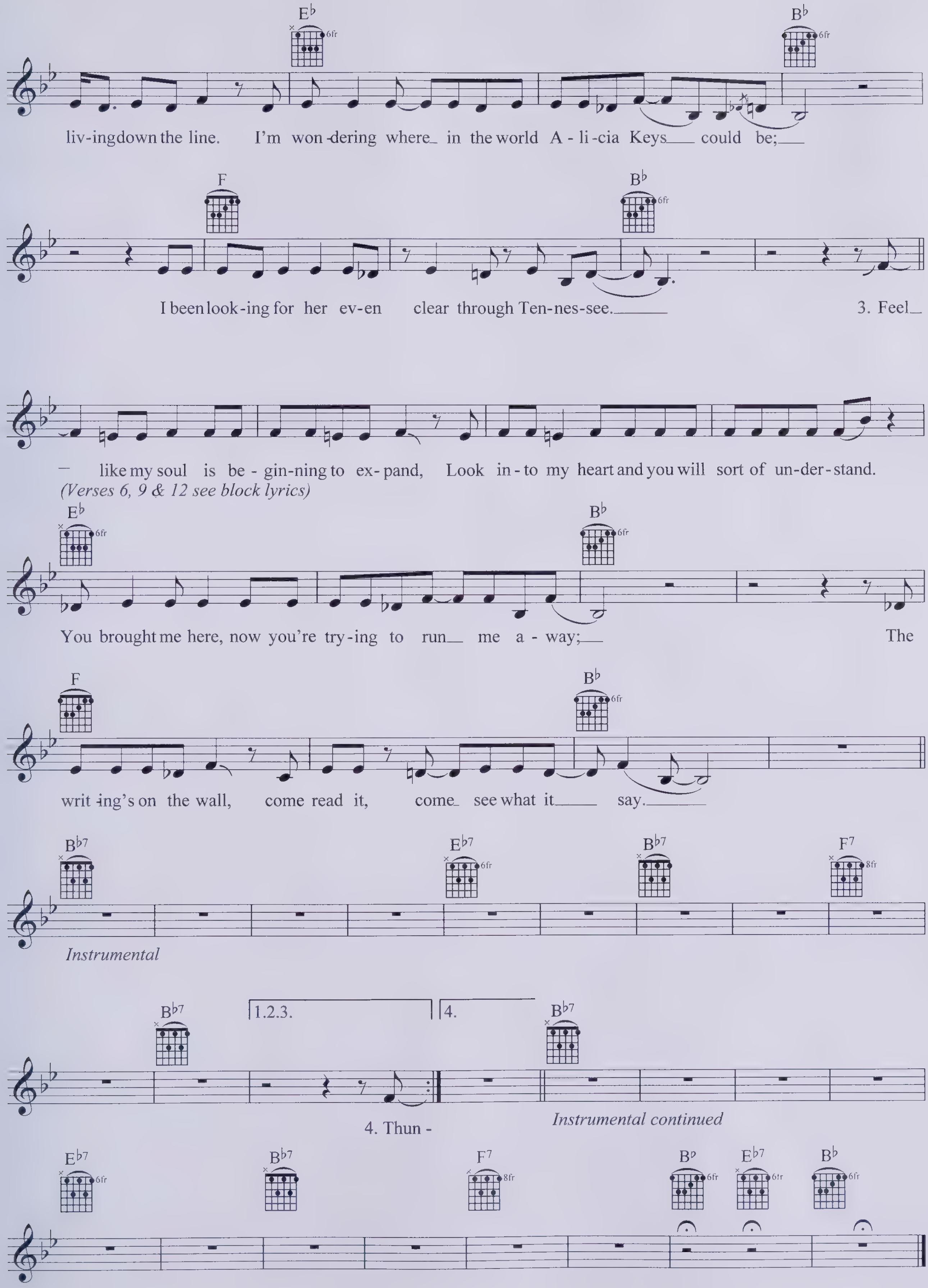
E♭
B♭
liv-ing down the line. I'm won-dering where in the world A-li-cia Keys could be;
F
B♭
I been look-ing for her ev-en clear through Ten-nes-see.
3. Feel
like my soul is be-gin-ning to ex-pand, Look in-to my heart and you will sort of un-der-stand.
(Verses 6, 9 & 12 see block lyrics)
E♭
B♭
You brought me here, now you're try-ing to run me a-way;
The
F
B♭
writ-ing's on the wall, come read it, come see what it say.
B♭7
E♭7
B♭7
F7
Instrumental
B♭7
1.2.3.
4.
B♭7
4. Thun-
Instrumental continued
E♭7
B♭7
F7
B♭
E♭7
B♭
6fr
8fr

4. Thunder on the mountain, rolling like a drum
Gonna sleep over there, that's where the music coming from
I don't need any guide, I already know the way
Remember this, I'm your servant both night and day

5. The pistols are poppin' and the power is down
I'd like to try somethin', but I'm so far from town
The sun keeps shinin' and the North Wind keeps picking up speed
Gonna forget about myself for a while, gonna go out and see what others need

6. I've been sitting down studying the art of love
I think it will fit me like a glove
I want some real good woman to do just what I say
Everybody got to wonder what's the matter with this cruel world today

7. Thunder on the mountain, rolling to the ground
Gonna get up in the morning, walk the hard road down
Some sweet day I'll stand beside my king
I wouldn't betray your love or any other thing

8. Gonna raise me an army, some tough sons of bitches
I'll recruit my army from the orphanages
I been to St. Herman's Church and I've said my religious vows
I've sucked the milk out of a thousand cows

9. I got the porkchops, she got the pie
She ain't no angel and neither am I
Shame on your greed, shame on your wicked schemes
I'll say this, I don't give a damn about your dreams

10. Thunder on the mountain, heavy as can be
Mean old twister bearing down on me
All the ladies in Washington, scrambling to get out of town
Look like something bad gonna happen, better roll your airplane down

11. Everybody's going and I want to go too
Don't wanna take a chance with somebody new
I did all I could, I did it right there and then
I've already confessed- no need to confess again

12. Gonna make a lot of money, gonna go up north
I'll plant and I'll harvest what the earth brings forth
The hammer's on the table, the pitchfork's on the shelf
For the love of God, you ought to take pity on yourself

Bob Dylan is popular music's most celebrated poet/singer/songwriter—a legend, a maverick, and a superstar who has rarely given away much about his personal life.

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